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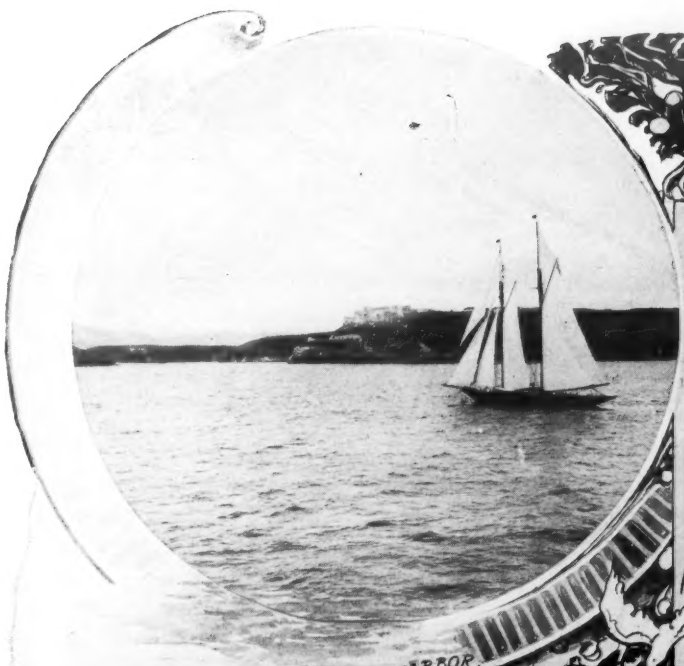
The Mirror



Christmas . 1906.

John G. Kelly

Is My Mistletoe On Straight?



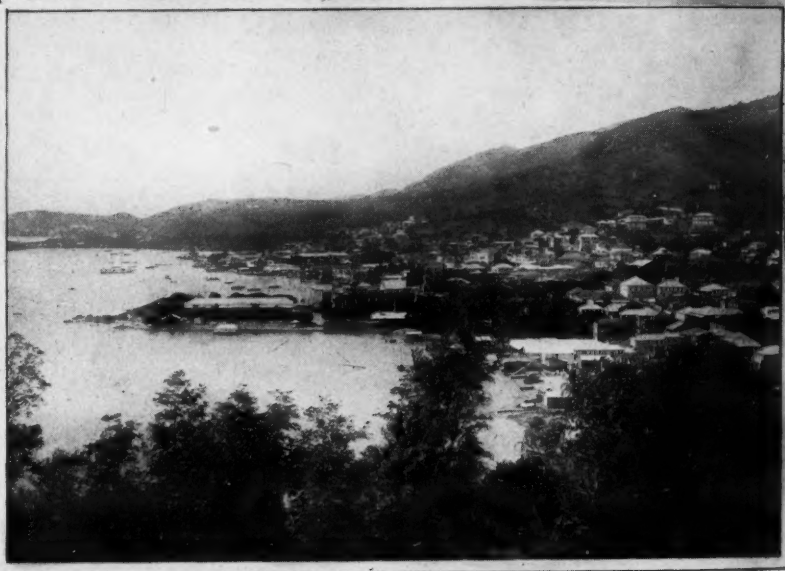
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Christmas

By W. M. R.

HOORAY for Christmas!

It is the time when we follow Love's highest law, when we give of ourselves to others, a giving of which all the things of use and beauty bestowed upon one and another are but symbols.

The feast is that of one who gave Himself to man, taking upon Himself birth, sorrow and shameful death that we might learn the sweetness at the inmost core of sacrifice.

For one brief festival we do good deeds in commemoration of a God who became a man, and in the doing, approximately, men, rising out of themselves, become as gods, and as little children.

Alas that the festival is not a continuous one, that we do not all our days love one another, that in our comings and goings and doings and sayings we so often forget the giving in love for the getting in greed!

And yet, who shall say that the Christmas spirit is not spreading among us through the year? Are we not putting into our business, our government, some of this spirit? Is there aught else in the motive that prompts the great awakening of a sense of responsibility among us to and for our brother?

Isn't there a lot of Christmas in "the square deal" that has become our motto? We are giving to the man in the mass his own, that the wise and the cunning have expropriated from him. We are shackling the strong and strengthening the weak. We are striving as a people for more and more of justice, as between man and man, between man and government. We are striving to give unto each his own, and that is each man's own that others possess in some measure. All this we are doing not without some struggle and much perturbation of national placidity. But we are doing it—bunglingly, if you will, but according to our lights, dim though some of them be.

By countless deviousnesses we are striving towards peace and good will, in international comity, in the relations between men in the world of trade. To be sure, in the latter realm to have peace we must do some fighting for it, and for good will we must bring to bear the compulsion of a wrathful public opinion, but Christ Himself taught us this when He scourged the money changers from the temple. We are coming to see that the later gospel of the survival of the fittest is a mistake in that we have misconceived fitness. The fittest to survive are not the ruthless self-seekers, but those to whose energy and mental gifts is added the genius of goodness and gentleness.

We do not despair of man so long as he retains the memory of the Great Exemplar nor of the devices of man for ruling himself and others. There are many difficulties. The path is dark and rough. The goal is far off and shrouded in thick mists. But Love will find out the way unto the peace of God which is the most secret yearning of man's heart.

We are all better than we know, even if also, at times, worse than we deem. We must not forget two things—that the wrongs we rail at and the men who profit by them evilly are our own selves at something of our worst embodied in customs, institutions, false ideals; that we all condone the sins

we are inclined to while damning those we have no mind to.

"Look into thy heart and write," is the adjuration to the poet. Look into thine own heart is also the first law of citizenship. Cast out the evil there. Abandon thyself to the good therein. The surest way to lead the other fellow unto goodness is to be good one's self—as good as one can be.

There's no helping anyone or anything through hate. A little love is the greatest dynamic force in the world. The absence of love is the grave, death and hell. The presence of love in the humblest heart makes it to throb imparadised.

"Ah, but," says the practician, "all this is but dreaming, but poetry. It won't do in daily life."

To which the answer is: "Try it!"

So here endeth the annual sermon as we began it, heartily: Hooray for Christmas!

♦♦♦

Reflections

Ourselves at Xmas

WE think—though we may be prejudiced—that this issue of the MIRROR is "good stuff" in good measure. We know that we have cause to be grateful to our friends, the advertisers, who so generously recognize the paper as a medium to reach the best people—that is to say, the people who, wanting good articles, are willing to pay the price. The MIRROR doesn't want the business of any advertiser whose specialty is not good goods. It doesn't "need the money" of "hot air merchants" or fakirs of any kind. Fact is, the MIRROR doesn't want a great deal of money, and doesn't want to want it, for that's the thing that clouds the vision and hardens the heart only too often. All the MIRROR wants is to give value received and get along, and to have just enough financial trouble to have to work like the devil to "forget it." We are getting somewhat into the frame of mind once averred of Frank R. O'Neil. It keeps us awake at night trying to devise ways and means of avoiding getting the better of somebody. You'd not think so, sometimes, when reading our extremely able articles; but it's a fact. All we need is enough to keep up the automobile. As for grub—well, Jim McTague is "easy" and for clothes, McCarthy-Evans-von Arx have to provide us with raiment to prevent our suing them for infringement of copyright on our "kindly caricatures." We live the simple life, on the MIRROR, and occasionally try to lambast others into it, though without malice. The MIRROR feels very kindly to all the world, even towards Circuit Attorney Sager and his Fabian policy as to the bucket shops, even towards the Big Cinch in all its protean manifestations. If we spank 'em, even Rolla Wells and Harry Hawes, why, as Mamma used to say to us preliminary to like occasions, it hurts us more than it does them. For only one thing the MIRROR asks pardon—that is, if it ever forgets the wisest of all counsels of perfection: "Be not righteous overmuch."

♦♦♦

Woman Suffrage

THE worst thing that has happened to the woman suffrage movement in all the years of its existence is the recent coinage of the word "suffragette" to describe a woman advocate of the cause. Nevertheless

women will get suffrage. It doesn't matter that all women do not want it. Justice demands that those who do want it shall have it. There is no sane argument against woman suffrage. There is nothing against it but male prejudice and bigotry, and this is true whether we consider the ballot as a right or as a privilege. Women are on the average as good as, or even better than men. Where there's a bad woman some man is usually the cause of her badness. Intellectually woman has had no such opportunities as man. She has been the victim for some hundreds of years of a sort of composite tyranny and idolatry that has hampered her development mightily, but she will come free of that in good time. The average woman is as fit for the ballot as the average man and would use it as intelligently. Woman, as is shown in the article, "The Victor Sex," in this issue, is coming into touch with life in a way that must conduce to her learning the meaning of political issues. Woman is individual, not a mere appanage of man. She is not conditioned absolutely by man. She has rights in the government and duties under its laws, though the rights are denied and the duties insisted upon. We have emancipated the slaves. It is time to emancipate woman, to enlarge the field for the activity of her individuality, to give her a voice in the making of the laws under which she lives. If some women do not care for this, let them refrain from taking advantage of such enlargement, but those who do care to be something other than "outlaws" should be recognized as having a stake in government that deserves the right of being represented in the creation and operation of government.

WOODROW WILSON is the Presidential candidate of the best and cleanest and most cultured of the Wall Street plutocratic colossi—Pierpont Morgan. But that isn't enough, or even "some," these days.

CHORUS, in Texas: "Joe Bailey, won't you, please, stay home?"

MR. RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER has done a cyclopean task of rummaging to make a book of the brief letters, a review or two, a pot-boiling essay and several interviews of Oscar Wilde, and this the Brentanos have published under the title of his lecture "Decorative Art in America." Then Mr. Glaenzer has copiously annotated all this *collectanea* and made the work almost a monumental piece of not-worth-whileness. For of all the stuff the best is the passage at arms between Wilde and Whistler, and that is not so very important, for Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" lasts and Wilde's smartness in criticism of it is vapid. The letters, the lecture, the essay, the reviews reveal Wilde the same impudent, caustic, whimsical person we know. But they are all in one vein and they repeat the mots of his plays, his "Intentions," his "Dorian Gray," wearisomely. There is nothing that reveals anything new about Wilde, except that Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson was "onto him" from the hour he landed in this country and warned people not to admit him into their homes, even though Joaquin Miller, Julia Ward Howe and others, not of "the common people," "heard him gladly." We find him writing rapturously from St. Louis to Miller in appreciation of the latter's repudiation of those who attacked the aesthete. Mr. Glaenzer, however, isn't a too loving apologist, if he be such at all. He has done Wilde's literary fame no service at all. That is secure, even if the question whether art should or should not be moral remains the more open because of Wilde's perversions and perversities. Wilde re-

mains no more, practically, than his own hero, George Wainwright, essayist and murderer. He was an extremely plastic wit and he had a gift of language, exotic and simple too. He is the first of all the curiosities of literature, and yet in all Mr. Glaenzer's carefully prepared book there is nothing absolutely new about the author of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—a great poem, but marred by the man's ineffectual insincerity in his otherwise impassable ex-quisitry.

So the simplified spelling goes by the board, officially. Why? Because of the complications consequent upon its simplifications. Moral: Things like that can't be done by edict.

MR. WILLIAM (also) RANDOLPH HEARST, as they call him in New York, will nevertheless be again in the presidential field in 1908, according to some dispatches. The MIRROR thinks that, as a candidate, Mr. Hearst is done for. He will be a factor, through his papers; but when he lost out in New York while the ticket beneath him won, his bolt was shot. The country is not looking for Hearstism in office, even though it may approve Hearstism as a goad to other men in office.

THE Senate has set itself up as a sort of grievance committee to regulate the President's trade of cabinet-making. And the compromise appears to be another case of the open shop.

Some of Our Exchanges

IN the welter of magazinelets that come to the MIRROR's exchange table there is one now and then that is above the ruck as far as a swan is above a flock of geese. Such an one is the *Golden Elk*, published at Los Angeles. Typographically beautiful, the matter dressed up by that typography is worth the pains—even when it's an excerpt from the MIRROR. The bibelot is an "apostle of cheerfulness." It is philosophical and pungent, racily heretical and happily irreverent. The publication is a sort of organ of the B. P. O. E., but it is conceived on exalted lines of thought and its good fellowship has no aspect of the raucousness of the "Hello Bill" element of Elkdome. *Luke North* is the editor's *nom de guerre*, and he is a person of soundly sententious sentiments. Unique of its kind among all our contemporary unconventional literature, is is often redolent of the vulgate but never vulgar. If only it didn't follow simplified spelling—but, Gadzooks, shall not each editor be permitted the unrestricted enjoyment of his own particular "bug?" Another Elkite publication is *Elkdom*, edited and mostly written by M. W. Connolly, of Memphis. Mr. Connolly abides more by the steadier, statelier literary traditions, reverencing the rhythm of Macaulay and Addison and much affected by Carlyle and luxuriating in larruping language all over the field of human thought and action. "Mike" Connolly, of Memphis, is a Prince Rupert of the pen, and his daughter, who assists him in the issuance of his publication is a worthy daughter of a word-wizard father. * * * Still another unique magazinelet is *To-Morrow*, published in Chicago by Parker H. Sercomb. It is intolerantly "liberal." It is anarchically individualistic. It has made itself a gospel out of Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman, and it has writers on its staff who can write, like Herman Kuehn and Oscar Lovell Triggs, and some other writers who can't write but are so full of ideas that the ideas get all jumbled. *To-Morrow* has an idea that marriage, as we have it, is all wrong and it is always making a fuss about a baby's right to be born well. And if I follow that sort

of argument at all, it leads ker-plunk right into free love or something so like it as to be indistinguishable. Mr. Parker H. Sercomb insists that the social evil is a fault of our marriage system, or seems to; anyway he is all worked up about it and thunders in the index and in the appendix, too. Mr. Charles A. Sandburg is one of *To-Morrow's* poets—and the best—in the way of Whitmaniacal *verse libre*. The magazine seems to represent the organization known, twenty years ago, as the Liberal League, of which Ingersoll was the prophet. In its pages one can find all kinds of "discontent" voiced most earnestly, and just now *To-Morrow* is mostly excited over getting up a demonstration of Moses Harman, the venerable editor of *Lucifer*, who was sent to prison for writing and printing things too unweildily obstetrical in his publication named after the "son of the morning." These are a few of the MIRROR's exchanges most notable for the ability or the audacity of their utterances. They are samples of a literature of discontent that the larger public wots not of, but they are all making protestants against the social, economical, political, religious *status quo*; they are all doing the preliminary service for a revolution that will come as surely as the pamphlets of Danton and others brought on the Terror in France, as the broadsides of Tom Paine helped the American revolution. They are the better types of hundreds, maybe of a thousand publications that attack the validity of things hitherto deemed more or less fundamentally true by most men. With what these magazinelets are leading up to, this country will have to reckon some day. . . . Who gave this magazinelet propaganda its impetus? Elbert Hubbard, with his *Philistine*. There are hundreds of sincere pamphleteers against the various conventions between Hubbard and Benjamin R. Tucker's *Liberty*, the organ of anarchy pure and simple. They range from the mild dissent of the one, to the last limit of denial and assertion of the other. They are slangy, Eddyite and crassly atheistic. They advocate everything from polygamy and polyandry to celibacy via surgery. *K'Lamity's Harpoon* rages in approval of "nigger" holocausts, in Texas. Little *Ariel*, away off in Massachusetts, preaches an etiolated Tolstoisism. Each works for a betterment of the world according to its particular plan, and gets pretty mad if you don't approve that plan. Each is playing a part in breaking up the foundations of old faith in the party panaceas of the quite recent past. Altogether they are the force that is destroying old political and religious alignments and their indisputable tendency is to drag things as they are to the melting pot of revolution there to fuse them into something new that will create a new heaven on a new earth.

THE free bridge movement is still "out of site." And after the site is found there will come the question of terminals, and we can't get terminals and bridge, too, for \$3,500,000. This is the crux of the great bridge question.

THERE won't be another American Cardinal for a great many years, unless Gibbons should die. Rome doesn't want any more mix-up with the State such as it has had in France lately. Catholicism in American politics will not help either the Catholicism or the politics.

Church and State in France

THE State will triumph over the Church in France. It is unfortunate that in France the attack on the church is not on broad and sound ground of political economy, but is a manifestation of more or less ineffectively veiled atheism. With the enforcement of the law as an attack upon religion one cannot sym-

pathize, but there is no disputing the State's control over property that the State supported. As for the claim that the Concordat was a contract, the answer is that one party to the contract has tired of it, and that party is supreme in the law. The French people who do not believe in the Catholic religion are tired of being taxed to support it. Their representatives have decided that this shall no longer be done. In so far, however, as the State presumes to determine what sort of religious association may be permitted as being Catholic, it reverts to State religion and is wrong. It sets itself up as determining for Catholics what sort of Catholicity shall be allowed. Nor is State control of church funds in accord with American ideas. In so far as the State only cuts off supplies from the Church, yet assumes to control the character of worship and to sequester the church's funds, this is not separation of Church and State as Americans understand it. While some Catholics have been foolishly active in reactionary politics in France, it cannot be said that it is fair in the State to boss the Church without regard for the opinion, the custom, the religious ordinances of the church as an organization. A Catholic organization cannot be lawful unless it substitutes for its own rules of conduct of its affairs, rules imposed upon it by government. A good custom here is like to corrupt the world. Separation of Church and State is right when it is a separation, but in France it seems the State only separates the Church from its money and property, but in effect sets up for Catholics a State religion. In this view of the matter, Cardinal Gibbons is right in his protest, and so is the Pope. The Catholics of France are Roman Catholics. The government wants to make them State Catholics. This is only a tyranny. The State should let Catholics organize and practice their religion according to their own consciences, and not put up government officials as judges of what Catholicity shall or shall not be to Catholics. The State will triumph, but it will only triumph when it takes its hand out of church affairs altogether. Catholic associations, of course, must conform to the laws, as our corporations should conform to the laws, but laws to stamp out religion are unjust laws. The French people are, considering their Catholicity, acting very calmly in the circumstances. They are, according to the most trustworthy advices, not sorry to see the church divorced from the State, its clerics taken out of politics, its mortmain grip on vast properties broken, its subservience abolished with its corrupting subsidy. They want the church out of politics; but they don't want politics in the Church. It seems that the people are patient. They submit with pretty fair grace to the law, even though they see the law's error in politicalizing the church through too much imposition of functionaries of State in *associations cultuelles*. They see the difference between ruthless confiscation in France, and the American method of compensation for the friars' land taken in the Philippines. The French people will have the law changed. They are ready for separation. They will not have a government of atheistic hatred interposing in their religious organizations. Eventually, in this separation the church will be allowed to go, but to go free of the State, as the State would be free of the church.

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SECRETARY ROOT's platform may be condensed thus: "Hello, Central!"

❖❖

REPUBLICANS elected to office in St. Louis last month are making their subordinate appointments. It is notable that they are not filling the smaller jobs with the sons and sons-in-law of rich and well-to-do Republicans. Under Democratic rule in this city of

late years the municipal service was become a dump of youths whose fathers or other relatives could well take care of them, while the real party workers get the "leavin's." Democracy got very aristocratic owing to the umbilical cord between the St. Louis Club and the Jefferson Club.

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IN the storm of comment upon Secretary Root's centralization speech in New York there is nothing more or better said than what the MIRROR prints today from Supreme Justice Walter Clark, of North Carolina, on "Some Defects in the Centralization of the United States." Those defects are that the Constitution has been already stretched too far in the direction that Secretary Root would have the country go. "Them's our sentiments," too.

❖❖

WHAT the dickens has become of the tariff question? It seems there's a good deal of inking of the water in Washington to enable that issue to get lost.

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That State Excise Office

A STATE Excise Commissionership with its deputies in every county of the State would be a dangerous innovation. It would be a tremendously powerful machine in the hands of an unscrupulously ambitious Governor. It would dominate the politics of the State. It is to be hoped that Governor Folk will not press upon the people this suggestion. There must be other and better ways to get at such lawlessness as has prevailed in regard to liquor selling in St. Louis County. A grave mistake it would be to try to cure a lesser evil by establishing a greater. All our Governors are not going to be Folks.

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ST. LOUIS is now the most moral big town in the world. Some people attribute this to the energies of Gov. Folk. But they are mistaken. It is all due to the fact that the MIRROR is published in this thus fortunate city.

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Gov. Folk on Saloons

GOVERNOR FOLK, if we are to trust the press, is in danger of becoming the victim of an obsession upon the subject of saloons. Of course the saloon business must be regulated; but regulation may easily be pushed to the point of becoming a mere harassment of the men engaged in that business. The interpretation and enforcement of liquor laws in the spirit of the rural community are not appropriate in a big city. The all night saloon, for instance, is not wholly an evil. They are a natural need, for example, in the regions around the markets where the farmers and others begin to congregate with their produce shortly after midnight. In other places down town saloons kept open for men who work all night are not centers of disorder and crime. Nor can it be said that it is a good thing invariably to banish cards from saloons. Card playing as distinct from gambling, is found usually only at the quieter drinking places. The MIRROR finds much to commend in Governor Folk's general ideas of the principles and practice of good government, but it regrets that he should fall a prey to what looks like an anti-liquor "bug." He is too big a man to be narrowed by the desire to deserve well of those who hold the provincial sentiment that liquor is an unmixed evil. The saloon is not everywhere a curse. Wherever it is a curse, an eyesore, a plague-spot, a nuisance, the police have power to suppress it. The police authorities should also have the sense and the discretion to distinguish between saloons and saloons. There are saloon keepers and saloon keepers. There are more good than bad. The idea that it is good practice to tie up the

business so that it is almost impossible to conduct it without violation of some regulation and consequent forfeiture of license is not a good one. The saloon interest is not the one that is most in need of drastic treatment under the law. It may be an unpopular interest in the country. It is not a lawless interest. It has wonderfully well accepted a sudden and unexpected enforcement of the Sunday law, to the serious impairment of profits. The MIRROR must again regret that Governor Folk should appear to be pressing too far his antagonism to saloons, especially as he is a Democrat, and not a thinly disguised Prohibitionist. There are better social centers than saloons, but in a big city the saloon is a not wholly vicious institution for the facilitation of social intercourse, particularly as the saloon is known in the German sections of St. Louis, and more generally as demonstrated in the orderly enjoyment of summer gardens in the past. It seems to the MIRROR that the authorities could distinguish between saloons that are bad and those that are decently conducted, and that this would provide regulation without ruining the business of some fairly worthy people who conduct drinking places.

❖❖

THE income tax is no good. The inheritance tax is just. Incomes from labor shouldn't be taxed like incomes from privileges or land. Tax what the State gives the man. Leave free the fruit of his effort. Taxation of inheritances is all right, and a way should be found to reach inheritances turned over to beneficiaries before a testator's demise, in order to escape death duties.

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Dartmouth College Case

JOHN Z. WHITE's article in the MIRROR a month ago on "The Dartmouth College Case Decision," demonstrating the unsoundness of the law there laid down, as elevating creatures of government about the sovereignty of the people, has been issued in pamphlet form by the Public Publishing Co., of Chicago, and has had a wide circulation among lawyers. It is remarkable that the demonstration has not yet brought out any refutation worthy of the name, while it has evoked many letters from lawyers applauding and approving its logic, but, unfortunately, maintaining the impolicy of any lawyer openly proclaiming dissent from John Marshall. All men realize the absurdity and evil of the doctrine that a charter is a contract irrevocable, that the holders of a charter are supreme above the power that grants it. It is this doctrine that buttresses the one great evil against which the foundation of this government was a protest—privilege. It is this doctrine that makes for all our boodling and other corruption. Mr. White shows the flimsiness of the basis in reasoning of this doctrine, and his essay should be generally disseminated as a tract potent for the education of the people as to the fundamental principles of social and political reform.

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SOME folks say the President shouldn't have written so harshly to Mrs. Storer. Very chivalric, of course; but what's a man to do, when a woman will not drop her plan or purpose that is going to play hob with things? Someone had to talk turkey to "Dear Maria" as it is evident that "Dear Bellamy" couldn't. If women are not to take the buffets in men's games, they shouldn't enter the games.

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THE Catholic clergy in France are whimpering loudly now, but they did not send up any protest a few years ago, when the Jesuits, Benedictines, Trappists, Capuchins and other religious orders, male, and female, were deprived of their property and driven from the Republic. There isn't much fight in the Church, with-

THE MIRROR

out the orders. The ordinary clerics are more conformable to the world, and they haven't the focussing power of organization. They probably wish now that they had stood more manfully by the orders.

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Shaw's Help

THE Secretary of the Treasury continues to come to the relief of the bankers with "advances" and such. But the relief is only permanent. Let the bankers quit lending on fictitious values in securities. Let the bankers stop staking the gamblers. That will do much to prevent stringencies in the money market.

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Why Baer Applauds

STATE'S rights is a livelier issue to-day than it has been since 1861-65. But it must be said that the States have failed to do things they should have done, against the things that the National Government has proceeded against. And it is inescapably true that the centralization of business to escape State action has forced the attempt to control such business by the centralized government. When George F. Baer and his crowd complain against national action and sympathize with State rights it is because they find the old protection they sought under the central government vanishing. The interests that have shielded themselves under interstate law, now want to escape its penalties after enjoying its benefits. When Baer *et al* applaud they applaud what helps them. What helps them harms the country.

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MR. STORRER is no longer the President's *bel ami*, Eighty-eight thousand other people have thunk this punk pun, but have not dared to utter it. The MIRROR owes it as a duty to the public to get this thought into the populace's system once and be done with it.

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The City's Champion.

A SESSION of the Missouri Legislature impends. How will St. Louis fare in the output of this deliberative assemblage. Fairly well, we venture to think. The city's chief spokesman in the body will be Senator Tom Kinney. In the last session he made a great record for himself as a careful law-maker. In the approaching session he will do better, for Tom is pretty close to the people, and knows what they want, about as well as anybody. Representing a downtown constituency, he is not likely to be in harmony with the sumptuosity of Gov. Folk, but he will probably line up for those measures of the executive that will have to do with the improvement of tax methods, etc. St. Louis has had more learned men in Senate and House, but it has never had one of whom his colleagues, of the highest class, have had a better opinion than they have of this young man who is a saloon keeper, and has been the object of excessive denunciation for election activities. He is free and clear of those local influences that might induce a man to consider special interests before the general welfare in legislation. He is unbossed and free of obligations to elements that look for favors to the prejudice of general rights. St. Louis will look to Senator Tom for the care of its interests. Judging the future by the past, the city will not look to him in vain.

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The Car Shortage

HARK to the big howl from everywhere about the car shortage of the railroads! But it is not all the fault of the railroads. Too many merchants have acquired the habit of using railroad cars as storage receptacles. They don't take their goods out of the cars in terminal yards. A heavy demurrage charge on cars kept standing full of freight for merchants in the town of destination would release thousands of

cars to haul coal and other products. The railroads are made to shoulder many of the sins of consignees in this matter of car shortage. The merchants should try to help the railroads out. They can do this by taking goods shipped to them, out of cars, as soon as the cars arrive, instead of using the cars as branch temporary warehouses.

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Display of Good Sense

THE Peper heirs in this city have acted wisely in reaching a conclusion of agreement that puts an end to the contest of the will of the late Christian Peper, the millionaire tobacconist. These will contests only wash a lot of dirty linen, and however the lawsuit develops, the lawyers, not the heirs, are benefited. The contest of the Peper will was likely to reveal the why of certain bequests and that revelation might be uncomfortable for persons on both sides of the issue. It were better if all will contests were settled out of court. The relatives of a testator can generally come to an agreement in accord with justice and it is better to do this in family conclave than to risk the exposure of left-hand heirs, bars sinister and other family skeletons.

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An Evil Principle

MACHIAVELLI would hug himself at the reported Senatorial purpose to let the President have a free hand in Panama in the hope that the task, under his direction, will prove a failure. But this is an immoral policy. The Senate is unpatriotic if it connives at failure, since the failure will hurt not only the President but the whole country. If Roosevelt "falls down" on the canal project, then you and I and all of us fall down. The Senate's duty is to oppose Roosevelt, if he is wrong, and to oppose him by all means in the Senate's power. The Senate's duty is not to lure Roosevelt to failure, but to help him to success. The good name of the country is more than a Senatorial desire to put Roosevelt in a hole. The country will not stand for such Machievellian tactics.

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Inheritance Tax and Tariff

REPRESENTATIVE McCALL, of Massachusetts, condemns the proposed inheritance tax because it is not advocated as a revenue measure. The country has plenty of revenue. Yes; but the country gets its revenue in the wrong way, so long as it gets the revenue from the high tariff. Abolish the tariff and then make up any consequent deficit in the revenue from a tax on inheritances. A tax on revenue is not desirable because it would fall heaviest upon the labor of the people. A tax on inheritance would fall mostly on the fortunes that grew up on the advantage given by privilege. It would take money from those who do not earn it.

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PROF. OSLER, who was said to have advocated the chloroforming of all men over 60 years, had the pleasure of cabling from Oxford his congratulations to his mother on the occasion of her one hundredth birthday last week. But the professor didn't advocate the chloroforming of women. In fact, he didn't advocate the chloroforming of anybody. He was the victim of the growing inability of the American people to "take a joke."

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Senate and People

THE Senate meets with no popular approval in its attempt to hold up the President's nominations to the Cabinet. The people are still with Roosevelt, mistakes and all. They might not be so much with him, if they had more faith in the intelligence and the morality of the Senate. If the Senate has lost its standing with the people, it is the Senate's own fault. Roosevelt's downfall as a popular idol will never

come through any sentiment of reaction against him generated in the upper chamber of the Congress. It is enough to strengthen Roosevelt with the masses that it is known the Senate is against him on anything or nearly everything.

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Billiard Hall Nuisance

A JUDGE has said billiards is not a game of chance but of skill. But that is not the point in the charges made against the plague of billiard halls in St. Louis. The point is that the billiard games—not all of them, but the greater number—are merely blinds for betting on the rolling of balls from bottles; that they are the devices of shares to win money from "suckers" touted to bet on "losers"; that the billiard rooms are the homes of handbooks for bets on the races; that the crowds that sit around the games and bet among themselves are too frequently only gatherings of minor crooks all bent on skinning some stranger who has been lured in to bet on some player who will throw the game to an opponent. The billiard and pin pool halls are a sort of minor gambling syndicate and it has its main support in the same quarters that created the "craps" trust here during the World's Fair.

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It begins to look as if Tom L. Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, will be again nominated for Governor of Ohio, with a better chance of election than he had before. And if he should be elected next year, and gets into action, in his characteristic fashion, as Governor, it is not unlikely that he would be a formidable candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. Tom is very far from being a "dead one."

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Where Joy Went By

By Zoe B. Akins.

WHERE is the spot where Joy went by,
And never smiled at me;
I stood upon the hill-side road
And waited, tremblingly.

My heart was all a-thrill with hope....
His coming seemed so long
That, half afraid, I sang aloud,
To lose my fear in song.

O, when at last I saw his face,
It was as if the sun
Had brought its glory to the world
Before the night was done!

Because I could not speak, or see,
Because from other lands
I thought that Joy had come to me,
I held out both my hands.

Ah, sheer delight within my heart
Sang paeans, silently!
He came so near—but on he passed,
And never smiled at me.

And when I knew that he had gone,
The world grew dark again,
And weary now, and old, was I
Who waited here in vain....
I wonder if his kiss had been
As sweet as my long pain.

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"I WISH, Jane," said the fond mother to her new nurse, "that you would use a thermometer to ascertain if the water is the right temperature when you give the baby his bath."

"Oh," replied Jane, cheerfully, "don't worry about that. I don't need any thermometer. If the little 'un turns red, the water is too hot; if it turns blue, it's too cold, and there you are."—*N. Y. Life.*

Kindly Caricatures

(87) Harry B. Hawes

[This article was published in the Mirror of Feb'y 7th, 1901. This was before the editor had either much praised or much censured the gentleman who is its subject, for he has done both. It stands for what it is, after almost six years.]

LET us try to understand this youth of little more than thirty years, who is to St. Louis and Missouri, what Croker is to New York. He is not an accident. This article is an attempt to make him explain himself.

A dozen years ago he was a railroad clerk. Today he is the head of the Democratic party in the greatest Democratic State, the front of an organization that doesn't shy at the penitentiary in doing his bidding. A dozen years ago he was an angel-faced member of St. Andrew's Guild and a frequenter of Salvation Army meetings, the latter to study impressing a certain rank of people and to strengthen his lungs. He was a boy-debater. His father, uncle, grandfather and great-grandfather in Virginia and Kentucky had been in politics and in office. His maternal ancestors were of the like ilk. And on both sides he traced back to Signers of the Declaration. So that you see the politics is in his blood, and politics in good blood produces some strange results. Mr. Hawes is a Kentuckian with the defects of that quality: that is to say, his ideas are, in a way, feudal, barbaric, romantic, traditional and clannish. Your Kentuckian is always more or less of a mediaevalist and Mr. Hawes simply reeks with the Kentucky superstition that Democracy is a diffusion of Divinity, and all things done for Democracy are right. His chivalry is so little affected by his common sense that he actually can admire a cheap sentiment-sensational chivalric gas-bag like Joe Blackburn.

And yet, in spite of his adherence to the archaic ideals of Kentucky, or rather to the degenerated ideals of the fine Kentuckians of early time, in spite of his F. F. V-ism he has become the idol of the organized hoodlumism of the fourth city in the United States.

For this young man is a queer compound. He is an aristocrat and the champion of professional election fraudists. He is a gentleman and a mixer with the slum elements. His personal appearance suggests simultaneously the dude and the desperado. He reminds you at once of Bill Goebel and Joe Bailey, of an old time "gent" gambler and an old time lawyer. He walks erect and boldly, yet there seems a shuffle in his step. His speech, his gesture, his general manners have a fascinating suppleness and grace. There is exactly that slouching effect about him which gives to his evident gentility the added charm of picturesqueness. He is "a Gibson Man" and *Col. Carter, of Carterville; Van Bibber and Jack Oakhurst*. Whether on the platform, in the parlor, at the popular cafe, under Stetson or opera hat, on the street he is all affability and yet that affability seems to be struggling to repress his modesty. Gentle is what a girl called him once, but that is only one phase of him. He has about him, definitely, or indefinitely, open or hidden, everything that goes to make the matinee girl's "god." Women like him instinctively for his looks, grace, his suggestion of the desperado, his modesty and for the underlying hint of strength behind all these things that appeal to the feminine. Men, too, like him instinctively. The man has a personality distinctively pleasing and winning. He wraps you in a smile. And Fate was kind to him in some accident that left a bewitching scar just where it lends glamour to his smile.

Hawes is ambitious. He studies to please. No man can be more gracious to an enemy than he—until the time comes to give the enemy the conge. He avoids quarrels, never underestimating his opponent, until he must act. He sees an end and works to it unceasingly, even when he seems to fly off at a tangent. For the facilitation of his purposes he

exudes oil. He respects the aged while relegating them to the rear. He becomes, when necessary, the semblance of a ruffian to captivate the rough element. He introduced the novelty in St. Louis of a practical politician who can wear a dress suit and know what to do with his hands. His tastes range from the grand opera to the prize-ring, from Herbert Spencer to Richard K. Fox. Scholar and tough are harmonized in him, for he has an old barbaric fondness for knife and gun concealed under his most alluring polish. And he waits. His waiting in politics is like the way the mountaineers waited for Goebel, and yet, when boldness is the only way, he is as bold as Jesse James. He is as wily as Pat Crowe, and as seductive as "Willie" Breckenridge. His passions are strong, but he is stronger than them all, except one—ambition. He suppresses them all to make them further that one.

Diplomacy is his forte; his pleasant manners make it so. He was able to steer between Stone and Stephens. He advocated Hawaiian annexation, as he openly announced, for a fee, traveling all over the West for that purpose, and then he lined up with Bland and the Nebraska Voice against annexation. He made war on the local Bradys as boodlers and crooks, and all the time he was furthering the, to my mind, nefarious Nesbitt election law to steal St. Louis, pushing the scheme of making the police force a political club and increasing the police pay to enable the policemen to give up money to the club. He secured his ends by holding up the Transit Company consolidation bill in the Legislature. That measure provided the boodle to pass itself, but Hawes wouldn't let it pass until the Transit Co.'s boss lobbyist, Sam Priest, agreed to make his "cattle" pass the police bill. Bill Swift and Ed Butler had not been friends for fifteen years. Hawes brought them together to form, with himself, a triumvirate. He plays off one against the other, gets the benefit of the experience and skill of both—and Lord, but they've lots of it!—and all the time strengthens himself as against either or both. He knows Butler will throw him at the first chance, but not if he throws Butler first. And Butler is getting old. And the boys know it. And the boys rather like Hawes for not turning on the old boss. Hawes knows the boys and everybody about him. He has a countermine against every man he doesn't trust—and there are few he trusts.

Hawes is wise beyond his years. The heart of his strength in the Jefferson Club is the crowd of young men of education and professional standing and Southern sympathies and distinctive gentlemanliness, as opposed to the crap-game, bartending, touting, sporting characters that heretofore have had such sway in politics. He has them to put up a respectable front. He pushes them forward. They tie naturally to him, as of their class. And at the same time Hawes takes especial pains to ingratiate himself with the elements that come up from the grogeries. It was by getting together a number of young men of some intellectual aspiration and social position into a debating society that he was led to organize the Jefferson Club. He was a dilettante young politician with reform ideals, but he met Clarence Hoblitzelle, whose strong nerve and right arm elected Francis in spite of the fact that Ewing got more votes, and *Mephisto* twisted the young *Faust* into the course which has given us a foul and disgraceful election fraud machinery and the Jefferson Club flourishing upon police tribute that comes, to some extent, from the tribute paid by crooks and harlots to the police. The "dude" debating club has become the "gang machine." The angel-faced boy of Saint Andrew's Guild is the hero-idol, the demigod of the fellows who are equally ready to stuff a ballot-box or to tap a till. Yet he, none the less, holds the fealty of the young respectables and reputables. He talks idealism with them and he turns to the push and arranges the practicalities. He harmonizes reform and political fine-working. He lays down the volume of commentaries on the Constitution or the reports of Munici-

pal Reform Associations and goes out and fixes up a delegation in a wine-room. He thunders against Hugh Brady's "corruption," and elects to Congress Jim Butler of the Standard Theater with its mephitically obscene shows. A Grand Jury censures him for his political prostitution of the police force, of which he is the head, and he goes before the Jefferson Club and glories in the fact that he is condemned for such things.

Hawes has courage with diplomacy. He bends under pressure, but he rebounds when the pressure is removed. If he cannot get around a stone wall, he goes through it. If he cannot compromise to his advantage he fights, and all the time he has been compromising he has been preparing for the fight. But he knows when to quit. He knows a hawk from a handsaw and has no penchant for monkeying with the buzzsaw. Yet he plucks the nettle boldly, when he must pluck it, and his softness suddenly becomes steel. That winsome smile becomes hard. The gentle light gray eyes get ugly gleams and the public palaverer becomes bull-doggish in his method. This is an infrequent mood with the young man, but not so infrequent as not to be familiar. It always means something.

Up to date he has "done his do," just as he mapped it out boyishly a dozen years ago. He has devoted himself to politics as a profession. He has worked at it day and night. Even his marriage has not won him to the young Benedick's temporary retirement, but he married a Kentucky girl and a Washington girl, a politician herself, and she has a knack of knowing things men think they hide from Harry. She is an able coadjutor bossess, and the man she doesn't like will never "do" Hawes under cover of friendship, for her intuition is weighed by her husband and she has the tactician charm of throwing men off their guard, to a remarkable degree. Mr. Hawes is a lawyer. He doesn't practice much, but is in position to send business to his firm and he naturally shares in the fees. He lives modestly and spends money with the carelessly lavish hand that characterizes the man who has little. For his opportunities in the last five or six years Hawes has nothing to show, financially, even though he did stand in with the passage of the street-railway consolidation bill that was backed by boodle. So that Hawes is strongly presumptively honest.

Hawes believes in the machine and in spoils and in taking care of the boys. He is just that aristocratic that he must have a horde of velleins and serfs to support his aristocracy. He believes in corporation contributions to campaign funds, yet he declares himself in favor of honest candidates, and, so far, his influence has always been in favor of good nominations. He believes that the people are a mob for which a few must do the thinking; therefore he upholds the caucus. He has a persuasive, suave way of putting things to the machine and making apparently palatable the thing he would cram down their throats. An orator he is, a clever cross between the Southern slopper and slosher and the man of business. He soars a little into bombast and does the highfalutin, but he always brings the matter home on practical grounds. And he can make a little "occasional," after-dinner speech that marks the gentleman and the scholar, just as well as he can talk in slang to the ignorant committeeman.

Hawes is ambitious, but not vain. He has been outrageously flattered by men, and indecently pursued by women. Yet he keeps his head. His friends are allowed to tell him why they think he is wrong. He does not resent criticism. He is not above taking a tip from his foes. He stands the gaff of factional abuse like a Spartan. He doesn't explain much. He either won't or can't. He is appallingly frank about some things, even in talk with comparative strangers, and he makes no bones of justifying "anything for the good of the cause." He admires the man who will eat ballots more than the man who eats ortolans at the club, yet the latter is pretty nearly as good as the former, if he will give a cheque to fee the former.



Kindly Caricatures No. 87

HARRY B. HAWES

Hawes rarely loses his good humor. He rarely deceives any one as to his position. The whole town is apt to know whether Hawes likes or dislikes a man.

The day of Hawes' power dates from the time he became Police Commissioner. He took the police force, increased its number and its pay and trans-

formed it into a Tammany. He went ahead and did it in spite of the fact that the older politicians, knowing his success would make him powerful, opposed him. He triumphed in spite of them all and they all came to him to "let them in." He took them in when he had things fixed to keep them down. He cap-

tured the toughs that nobody but Butler could handle. He allured the dude reformers into alliance with the toughs. He got money and he used it for the club's benefit. He built a precinct machine. When a man in the precinct failed or fumbled, Hawes threw him out. He spared no man who couldn't produce results and soon he had an organization that brought all the old, ignorant, inelegant workers to him crawling on their bellies, yet secretly "knocking" him because he was a "kid."

Hawes sticks to his friends and yet he puts the machine above friendship, possibly because the machine is, as yet, too new to stand the imposition of a personal autocracy. The machine must win, that, in time, its chief engineer may be the machine. He is looking only for victory for the organization and cannot take any chance in playing for his own lone hand. And so he said when the first Jefferson Club caucus for Mayor was held, that he was for Mr. Given Campbell personally, but would drop him the moment he was convinced of Mr. Campbell's unavailability. This is a form of self-sacrifice that appeals to others who are not above using such an attitude in order to help them help their friends and themselves at the expense of the organization. Hawes occupies a middle ground. All the self-seekers and schemers need him and go to him for help. He learns their purposes, gets their secrets, penetrates their motives. And all he sees and hears and learns, he uses for the organization and, incidentally, but none the less effectively, for himself. These others are indebted to him. Later, he will collect from them. Hence, his personal friends are not impatient that they do not get all the nominations and appointments. Hawes is steadily concentrating the power of the machine in himself, by letting other minor leaders have their way. He draws the public's fire. He is the figure-head at which all bricks are thrown. But the fellows who work behind and under him are working for him.

And Hawes' pleasant personality stands him in good stead. He makes a good appearance. He fights cleverly. He keeps his good humor under trying circumstances. He is young. He represents to a certain extent a more gentlemanly, though not necessarily a more moral, type of politician. He is a vast improvement to the taste upon the brutal, plug-ugly politician of past times. He was nurtured in a gentlemanly, scholarly tradition, and amid influences that were not grossly vile. He has some ideas of ideals of statesmanship, considerable familiarity with the ethics of government, a sense of the necessity of catering to the decent elements, a knowledge that there are principles underlying politics and a conviction that, somehow, the things he does must work for good. He has a keen sense of the higher politics, away beyond the offices. He thinks about the things that mean nothing to the men he uses. As between a good influence and a bad, between an indecent policy and a decent one, as between a gentleman and a crook, Hawes sides naturally with goodness and decency, but will try to make the bad and indecent work for the good and decent ends.

Hawes' ambition is to capture Missouri, through St. Louis, for the former forces of Democracy, that were repudiated in 1896. He wants Missouri to lead off for the gold standard, as it led off for silver with Bland. He wants to drop Populism. He wants to lead the Democracy in National Convention back to the platform of 1892 retaining as little as possible of the frenzied platforms of 1896 and 1900. He wants to make the Jefferson Club stand to the Middle West, Southwest, Northwest and Extreme West as Tammany has stood to the South and East. It were useless to speculate whether he will succeed. Sufficient to say that he has already brought the gold bugs into line in a city which defeated silver by 15,000, in 1896, that he has the plutocracy in line with him, that he dominates the ancient local tools of the local plutocracy, that he has bent the mob to his will in accept-

ing the dictation of Mugwumps, that he has given practical politics something of delicacy and grace, and that he has been, so far, the superior in dexterity and strength, courage and cunning of the old order of politicians.

In short, Mr. Harry B. Hawes is an immense improvement upon the traditional political boss. He has a higher intelligence, a measurable culture, an appreciation of finer things, that they never could hope to attain. He is more entitled to the respect of the people, even at his worst, than his predecessor ruffians with the methods of the bludgeon. There is no escaping the attraction of his talents. He is the link between the Mugwump and the hoodlum regular. And he cares more for the power of doing things and swaying men than he cares for the making of money. An appeal to ethical considerations can reach him. He is not besotted in selfish avarice. He knows what de-

cent people want and can appreciate that want. He thinks he can set his ideals aside and wait to achieve them, when he shall have completely molded the ignorant and vicious forces to his will.

Can he do it? Alas, the man who puts his ideals aside to work with ignorance and vice is apt to forget where he laid them. He is apt to be "subdued to what he works in, like the dyer's hand." The hypnotic effect of vice and wrong is well known. *Tannhauser* could not leave *Venus* after embracing her, even though he believed in Christ and disbelieved in the queen of Hell. Mr. Hawes renounces his ideals for the machine. The machine will never let him return to those ideals and, unless he be the miracle of men, he never shall be free of his servitude. So that, while this character photograph is an appreciation, Mr. Hawes well may read even its commendations an awful warning.

The Art Museum in Relation to City Life

By Halsey C. Ives

EVERYWHERE in our country art advancement is going on—past accomplishment being but to build upon, not to rest with.

Thus Philadelphia has a new impetus in the movement to consolidate important private collections into a great City Museum in Fairmount Park, while in New York large hopes are built upon the merging of the Society of American Artists with the National Academy of Design, and upon the union of Columbia University, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National Academy of Design for the formation of a commanding art educational institution upon a scale hitherto dreamed of in our country only by "visionary" workers.

As a matter of fact, even in the East this widespread advancement in art is of recent development. For long, measuring by Western standards, there have been in Philadelphia, New York and Boston important nuclei for great art collections and institutions; yet even in these centers any great art development is a matter of our own day reflecting conditions of national rather than local significance. Underlying it all is the fact that our people have arrived at the point where art becomes necessary to their enjoyment of life and the pursuit of happiness, while, accentuating this, has come the realization that art in industry is a necessity to the industrial progress of our whole people.

The realization of the value of art is expressed in movements for the establishment of a National Art Commission, and for governmental provision for the representation of American art at foreign exhibitions, as well as in the movement to have the tariff on art abolished. During the autumn I have been invited to speak at Winona, Chicago, Carbondale, Indianapolis and various other points in the West to people who are strongly interested in these subjects, and in personal efforts as a member of the National Committee of the Free Art League have found the antagonism to this retrogressive tax a rapidly growing force.

Saint Louis has been a recognized force in art development in America, through the work of its Art Museum and School and the Exposition. She has the opportunity to occupy an enviable position for the future through practical extension of this work, notwithstanding the greatly increased art activities of all competing centers. The time has arrived for a St. Louis art advancement which will be instrumental in changing conditions of living in all the Southwest, vastly enhancing the prestige of this city.

Our art education must not only teach us how to enjoy, and some of us how to produce, the painting, the statue and the "art object"; but it must also teach the proper application of art—of beauty in form and color and fitness—to the ordinary things we use in daily life—and this means that the designers and exe-

cutants in all branches of manufacture, our blacksmiths, our carpenters and cabinet-workers, our weavers, must have the knowledge and the interest to discriminate between the beautiful and the commonplace or ugly. It will not do to torture the useful into a simulation of prettiness at the expense of its proper utility and call that art; it is necessary that we learn to add beauty without impairing the usefulness of our productions, if we are really to enjoy art.

The exhibitions and lectures will be supplemented by receptions, entertainments and festivals, and other advantages of a great art club.

In the extension of the work beyond the city, traveling collections and illustrated lectures and publications will be important factors.

The projected Comparative Museum of Architecture will form a department standing unique as an educational influence, joining material with aesthetic benefits for the people of the West. It will be inspiring; it will be practical. Men familiar with the world's great art institutions have pronounced enthusiastically upon its artistic significance. To quote from the expression of the Nestor of American sculpture, Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, "it would give what no library can present, the actual forms and colors of the decorations in the varied lights of the day—and the advantage of a quiet comparison of the architectural epochs of the world." Its value will be enhanced, both for the technical student and the general public, by methods of utilizing its presentation of the world's achievements. Walter B. Stevens says: "It will tell the story of the nations and the centuries to old and young." President Roosevelt has summarized emphatically the general commendation of experts, writing: "Its artistic merits are sufficiently proved by the testimony of men like John La Farge, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Frederick Dielman, F. J. V. Skiff, D. H. Burnham, Charles F. McKim and other architects, artists and sculptors who have written you." As to its national significance the President says: "I can hardly imagine that any good American would fail to feel interest in and hearty approval of the enterprise in which you are engaged," and "It seems to me that such a Museum as is suggested would be one of the strongest factors in the development of art education and of the appreciation of art, not only in your part of the country but throughout the Union. I feel that such a movement would not only have an excellent influence upon the development of an appreciation for good architecture in the Middle West, but through the entire country."

Unless these plans are carried out, the enterprising and progressive Chicago Art Institute, expanding so rapidly, is destined to be the commanding art museum and school of the West. Though dating from about the same period, the art movements of the two

great Western cities have not been proportionately appreciated or supported. The northern capital, having "found itself" sooner than our city, thereupon acted with its characteristic energy, as a result of which the Art Institute has had at its annual disposal sums five times exceeding those somewhat reluctantly provided for our own Museum and School, and has made progress in proportional measure so that now its eminence is assured and it is advancing more rapidly than ever before.

The future of St. Louis is bound up with the imposing march of our country in civilization; but her influence over a vast territory and her position in civilization must depend upon the capacity of her citizens for broad, constructive development. The aspiring citizen of the Southwest demands a metropolis which shall radiate the influences necessary to a broad and high civilization. It may be taken that St. Louis, knowing that a great market does not necessarily make a great city, is to lead the educational development of this region and become in future years the metropolis of culture and refinement for millions upon millions of people.

The material benefits of the advancement of a city or country in art are not to be gainsaid. For Paris, art is milliards each year; for Italy it is national preservation; for Germany it has been the stepping stone to her remarkable industrial success.

Around St. Louis the smaller cities are building up art influences. Cincinnati, Detroit, Indianapolis, Cleveland, have flourishing art schools and museums; and support them. Kansas City is establishing a strong art institution upon the recent generous gift by Colonel Swope of about a million dollars. The important towns in every direction are working along such lines. The increased importance of art is recognized by the press and the people north and south, from Boston to San Francisco.

The people of the East and the West are the same—Americans; and those who invidiously compare the West with the East may be reminded that the American capacity to love, appreciate and understand the beautiful will in the future find at least as full expression throughout the whole land as it does now in those favored places where art education has been generously supported by public funds.

Support from public funds is necessary for such work, in St. Louis as elsewhere—in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati and other cities. New York gives its museums half a million a year from city revenues; Chicago about a hundred and fifty thousand; St. Louis nothing. The contributions of individuals will be sufficient to maintain the Museum and School, with the income from the educational work, endowments, membership fees and other sources, and to gradually expand and improve; but active participation of all the citizens through contribution of public money is essential to the necessary broad educational work. The wealthy man will hardly object to this, for the modest investment will bring a large return to the city. The poor man should be happy over the opportunity to obtain for his children, at a nominal cost in increased taxation, with the knowledge that he is a contributor, such advantages as are now open only to the children of the rich. *A special tax of a fifth of a mill on the dollar would give the museum an effective revenue and would cost the man who pays taxes on a valuation of \$1,000, just twenty cents per annum.*

We can build up our Museum and School into an institution that will bring to the people here the opportunity to see and to know art, and carry the influence into the homes and industries throughout the city and surrounding country.

For this not only must the Museum possess notable collections, and also bring here for comparison exhibitions of contemporary art; it must also be instrumental in familiarizing the people of the West with the industrial application of beauty in form and color, and with some of the facts which govern the utilization of art. Vastly more significant that a

hundred thousand should be brought into interested contact with good art than that a few should be given the opportunity to observe and study old masterpieces.

For such an end the exhibition of beautiful collections is but little; more important is the extension of their usefulness. Every competent teacher can think of ways to do this—and many ways must be employed. The greatest work is in making it possible for the young to enjoy and appreciate the beautiful, and apply the knowledge by which beauty can be made pleasantly and profitably tributary to life. The classes of the school should be supplemented with talks for children in the Museum galleries and by special collections selected from the Museum's possessions, which should be placed in the different schools from time to time and should be explained by the teachers and by illustrated handbooks with good interesting reading matter in simple language. The lecture courses for students, teachers and the public, which have proved their usefulness to the people, should be greatly developed. The Sunday lectures for workingmen, maintained for several years, formed one of the most successful branches of the work, and if sufficient money could have been provided would have importantly influenced the character of this city.

The Applied Art Classes in the school will be amplified to supply the needs of all workers in the arts who need more complete study and instruction in design and artistic workmanship than the general Museum work affords.

The admiring attention of Europeans has been attracted to the generosity of individual givers in all parts of our country in the development of American Art Museums. In a recent work the eminent director, Doctor Furtwangler, holds up a number of instances for continental patrons of art.

An incident noteworthy even in New York, where the Metropolitan Museum receives gifts annually aggregating in value several hundred thousand dollars, and has received one gift of seven million dollars, is the recent enterprise of Mr. Huntington in removing an entire building from Spain to New York with the intention of opening it as a special museum for the benefit of the public. Another notable recent work, showing the value of discriminating effort, is that of Mrs. Hearst in establishing in San Francisco the Museum of Classic Archaeology of the Affiliated Colleges of California, for which she sent the archaeologist, Doctor Alfred Emerson, abroad for three years, equipped with ample means to obtain collections of high merit. In Baltimore Mr. Walters is building a magnificent museum structure for his collections with the purpose of presenting the whole to his native city. The little city of Worcester, Mass., is perfecting plans for art museum development, for which she has received three million dollars from a philanthropic citizen, with prospects for an increase in the near future to five millions. Such instances of work now going on may be multiplied. The wise and generous benefactions of Charles L. Hutchinson, Martin Ryerson, Edward Ayer and others in Chicago have made possible the great museum of the Art Institute, the value of whose influence is manifest in the Chicago of today—and is seen in the recent bequest by a great merchant of the city of one million dollars to be held in trust by the directors of the Art Institute who are to employ the income in beautifying the city with statuary and other artistic decoration.

Fortunately we may build our hopes largely upon the growth of this spirit in St. Louis. Our Art Museum began in the benefactions of Wayman Crow, who gave the original home at Nineteenth and Locust streets, and has been sustained for twenty-six years and developed to its present position through gifts. The annual contributions of our leading business men as Museum members form an important source of income. The establishment of a fund for the acquisition of American art works is the most recent large gift. Of this it has become known that the donor is Mr. William K. Bixby, who is, perhaps, as well known as any American collector for the ad-

mirably discriminating judgment shown in his collections of valuable manuscripts and rare editions, and rare pictures. The generous public spirit actuating the production of the International Exposition has provided for the benefit of the people the Forest Park Art Building, and made possible the installation of collections there, and has done much for the Museum. Since the close of the Exposition the endowments and collections have been augmented by not less than five hundred thousand dollars. The people of St. Louis are developing a generous feeling toward their Art Museum. We may hope that much will be accomplished in the future through gifts.

"Everyman" in Music

By Pierre Marteau

WHEN the Choral Symphony Society announced for performance a new cantata by an English organist, the news brought little cheer to the seeker for the unheard. Another of the formal stupidities perpetrated in the cantata guise by English composers is not a pleasurable prospect, and the fact that the musical setting of "Everyman"—the work under consideration—was composed for the Leeds festival, redolent of the typical dry-as-dust, rule-ridden music of the learned English composer, imparted to the situation an ominous aspect. However, Mr. H. Walford Davies' work proved to be an agreeable disappointment. It is strong, vital and almost daringly unconventional.

The text of the impressive old morality play lends itself admirably to musical voicing, and the wonder is not that it is now presented in musical form, but that "Everyman" was not cantata-ized many years ago. Mr. Davies has retained some of the words unchanged, but he evidently considered cuts and alterations necessary. Nevertheless, the admirer of "Everyman" in the form presented by the Greet players will find the text and general scheme of Mr. Davies work so closely in sympathy with the original that it is invested with much of the charm of the play.

The musical setting is rarely beautiful in conception and consistent in execution. Nowhere is there a jarring note. The student of "Everyman" will applaud Mr. Davies' judgment in assigning the title role to the bass voice. *Knowledge* at once suggests a rich contralto, and *Good Deeds* is fittingly voiced by the soprano. *Death*,—a difficult figure to handle musically—Mr. Davies bestowed upon the tenor.

One of the most beautiful and effective numbers is *Everyman's* lament, written for solo voice and chorus, to which fine contrast is furnished by the appeal to *Kindred* and the appeal to *Riches*. The song of *Knowledge* is great writing, and the closing number is strong and immensely impressive.

The searcher for reminiscence in theme and treatment will not go unrewarded, but the individuality and strength of the score are indisputable, and this work places Mr. Davies among the masters of contemporary music.

Orchestrally the composer is superb. He is past master of modern orchestration, and achieves some novel and ingenious effects. His writing is modernly mediæval, and he employs all the resources of the modern orchestra to give this work the contemporary note. The use of the French horn is particularly striking—and the repeated sound of the A sharp by this instrument, heralding the entrance of *Death*, is weirdly effective.

The performance, last week, was given under difficulties, Charles Galloway, who on this occasion made his first appearance as conductor of the choral concerts given by the society, was handicapped by soloists who did not know their music, and insufficient time in drilling the chorus. However, all things considered, the result was a distinct triumph for Mr. Galloway. He seemed to have rejuvenated the chorus, for a tone so full, round and firm has not been heard from the

soprano choir of this organization in many years, and the other parts were correspondingly invigorated—even the tenors were not as pathetic as usual. The powers of the new conductor were never more fully displayed than in the opening chorus, which was sung unaccompanied, with perfect fidelity to pitch.

Mr. Galloway is a resourceful musician, and a born conductor, but this concert must have been a fearful ordeal. Facing, for the first time, an orchestra composed largely of seasoned veterans is in itself no inconsiderable task, and the inordinate difficulty of the work, added to the shakiness of three of the soloists, were obstacles that would have disconcerted a leader less determined. Mr. Galloway worked with dripping face and head, to the destruction of starched linen, sang solo parts and chorus parts, and evidenced also by complete control of the orchestra his thorough and exhaustive study of the score.

However, even Mr. Galloway's energy could not prevent mishaps. Of the soloists, Mrs. Epstein alone was secure in the music of her part. Unfortunately *Good Deeds* is the shortest of the solo parts, but Mrs. Epstein made the most of her limited opportunities, and gave a highly artistic, musicianly interpretation. This excellent soprano's sweet, sympathetic, polished tone suited perfectly the figure she represented.

Mrs. Randall Dunn sang the alto music allotted *Knowledge* in a meek soprano, and blandly ignored Mr. Galloway's frantic endeavors to make her sing in time.

A rumor had preceded Mr. Barrow that he had studied the music of the tenor part with the composer. If so, he worked to little purpose, as he was as innocent of any definite knowledge of musical entrances and exits as was Mrs. Dunn. *Death*, in a dress suit, wrestling with refractory high A flats, threatened to introduce a fatal comedy note, but Mr. Galloway's almost superhuman efforts avoided the disaster. In extenuation, it must be said that Mr. Barrow complained of illness.

Mr. Witherspoon's *Everyman* is a nobly conceived creation. The basso was in fine voice, and sang with his accustomed authority. His phrasing was musicianly, his enunciation gratifyingly clear, but he was not sufficiently familiar with the music of this extremely long and taxing role to avoid mishaps in the way of false intervals and some confusion of rhythm.

The orchestra stood by Mr. Galloway, though a little more fullness in the strings would have helped.

Chinese War on Opium

THE correspondent of the London Times in Peking telegraphs to that paper a summary of the new Opium Regulations promulgated by the Chinese Government. They are of the most stringent kind, and are stated to be inspired by Yuan Shih-Kai, the Viceroy of Pechili. Under them not only is the cultivation of the poppy to cease altogether, but the use of opium is after ten years to be totally abolished. Though it is calculated that some forty per cent of the people of China take opium, every user of the drug, and the amount he uses, are henceforth to be registered. No one who begins the habit after the present time will be able to register. Smokers of sixty years of age will be given a good deal of latitude, but those under sixty must decrease their allowance by twenty per cent per annum. Those who after ten years are still addicted to the drug will have their names publicly posted. In the case of officials under sixty, abandonment of the drug must begin at once. Exceptional treatment is, however, to be given to Princes, Dukes, Viceroys, and Tartar Generals, even though under sixty. If they continue to smoke opium, substitutes are to carry on their duties till they are cured. Arrangements are to be made for distributing prescriptions and medicines calculated to counteract the effects of the drug.

How It Feels to Be at the Bottom of the Pit

By X X X.

Being a Book Agent

SOME months before the World's Fair opened, I came to St. Louis. Before that time, I had been employed as salesman for a New York publishing house, selling, on a strict commission basis, a high-grade publication. The coming of the World's Fair, the glowing advertisements of its wonders and beauties and the idea that an event like that would undoubtedly offer innumerable opportunities for any man who is neither a blockhead nor lacks business training, awakened in me the desire to come to St. Louis, and while incidentally taking in the Fair, earn good money and perhaps strike a permanent good position. The house with which I was connected maintained a branch office in St. Louis and this fact encouraged me in my plan, as it enabled me to keep on making a living by selling our publication till I could find some better and more promising work.

But it did not take me long to find out that there existed a great difference between the conditions in the East and in St. Louis, especially as far as the book-buying public was concerned. Among the "bookmen," as the slang among the book salesmen terms those poor devils who try to make a living by selling to the public the larger works which, if left to the sale in the bookstores alone, would seldom, or never, find their way into the home of the people, St. Louis is, and has always been regarded, as "a hard proposition." The difficulties in selling books were ten times multiplied at the time I came here. The approaching World's Fair had forced rents up, everything had become more expensive, besides, people did not feel inclined to spend any money for things not absolutely necessary, like books, but rather saved as much as they could, partly in order to meet increasing expenses, partly with the intention to spend the money at the Fair. I found it therefore extremely hard even to make a scant living and the sales which I could perfect were very few.

During all this time, I did not lose sight of my plan to find some other work, and the more the book business got "on the bum," the stronger grew my desire to get out of it and to get hold of another position. I want to state here that I am not only an experienced salesman of good address and appearance, but that in addition, I could furnish very satisfactory testimonials as correspondent, assistant book-keeper and all-around office man, and that I possess a fair knowledge of the French and German languages, sufficient to enable me to do correspondence work in either one of them.

The first thing I did early every morning was to scan the want-ad columns of the daily papers. Innumerable were the letters of application I wrote, innumerable were the personal calls which I made. But all in vain. One thing that spoke against me in the opinion of many a prospective employer, was that for the last one-and-a-half years I had been a book agent. How flattering the general opinion about book agents is can be best learned from the signs which look down upon you from the walls of almost any big office building and which invariably read: "Peddlers, beggars and book agents not allowed in this building," an order of succession which shows that even beggars enjoy a higher esteem in public opinion than the man who is the humble and still so efficient tool in disseminating knowledge and propagating a wider acquaintance with the master works of literature and

art, and that suspenders, collar buttons and pocket-combs rank higher in the market than books containing the works of the spiritual and intellectual lords of the world. Another reason for my failure to find employment was that all my testimonials were from the East, that I did not possess any local recommendation, and, as a perfect stranger, could not even give a personal reference in town. But as to this, I know for a fact, that at the same period, a man from Missouri, who has been in the shoe business for over twenty years, while looking for a position as salesman, was offered just seven dollars a week in some big retail shoe store in this city at a time when the cost of living was as high as only a World's Fair could make it. I know of another man who had come to St. Louis more than six months before the opening of the Fair, who had for twelve years been employed in the same line, viz., as a dry goods salesman, who had the best testimonials and who had drawn salaries of twenty to twenty-five dollars per week, who, after loafing for four and a half months, was finally glad to accept a job at twelve dollars a week. The trouble was that too many people had been attracted by the glare of the World's Fair, that for every one place there were forty applicants, and that the supply in the labor market was much larger than the demand.

No Work at World's Fair

Meanwhile, my condition had become more and more precarious. The nearer the term of the opening of the Fair, the harder it was to make a sale of our publication. The anxiety to find something else grew stronger and stronger in me so that I even did not shrink from using extraordinary means to get a job as the ordinary ones did not help me. Thus one day, one of the cards which were furnished me by my firm as introduction to prospective buyers, had brought me to the house of Mr. Prickett, of Washington Boulevard. Although this gentleman did not buy the work, he received me so amiably and was even so kind when he regretted that he could not buy the books himself, to direct me to his father, the former Mayor of Edwardsville, who, he thought, would be likely to be interested in the work I had to sell, that I, knowing that he was a director of the World's Fair, wrote to him a letter, enclosing a copy of my testimonials and asking him whether he did not know of a place for me. Promptly the answer came back that he was sorry that all he could offer me was a place in the Jefferson Guard and that he would be perfectly willing to support my application. I wrote back that I accepted his kind offer with thanks. After some time, I got another letter from him in which he informed me that through a change in the management, the jurisdiction over the acceptance of the men for the Jefferson Guard was taken from him, so that he could not be of any assistance to me. However, although this did not lead to any tangible result, I wish to say that the way in which Mr. Prickett treated me, an entire stranger to him, showed him to be a warm-hearted man and a perfect gentleman, and differed pleasantly from the manners which I saw exhibited by other people whom I met under similar circumstances.

One of the meanest propositions which I ran up against during my hunt for work, was a young lawyer with an office in the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Building,

corner 7th and Olive streets. I had been informed that this man had the concession for Ancient Rome on the Pike, and as the building of this show had not yet begun, the company of which he was a partner had still many vacancies to fill, such as overseers and others. When I called on him, I found him a man of about thirty-five years, with the tint of a mulatto, pitch-black hair and mustache, and piercing, restless, black eyes, that looked at me through a gold-bridged pince-nez, which he nervously tried to balance on the immensely curved promontory which adorned the Adonisian features of his face, at the place where normally built people use to have their noses. Answering my polite introduction in a very chesty and pompous manner, he told me that he was busy at present and requested me to call back at a certain time two days afterwards. When I did so, he in a nasty, ill-bred, not to say mean manner, informed me as brusquely as possible that "We have enough people here in St. Louis whom we know and to whom we can entrust positions. We do not need any strangers or foreigners." This utterance made at the eve of a World's Fair, to which St. Louis had invited all the people of the globe, showed clearly the width of the mental horizon of this eminent champion of hospitality, and the word "foreigner" applied to someone who was at least as good a United States citizen as he himself, struck me as especially funny; I wondered while he spoke to me, from what part of darkest Russia, Roumania or Poland, he or his parents might have emigrated to find in our country the desired haven to protect them from the oppression which his race encounters in most of the European countries.

✧

Among the Waiters

In the house in which I roomed, there lived in the room next to mine, a young man who was steward at the American Restaurant, corner Sixth and Olive streets. I got casually acquainted with him and he, perceiving my fruitless efforts to find a position, again and again told me the easiest way to make money during the Fair was to get a job as waiter. At first I resented the idea, as it was thoroughly repugnant to my feelings. Bye and bye, tired out by my vain chase for a decent place, I more and more reconciled myself with the thought of following his advice. He took me one day to Gross' Buffet, on Broadway, opposite the Court House, where, as he informed me, all the waiters have their meeting-place and unofficial headquarters, as the proprietor, Mr. Gross, is always called upon by all the different club managers, restaurant and saloonkeepers of St. Louis to furnish them help whenever they are in need of any. He was the man to get me a job. The place to which he took me was a spacious bar room, the front part taken up by the bar on one side and on the other side, by a lunch counter, where, from eleven to two o'clock, an excellent warm free lunch in Hungarian style was served. The wall above the bar was decorated with a very large picture of Judge Talty who, so I was informed, was a warm personal friend of the proprietor. The roomy back part of the place was filled with tables and chairs, where a large number of men, all waiters, were seated, drinking, smoking, eating, card-playing, chess-playing, joking and chatting, representing all ages, from the youngest

waiter-puppy, called "piccolo," up to the grey-haired veteran waiter, coming from all the countries of God's earth. There was the elegant, somewhat debonaire-looking waiter from Vienna, which is regarded in waitersdom as the international high school or academy, the nervous, quick, fidgety Frenchman, who, in his funny English, told of "zee fine times" which he used to have at "la grande exposition" in "mon vieux Paris," the phlegmatic Englishman, and the quick-witted, but a little rough-looking Irish waiter. They all sat there swapping stories, telling of their experiences in, God knows, what different countries of both hemispheres and discussing their prospects at the Fair. The animated conversation suddenly ceased whenever the telephone bell rang. That was the sign that some "boss" wanted to speak to the proprietor, requesting him to fill some vacancy. These calls were generally answered by Mr. Gross personally, who after being informed what kind of a job was to be filled, and at what place, turned around, and, after mustering the crowd with the quick look of a commanding general, winked to one or the other of the men and told him: "Here you, John or Fritz or Mike, quick; over at Faust's or at the Planters', they want a man. That's a place for you, go quick." Whereupon John or Fritz or Mike put on his overcoat, provided it was not in some pawnshop, seized a package which contained the paraphernalia of his craft and disappeared, while the conversation of the others which had stopped, till the selection was made, was resumed. What I wondered at was that there never was shown any jealousy or any ill-feeling created by the selection which Mr. Gross, the jovial proprietor, made. They all had implicit confidence in his judgment and in his good will towards every one of them and trusted that, as he knew them all, he knew best whom to designate to fill a vacancy, selecting those who had been out of work longer or needed it more than others. While so many expert waiters who had been in the "profesh" practically since childhood were idle and out of work, how could I, without experience, expect to get lucrative employment?

Meanwhile the first of May had come; I had been out on the Fair grounds on that great day, had seen Mr. Taft's smiling face broadly loom up on the horizon, a dangerous competitor to the orb of the sun, had listened to the flood of pompous oratory which flowed from the honeyed lips and broke loose through the *herkos odonton* of "our Dave," had seen the great cascades gush down into the grand basin and the flags of all nations unfurl their colors in the gentle spring breeze. The great Louisiana Purchase Exposition was a fact, a reality.

✦ Breaking Into Journalism

One day the idea struck me to try for a place with one of the newspapers. I therefore made a round of all the newspapers. I had one year's experience as reporter with a New Jersey daily and had a very good recommendation from its editor-in-chief. But, I had waked up too late to this idea. Wherever I called, I was told that they, in anticipation of increased work during the Fair, had long before increased their staff, so that not a single vacancy was left. When I called at the office of the *Star*, I had a conversation with Mr. August Frank. He told me that he had no opening in the business office, but advised me to go upstairs to see the editor-in-chief, who, perhaps might be able to give me a chance. I went upstairs and spoke to the editor-in-chief, Mr. Wagner. He regretted to inform me that he could not offer me anything as they had more men on the force than they needed, but requested me to come back in a day or two, as something might turn up to which he could direct me. I went back. How elated and overjoyed I was when he greeted me with: "I have something for you." I hurried to the address

he gave me. Half an hour later I was employed as assistant to the editor and publisher of one of the numerous publications which sprung up with the World's Fair. I was to receive a salary of twenty dollars a week, a pass to the World's Fair being given to me and I had to spend all day every day on the Fair grounds to write up anything that was remarkable or noteworthy. Every morning I had to report at the down-town office, hand in what I had written the previous day and receive my instructions for the present day. I had, not only a job which afforded sufficient remuneration, but congenial work and an opportunity to see the great exposition. The position was to last only about two months, as my employer told me. But I was too elated to let that worry me much.

I had a room on Ninth street, just large enough for a bed, a primitive iron washstand, and one chair, a few hooks in the wall for my clothes and an ingenious device of a board with four shaky, thin legs, which construction, if under more favorable conditions, grown to right proportions, could have matured into something that deserved the name of a table. A bath-room was a thing not to be thought of in this palace; when I dressed or undressed, I had to open the door leading to the stairway hall in order to be able to extend my arms and legs if I did not prefer to sit on my bed and hold my *levee* and *couchee* in the way the occupants of an upper berth in a Pullman car are wont to do. And for this I had to pay a weekly rent of \$3.50. I soon found out that to spend all day at the Fair and to take my meals there made a pretty hole in my means and as my position brought me in contact with many of the high officials and all the exhibitors, I had to be dressed better than I was before. My clothes had looked pretty shabby. I was compelled to buy new ones. As my position was short-lived, I tried constantly to find another one as clerk or salesman with one of the exhibiting firms. I had to look decent and undergo these unwelcome expenses. I found nothing and when the day came which terminated my work, my savings were very small.

The first thing I did was to find a cheaper room. It did not cause me any heartache to part from this one. I took up my abode in a room at the Cherokee Hotel, corner 6th and Market streets, for which I had to pay only 25 cents a day, or, if paid for a week in advance, as I did, \$1.50 per week. The only difference was that my new room had only two hooks in the wall instead of four and that it did not contain any washstand and I was compelled to wash in the common basin at the sink in the hall. But then there was always warm water at my disposal and I could also daily use the bathroom, with towels furnished free of charge. So it was not so bad.

✦ To Fight His Brothers

In the hotel I made the acquaintance of a man from Arkansas, a carpenter by trade, who had been all over the English-speaking world, throughout the States, Canada, the United Kingdom, the Cape Colony, even in Australia, working, when he could not find work at his trade, at whatever offered itself, as farmhand or teamster, as dishwasher or porter, in the South African mines or on the Australian sheep pastures. He was an intelligent and good-natured fellow, about thirty years of age, with a frank, open physiognomy, good grey-blue eyes and brown hair. He too, was out of work, and, like me, in dire want of something by which to make a living. One day he stepped up to me and asked me whether I would like to go with him. He knew of work for both of us. And then he told me that he had made up his mind, as he could not find any other work to do, to go over to East St. Louis, where the men in the packinghouses were on strike, and take a place there. On

the north side of Market street, between Sixth and Seventh, there is, or was, the office of Shevlin's Labor Agency. There, he told me, he had been informed that they had orders to ship a great number of men to East St. Louis; that, contrary to the usual custom of these labor agencies in this special case, they would not charge the men anything for securing them the job, as the packers paid their fee; that every man was to receive \$1.75 a day and board and that the work would not be so hard that we would not be able to stand it. Now, although I had no connection with any labor union and was under no obligation to any, I had always sympathized with them, and the idea of becoming a strikebreaker, a "scab," was anything but pleasant to me. I told him so and he agreed with me, saying that he, too, did not like it very much, but as all that he had left was \$2, he had to find work or starve. I was in the same boat. My fortune amounted to the princely sum of \$1.80, and even if I succeeded in getting another position I should not have been able to pull through till pay-day came. Therefore this opportunity was very tempting. There were the acts of violence, of which we had heard every day, which the strikers committed or threatened to commit against those who took their places. We did not like the thing at all, but conditions were stronger than our likes or dislikes, and after a talk with the manager of Shevlin's Labor Agency, we agreed to accompany a party of men which he was to take over next morning. One thing which had some influence on our decision was that the manager of Shevlin's, who seemed to have taken a liking to us, perhaps, because we looked better than the rest of the "bunch," took us aside and told us that while he was going to take the other men to the slaughter houses to work there, he would place us in the Stock Yards. There we would be in the open air, would have to deal only with live stock and besides, so he told us, our boss would be Mr. Jones, the general superintendent of the National Stock Yards, and a better man we could not find.

The next morning found us following a troop of men, led by that manager of Shevlin's, winding their way down Market to Fourth street and then north to the bridge. There we took a car with the sign, "Stock Yards."

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Strike Breaking

At the last moment I should have liked to throw up the sponge, jump out of the car and return to St. Louis. But my condition was too desperate, I absolutely did not know what else to do. So when our car turned around St. Clair avenue, and for the first time my eyes fell on the buildings which bore in big letters the name of Nelson, Morris & Co., when the wind which blew from the packing district brought the stench of the slaughterhouses to our nostrils, I set my teeth, took my heart in both hands and went ahead. Unmolested by anyone, we reached the station of the National Stock Yards Building. Turning to the left and taking the other men, who numbered about twenty-five, with him, in order to install them in the slaughterhouse of Armour & Co., Shevlin's man told the carpenter and me, to enter the building in front of us, look up Mr. Jones' office and tell him that we came from Shevlin's and wanted work. We went in and soon found ourselves in the presence of an amiable-looking gentleman of about forty-five years, who received us very cordially and, after asking us a few questions as to our previous occupation, told us that he would assign us to work in the hog division. At the same time he advised us to buy a pair of overalls in order to save our clothes. As there was no place inside the packing-house district where we could get overalls, and we would have to go outside, he cautioned us to be

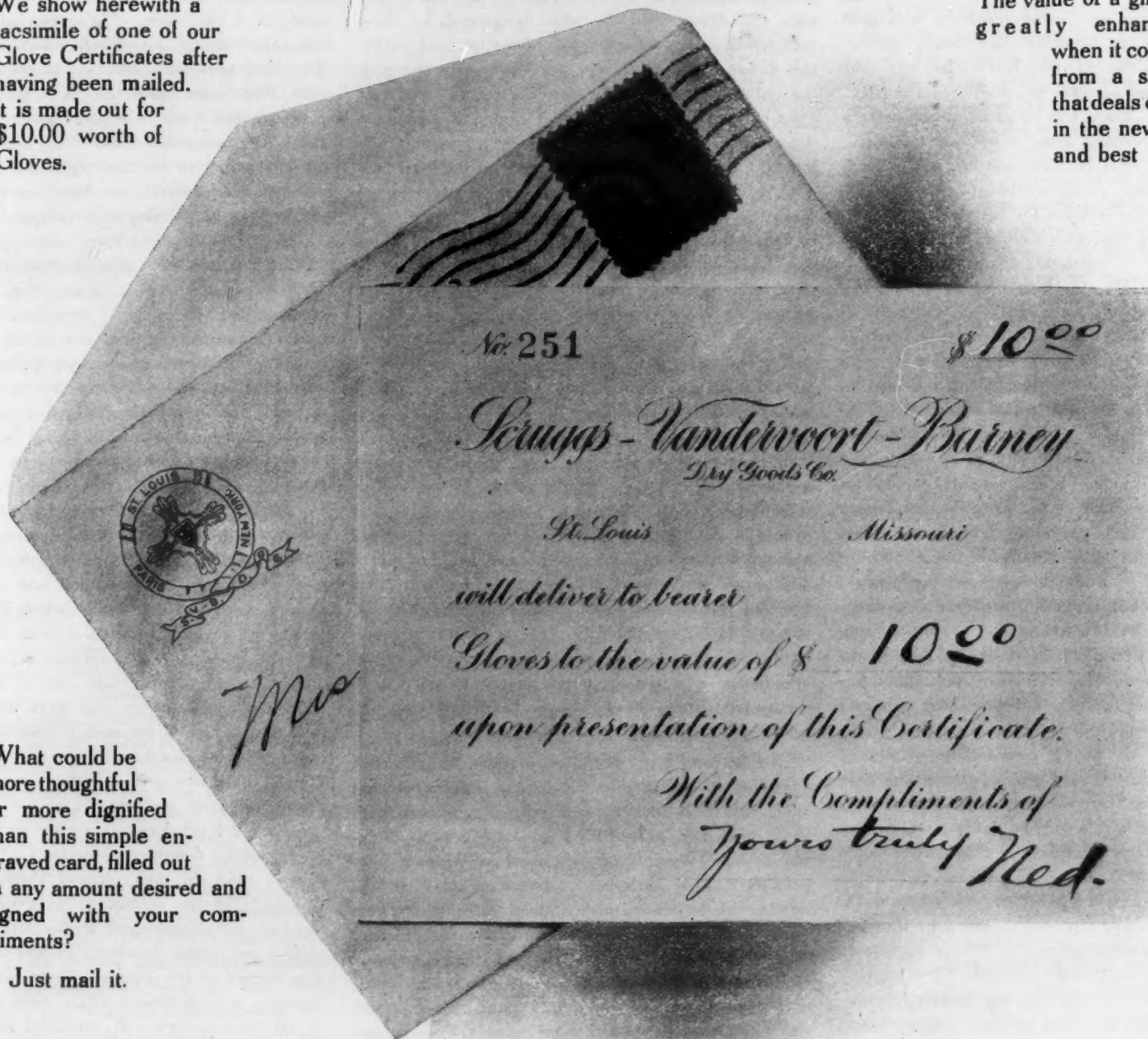
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Dry Goods Co.

OLIVE-BROADWAY-LOCUST.

careful, lest we might have trouble with some of the strikers. We then walked back the long, broad road that stretches from the Stock Yard's Building to the plant of Nelson Morris & Co., which is the first one in the district and went out to St. Clair avenue. Opposite Morris' plant, there where the packinghouse district opens, stands the building of the National Stock Yards Hotel. In front of it run the tracks of the street car lines. These tracks formed the demarkation line-up to which the injunction, which Judge Holder, of Belleville, had granted to the packers, permitted the strikers to go. Anyone trespassing on the other side made himself liable to arrest and prosecution by law. In front of the hotel we saw a few men lounging whose broad leather belts filled with cartridges and whose good-sized revolvers in leather cases, looking out from under their coats, showed them to be deputy sheriffs, who had to see to it that nobody who had no business there entered the packinghouse district. There was no gathering of strikers on the street and without being in any way molested, we made our way over St. Clair avenue, going down as far as Broadway, where we bought our overalls. Then we walked slowly back, for Mr. Jones had told us that he did not expect us to start with our work until after dinner. Unmolested again we returned to the stock yards. Mr. Jones told us to put on our overalls, and meanwhile leave our coats and vests in the wardrobe in his office. He then showed us around the main building to the basement in the rear where there was a room provided for the men to get their meals. When the whistle blew at 11:30 o'clock, the room filled with the men who came to get their dinner. We sat down with them on wooden benches, before wooden tables roughly joined together. Each man had at his place, a tin plate, a tin cup, a spoon, fork and knife, and on the tables were placed big tin plates filled with two kinds of meat, others with potatoes, cabbage, and big pitchers of coffee. I looked around to study the physiognomies of my new co-workers, and my heart sank when I saw that almost all of them belonged to the lowest class of common workmen, that there was not one face which showed a little better type. I had read in the papers that for instance, in Chicago, there was among the men a considerable number of university students who used this opportunity to make some money during their vacation, clerks out of work who made a living in this way, but what I saw around me there at the table were mostly Greeks who could not speak English at all, or the lowest type of laborers. Dinner over, we went with the others to the stock yards and there reported to the man who had charge of the hog division.

❖

In the Stinking Styes

This department consisted of three mighty blocks of roofed pens, with cross-aisles running through them, each pen with a hydrant, from which water could flow into long, wooden troughs. At the end of about every third or fourth aisle, there was a crib for the corn with which to feed the hogs. In the center of the second block stood the scalehouse, where the various consignments of hogs were driven upon a movable platform to be weighed before they were sold to other points. Between the second and the third block was a long row of open styes located alongside the double railroad tracks on which the hog and cattle trains arrived. The first days we were assigned to work with the men who had to watch for incoming trains and to unload them. Everyone armed himself with a stick or club and as soon as a train pulled in, gangplanks were fastened to the car doors, the doors were unlocked, and in we jumped into the midst of the din and uproar of about sixty to eighty very live and obstinate porkers, wading

through the dirt and filth and mire of the animals left in the cars during a journey of one or more days and nights, trying with the help of our "big sticks" to drive them out of the cars. The worst thing was to unload two-story cars. Then we had to climb up to the second story, to crawl into the much lower upper compartments and stooping, for the low roof would not permit us to stand erect, drive the hogs out, while the heat of the August sun made the stench almost unbearable. Considering that the daily average of hogs received at the yards was from five to eight thousand or more, one can easily imagine how hard this work was, especially for one who was not used to manual labor at all. After the hogs had been locked up in the open styes, they were driven into the roofed pens and often when the pens designated for their reception were on the other side of the railroad tracks, this meant a long drive over wooden bridges spanning the railroad tracks. Many were the breathless chases after hogs that suddenly wheeled around and ran past the drivers, trying to escape. Many a month afterwards, I heard in my dreams the cry of the herdsmen with which we tried to entice our bristly charges onward: "Suey, suey, suey, suey!"

One feature connected with the unloading of trains was especially repugnant. That was when there were dead bodies of hogs found in the carloads. We had to arm ourselves with large, sharp-pointed iron hooks which we had to drive into the carcass and then to pull it out of the car onto the platform where it lay till the consignee to whom that respective carload belonged sent a cart around, the driver of which with the help of some of us loaded the cart with the body in the same way by dragging it with iron hooks over a gangplank and then carting it away. When, for instance, the carcass belonged to Swifts or to Armours, it was borne away to their respective plants. What became of it and what they used it for, I do not know. The most gruesome thing in connection with that dragging out of carcasses was that sometimes they had lain for days in the hot temperature of the cars and were so decomposed that when driving the iron hooks into them we caused the putrid matter to spurt up in the air and often did not escape having our overalls splashed with it.

I was very glad when, after about four or five days, Mr. Jones took me away from this work and made me "feed boss." In this capacity I had, with three other men, to feed the hogs in the pens by carrying as many bushels of corn to them as their proprietors wanted for them, and to keep track of the number of bushels furnished them each day. There were days when everyone of us had to carry more than a hundred and fifty bushels in the morning hours alone, not counting the afternoon feeding, and as the corn cribs were often three or four aisles away from the pen into which we had to throw the grain, this work severely taxed the strength of our muscles. But it was clean work compared to what I had done before and when it was done we could rest till another commission man might call us, and only on exceptionally busy days when the receipts were very heavy, were we called upon to help in loading or unloading trains.

Often sitting in my splashed overalls on the fence of one of the pens, watching the men driving the hogs into the styes, my memory flew back over an interval of fifteen years, to the time when at high school we read Homer, and before my inner eye there arose the image of the arrival of the swine at the lodge of Eumaeus, "*ho dios hyphorhos*," the noble swineherd.

Now came the swine

*And those who tended them. They penned the herd
In their enclosure, and a din of cries
Rose as they entered."*

And the the wise words came to my mind which that great fatalistic philosopher Odysseus, in Eumaeus' lodge, spoke to his son: "... The gods, (*hoi ouranon euryn echousin*)—whose home is in the heavens, can easily exalt a mortal man or bring him low."

The National Stock Yards Building, in which are contained, besides the general offices, a bank and a post office, a railroad and express office, has at the right side a wing, the first two floors of which were occupied by the offices of the different commission houses. On the left side of the main building there is a house, the upper two floors of which are also filled with commission offices, while on the ground floor there is a barroom, a barber shop and a restaurant. The third floor of the right wing contains one large hall and beside it a big room. These two places were our bedrooms. In the large hall which was filled with cots, each provided with two blankets, there lay in three long rows more than a hundred men, while in the smaller room there were about thirty cots, and there slept separated from the "*profanum vulgus*," and alternating in day and night shifts, the men who were chosen to guard our lives against any possible attack from the strikers—the deputy sheriffs.

❖

Aristocrats of Hard Luck

During the first days of my work in the hog department and on occasional errands to the sheep, or the cattle departments, I had noticed several men who looked much better and more intelligent than those who were my companions at the common meals and in the large bedroom. One of them was a bookkeeper who, long out of work, had seized this opportunity to make a living; another one was a traveling salesman who, with a partner, had come to St. Louis for the World's Fair and opened a rooming house for the expected visitors, but had one morning found himself deserted by his partner, who had taken all their money and left him stranded and destitute. From them I got a valuable tip by which I got permission to take up a cot in the smaller room where they slept, with the deputy sheriffs, and then I went to Mr. Jones and he gave me permission, just as he had given to them and a few others who were brought up better than the average of the men, to take my breakfast and lunch in the restaurant and my supper at the National Hotel. That was quite a difference and I cannot describe how great my pleasure was when, for the first time, again I sat down at a table covered with white linen and in decent surroundings instead of at the rough tables in the common eating room of the "hands." In the restaurant we ordered *a la carte*, we had cantaloupes and steaks and eggs and very seldom any order amounted to less than forty cents. The supper at the National Hotel was a six, or, on Sundays, a seven course affair, with all the delicacies of the season, very well prepared, and for the price which guests were charged for it, viz., fifty cents, was a royal repast. Of course, before we went in these places we quickly took off our overalls and put on our coats. It was no wonder that with so good and nourishing food, the regular life which we lived, going to bed at 9 o'clock in the evening at the latest and getting up regularly at 5 in the morning, together with the hard work in the open air during the day, I soon grew stronger and healthier than I had ever been before in my life. When later on I returned to life in the "upper world" again and bought a pair of gloves I noticed with amazement that my hands had grown fully half a number larger than they were before.

One day I spoke to one of the commission men in the yards. "Yes," he said, "you fellows have a fine time here, but these are exceptional times. If you know how the men here have to live under normal conditions you would not wonder at their going on a

strike to better themselves. They, of course, have to pay for their lodgings themselves and they do not get their meals furnished and, like you, have half an hour for lunch in which you can go away from work and enjoy your meals at leisure. They get their lunch brought here by their wives or children or bring their lunch boxes with them and when there is a lull in the arrival of trains they sit down over there on a fence or a hydrant to eat; but it often happens that, when they just have sat down to eat another train pulls in and they have to leave their grub and unload the cars and then, covered with dirt, their noses filled with the stench of the hogs, they come back to swallow the rest of their grub." I cannot say that these words made me feel in any way more comfortable.

While the men employed in the stockyards, even those who did not belong to the privileged few who were permitted to eat at the restaurant and the hotel, "had no kick coming" as far as food and shelter or the kind of work they were doing was concerned, the men at the different plants were much worse off. They had to sleep in tents and on rainy days had to suffer from the rain pouring in and soaking their cots. They also complained about the quality of the food furnished them. Besides, while there was not one negro among the bunch of men working in the yards, there was quite a number of "niggers" among the forces in the slaughter houses and they ate and slept promiscuously with the white men.

As time wore on the strikers, who saw their cause lost, grew more and more restless; reports of violence in Chicago added fuel to the flame; oftener and oftener it happened that men employed at the plants who had dared to go out to the other side of the street car lines, where the deputies could not protect them, were set upon by the strikers and badly beaten and sometimes dangerously injured.

✧ *Alarms and Excursions*

One night we had an exciting time. At about seven o'clock we noticed from the height of our sleeping rooms great numbers of strikers gathering in front of the plants. This multitude swayed hither and thither, apparently intending an attack on the plants. Soon we saw the whole force of the deputies moving towards the point where the strikers had gathered, not as usual carrying only their revolvers, but everyone, in addition, armed with a riot gun. This sight of course increased the excitement among the men in the sleeping room, especially the twenty or thirty Greeks were apparently wrought up to a high pitch. While some of the other men had revolvers which at this critical time they took out and looked over carefully to see if they were in working order, we could see that almost everyone of the Greeks carried with him a huge revolver and those who were not so provided had buckled around their waists long and ugly looking knives and stilettos. Fortunately it came to no breach of peace. Whether it was that the strikers lacked a determined leader or that the force of deputies armed with guns and revolvers, intimidated them, before nightfall the crowd took itself away without making a move.

While this commotion was going on I spoke to one of the deputies who had his post at the crossing of the railroad tracks between the stock yards and the Armour plant and when I asked him, while he was sitting there with his double barrelled riot gun between his knees and his big revolver in his belt, what he would do if the strikers made a serious attack, he gave me the laconic and yet so eloquent answer: "Run for my life." This opinion which was apparently shared by more of these heroes, opened so consoling a prospect that I did not wonder at all when I heard that on the very next day a number of men, among them the majority, Greeks, had quit work and after drawing their pay had left for safer places.

The proofs that the strike was nearing its end became more and more numerous. One after another men dropped in to work who had been out on strike and who now deserted the ranks and became strike-breakers themselves. We could see that the day when the whole force of men would return to work was approaching and, although Mr. Jones made it known that no man would be discharged and that any one who wished to stay could be sure of keeping his job, the prospect of meeting the sullen, irate men after the strike was broken, was anything but pleasant.

✧

Back to the Fair

One morning I got a letter at the Stock Yard Post Office, which had been forwarded to me from St. Louis, in which my former employer asked me whether I could not again, for several weeks, do the same kind of work, as his assistant at the Fair Grounds. The very same forenoon saw me back in St. Louis. The swineherd of the morning was at noon again a man of letters, an editor and a member of the other world. Instead of the stench of the slaughter houses and the odor of the hog pens which offended my organs in the morning, at noon I breathed the sunny autumn air on the beautiful flower covered grounds of the World's Fair amidst a cheerful, laughing, joyous crowd of well dressed people from all the ends of the world. For now in September the Exposition was at its height and I plunged into this human maelstrom like the traveler who, after a week-long, tiresome journey through a waterless desert, at last reaches the banks of a river and for the first time again refreshes body and soul in the silver glittering element of which he has been deprived so long.

When I passed the band stand and heard Weil's band playing a selection from Wagner's "Tannhaeuser," when strolling along on the banks of the lagoons I listened to the melodious songs and the sonorous voices of the red-bloused Italian gondoliers, when I distinguished the musical words which came from their lips and caressed my ears: "O bella Napoli, o sol beato," with their ever returning refrain "Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia," while all around me there glittered in the golden light of the sun the various palaces, the contrast was so great that it seemed to me like a terrible nightmare, that in the morning of this very same day I had been surrounded, instead of these beautiful palaces, by the ugly sheds of the hog and cattle pens and that instead of the song of the picturesque gondoliers of Italy, I had heard the "suey, suey, suey," of the dirty swineherds of Swift and Armour.

When, after a few weeks, in which I enjoyed to my heart's content the splendors of the Fair, and the serene beauty of an exceptionally radiant Indian summer, my work ended, and this time for good, I was again without employment. Through an advertisement, which I answered, I got a temporary position as assistant editor with a monthly trade journal in place of the associate editor, who had been taken sick. I received a weekly salary of fifteen dollars in this position, which I held about five weeks, till the other man returned.

✧

Answering Fake "Ads"

Meanwhile winter had come and I was compelled to spend a good portion of my small savings for a winter suit, an overcoat and so on. Therefore when I had again been out of work for several weeks it became imperative for me to find something to do. All the time while employed I had every day followed the want-ads in the different newspapers, had made personal calls in large numbers and written a still larger number of applications. Now for anyone who has not himself gone through this experience of hunting a job it seems almost incredible that, considering the numerous want-ads which one can daily see in the newspapers, it should

be so very hard to find a job, especially when one only applies with very modest expectations. But anyone who will scrutinize the quality of the positions offered a little closer will soon find that more than a third of them are fakes, and that following them up means only the loss of time, car fare or postage. One will find many ads which expressly state: "Salary eighteen dollars a week," or even more. When you go there the man will offer you same poor soliciting proposition for books, or perfumes, soaps, fire extinguishers, disinfectants, some new patent ("best seller in the market"), etc., etc., and assure you that you can "at least" make the amount mentioned in the "ad," as all his men make "more than double this amount each week." Then there are "ads" cleverly worded which, till you call personally at the office mentioned, conceal from you the fact that it is a more or less obscure life or fire insurance, or swindle bond investment company which wants you to try your luck as agent, of course "on strict commission basis." Then there are law firms composed of some shysters who will offer you a good paying position with "a splendid opportunity to study law," which want you to go out for them and try to induce business houses to entrust them with the collection of old debts. For this service you are promised a certain percentage "of the amount collected." I could increase the number of examples of this kind *ad libitum*.

✧

Getting Newspaper Subscriptions

As I had before succeeded in getting a position by calling on the newspaper offices I did so again now. But after the close of the Fair they were all rather laying off men than employing new ones. When I called on one of our dailies the manager, to whom I spoke, told me he could give me employment as solicitor of new subscribers. *Faute de mieux* and forced by my precarious condition I accepted the job which was to pay me ten dollars a week. It was now near Christmas and pretty cold. As we were expected to turn in daily a certain number of new subscriptions, which we had to get by house to house canvass, the job was decidedly "a hard graft." It was the first time in my life that I did any house to house soliciting, and I must confess that especially during the first days I felt deeply humiliated. It was more than hateful to go from house to house like a peddler, ringing the doorbells and then to wait, whether or not the "lady of the house" would deign to open the door. In many cases while I was standing on the porch outside a shrill voice from above, the more or less—in most cases less—fair owner of which did not show herself, would ask: "What do you want?" and then you had to go on and try to work your "spiel" on the invisible goddess above. The answer which some of these gentle representatives of the so-called "fair sex" gave, the comments with which they accompanied the retreat of the poor devil of canvasser, who, shivering with cold, deprived again of one more chance to get a "sub" and so to be kept out still longer in the biting frost, tried to break away as quick as possible, were often such as I should not like to see in print.

We always used to go out in a crew and to work the so-called block system. That means that after our crew of six to ten had arrived at a certain point in the less fashionable parts of the city, the crew manager would designate a number of blocks for two of us to work them in this way. One had to start out to the right, the other one to the left, and so work house by house till they would "run into each other" whereupon they, satisfied that this specific block had been worked, would start out on a tour around the next block.

The watch dogs in the neighborhood where I worked were viciously vigilant whenever, unable to

get a response at the front doors, I ventured around into the backyard.

Bad as these conditions undoubtedly were, especially for me, who had stepped down from the chair of the editor into the rubber shoes of the solicitor, after New Year, 1905, they were to become even worse. For then there came the blizzard days on which we knew that we had not the ghost of a show that we could get a subscriber. For these days we did of course not get paid and so the munificent salary of \$10 was often reduced to about half of the amount.

And then came the blow, not only figuratively but literally, that knocked me over the edge of the "pit," near which I had been trudging and crawling all this time, down to the bottom, where "the other half lives," or rather just vegetates, without any hope of rescue, despairing of ever finding means of escape from the dreadful hole.

✱

A Black Eye

And that came about this way. One morning we had gone out on our canvassing tour. An icy north wind was blowing through the streets and became still nastier in the outlying quarters where we had to work. A couple of hours on the street, knocking at the doors with our stiff hands was enough to chill us to the bone. The man who worked with me in the same block and I, when we met at about eleven o'clock, shivering with cold, agreed that we could not stand it any longer and we decided to retire to the barroom which had been agreed upon as our meeting place at lunch time with the other members of the crew. When we arrived there we found all the other canvassers already sitting there. They, too, had been driven to shelter by the inclemency of the weather. They had already, to warm themselves, partaken of some glasses of whisky and we, too, drank a couple of glasses of that stuff to get the chill out of us. The strong drink, taken on an empty stomach and in our chilled condition, had the effect that it fired our brains, and when accidentally an argument came up it became heated right away. We grew hotter and hotter in our dispute and finally one of the men got wild and dealt out blows to right and left, and before I could protect myself he handed me a blow in the face which struck my right eye with full force so that it immediately began to swell. I went home to the hotel and lay down, putting wet handkerchiefs over my eye. But when I saw my face in the looking glass next morning it was awful, if funny. But funny as my face looked the situation by which I was confronted was anything else but funny indeed. The gravest one which I had ever faced before. I had no money to speak of, the condition of my face was such that I could not think of going back to work or of finding any other work before my wound was healed. That would be three weeks.

✱

Addressing Envelopes

On account of the very small income during the last weeks I had never paid for a full week ahead, but always contented myself with paying for my room every day. Five days I stayed at home, nursing my swollen countenance. Then my money gave out. When I spoke to the landlord he permitted me to stay one more night, then he told me that I would either have to get money somewhere or leave the place. I put some powder on the varicolored surface of my visage, hoping against hope that this would, at least to some extent, cover the worst part of the prize-ring exhibition on my face, and went to a downtown addressing company, where they employ men to address envelopes, paying fifty cents per thousand. The manager, whom I asked for work, looked at me, noticed my eye and shook his head. "Nothing doing." But I was insistent. I knew of no other chance and so I grasped a piece of paper and a penholder and quick

as lightning wrote down an address to show him that I was an efficient penman. He finally yielded to my entreaty and told me—it was Tuesday morning—although he had enough men he would let me work to the end of the week. There was not enough work on hand, or to be expected, to keep me any longer. Anyhow that was something. I started in right away and, although the left eye, which alone I could keep open, was somewhat affected by the injury of the other one, and gave me considerable pain, I worked as hard and as fast as I could and when we closed at 6 o'clock I had written fifteen hundred envelopes, for which I was to receive seventy-five cents. But there another disappointment awaited me. I had expected that I would get paid daily for my work. There were about fifteen men working there altogether, and when we were about to leave I asked one of them about it. He informed me that without any exception the firm never paid before Saturday night. I did the only thing I could think of and, notwithstanding the cold weather, I went to a pawnshop on Walnut street and pawned my winter overcoat, for which the pawnbroker, although I had bought it only three months before for \$15, gave me \$1.15. On this money I had to live and pay room rent until next Saturday, when, if I continued to work as fast as today, I was to receive \$3.75. When I arrived at my hotel that night the landlord noticed right away that I was minus my overcoat. He inquired immediately whether I had succeeded in raising money and I told him, without any subterfuge, of my plight. Whereupon he very calmly informed me that, as he had promised to let me stay one more night he would do so, but that on the next morning I would have to leave without fail, he keeping my suitcase with my things till I paid him for the two nights I owed him. I did not sleep much that night. My eyes—the left one having been under a heavy strain all day—bothered me considerably, but what did more to keep me awake was the worry over my position. The next morning I left the hotel. A tooth brush and a pocket comb were all that I carried with me. After my day's work was over, I started out to find a lodging for the night. I walked over to Market street and studied the various signs of the "hotels" there. I finally decided to take up my "residence" at the May House, on the north side of Market above Ninth street. There I got a "room" for 15 cents a night. My room consisted of a space about nine by five feet, containing a "bunk," a chair and two nails in the wooden partitions about six feet in height, which separated it from the neighbor rooms, while a wire net, nailed on top of the partitions, prevented any would-be intruder from eventually stealing any of the treasures which the inhabitants of hotels like this are supposed to carry with them. Tired out as I was, I still did not find any rest, for I soon discovered that, although I had paid my fifteen cents for the sole occupancy of my luxurious room, I was not alone in my bed, but shared it with a legion of brown coated little bedfellows, which did what they could to torment me and to prevent me from falling asleep. I stood this torture every night till Saturday. On that day I got my \$3.75 and, notwithstanding all my pleading, with it came the notice that there was no work for me next week.

✱

Living on Twenty Cents a Day

Rich as I was in the possession of so princely a sum I decided, come what may, to spend on each of the two following nights twenty-five cents in a "better" hotel in order to escape my tormentors and to be able once again to rest, which I needed all too badly. While staying in a twenty-five cent hotel I enjoyed a warm bath and here I learned a trick which I had never before thought of, namely, to be my own China-

man, and wash my handkerchiefs (I was the proud possessor of two of them), and my underwear, letting them dry over night. I also bought a rubber collar for five cents to replace my dirty linen collar.

On Monday morning, it was a bitter cold day, I set out to find work. I went to the free labor employment bureau, on the north side of Chestnut street between 8th and 9th streets, maintained by the government. I, of course, could only think of taking an inside job, as the fact that I was not dressed warm enough to stand the cold weather prevented me from doing outside work. I asked for a job as dishwasher, porter or houseman. They had none. I entered my name in the list of applicants. Although I returned there every day, they never had anything to offer me. The office is so unfavorably located on the second floor that neither men who want work nor those who have places to fill avail themselves of it and the money which the government spends for it is just as good as thrown away.

I made the round of the other labor agencies, asking for inside work of any kind. But notwithstanding my disfigured face I must still have looked too decent, for most of them turned me away with the remark: "We have no job for you," "you cannot do the work," and so on. On the other hand, there were others who told me to go home and come back when my face would look better; the way I looked, they said, they would send me nowhere. I had, meanwhile, again taken up my abode in the "May House" for 15 cents a night. I lived on twenty cents a day. But even so, by the middle of the next week, my money gave out. On Thursday afternoon I had just five cents in my pocket. I was absolutely discouraged with starvation staring me in the face. I spent the afternoon and evening in the "lobby" of the "May House," then at eleven o'clock the clerk told those who had a bed upstairs to retire and the others to leave. And out I went into the night. It was bitterly cold and snowing, and to my mind came the words of "beautiful snow."

"Beautiful Snow,"

Falling on a sinner with nowhere to go.

What these four words "with nowhere to go" mean only he can conceive who has gone through the same experience. But I had still five cents in my pocket.

With the Barrel House Bums

Opposite the "May House," at the southwest corner of Ninth and Market streets, there shone a light from a saloon through the ice covered windows and within there was warmth; while passing by the door I could see the iron stove glowing red hot through the smoky atmosphere. In I went. I ordered a glass of beer and I had handed over the bar to me a "schooner" of really gigantic dimensions. There was a bowl standing on the bar filled with slices of bread and a glass with mustard standing beside it. Hungry as I was I ate almost half of the bread in the bowl. Meanwhile I looked around me and studied the faces of the people that filled the room. Half of them were "hoboes" of the worst kind, most of them drunk. Soon two of them started a fight. One got hold of the iron poker which was lying before the stove. The bartender, armed himself with an ugly looking rubber club and ordered the man who had started the fight out of the place. He went without any objection, dropping the poker as he left. A few of the other men in the barroom had only stepped in to get out of the cold and the snow while waiting for a car. The rest of the customers seemed to be in the same fix as I was and were sitting around half asleep, having chosen some of the barrels which stood at the walls for seats. On both sides of the stove there stood two small wooden cases, each of which was occupied by two men who were sleeping there peacefully, leaning against each other and so keeping their balance. After

Practical Gifts for Particular Men.

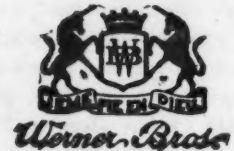


On Olive Street
at Seventh.

The man must indeed be captious to whom something from this list doesn't appeal, and by a little judicious interrogation the gift most gratifying may be readily ascertained.

Our selection shows rare discrimination, and the distinct air of elegance and refinement characterizing every article makes choice simply a matter of amount you care to expend.

Our gift certificates are intended particularly for those unable to decide upon any one gift thing and will enable the recipient to make his own selection for any amount specified by the donor.



On Olive Street
at Seventh

DRESS SUITS

\$35 to \$50.

DINNER SUITS

\$30 to \$50.

SILK HATS

\$5 to \$8.

OPERA HATS

\$7.50 to \$10.

FULL DRESS SHIRT PRO- TECTORS

\$1 to \$8.

KID GLOVES

\$1 to \$4.50.

FUR GLOVES

\$4 to \$30.

FROCK COATS

\$25 to \$50.

FANCY WAISTCOATS

\$1 to \$15.

UMBRELLAS

\$1 to \$25.

CANES

\$1 to \$20.



SMOKING JACKETS

\$5 to \$40.

LOUNGING ROBES

\$7.50 to \$50.

BATH ROBES

\$3.75 to \$14.

BATH SLIPPERS

\$1.25 Pair.

STREET SHIRTS

\$1 to \$5.

HOSIERY

25c to \$5.

MUFFLERS

\$1 to \$7.50.

SUSPENDERS

50c to \$2.50.

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I had stood before the bar about an hour, occupying myself in reading the *Post-Dispatch* over and over again, when one of these men at the stove got up and, after ordering a five cent whiskey at the bar, left the house. How I envied him! The lucky dog had apparently a place where to go and a bed wherein to sleep. As his seat thus became vacant I walked over and took possession of it, leaning my back against the sharp edged shelves under which the barrels were standing. The heat of the stove soon made me sleepy. I had slept about two hours when I woke up, as somebody was shaking me roughly. When I looked up I saw one of the men who had been sitting on one of the barrels bent over me, pointing his finger to my left side. While sleeping I must have come in contact with the red hot stove, for my left coat sleeve showed a hole burnt in it as big as a fist. That was another push fate gave me along the road to Trampdom. Now I did not even have a decent coat.

Afraid to fall asleep again lest the same thing might happen again, and noticing that the man who had saved me from being burned did not show any intention to sleep either for he was filling and lighting his pipe, and as he seemed a good natured fellow, I began a conversation with him.

❖ A Friendly Mentor

"Well, partner," he said, "you don't look as though you are used to sleep in a barrel house. What has brought you in the soup?"

I was so "down and out" that the sympathy of a human being did me good, and so I told him of my misfortune.

"Bah," he said, "that's nothing. In a week or two your face will look all right again, and then you will get out of the pinch."

I could not take so hopeful a view of the situation and asked him: "In a week or two, yes; but how to live so long without work and without a cent?"

"That's nothing. You just go into any grocery store or meat market and ask them to give you some work, and, even if they don't have any work, they will give you enough stuff to eat that will feed you for the day. Of course, with you it's bad. You look as though you had been in a rough and tumble, free for all fight. The fellow that soaked your eye must have been a peach. That makes it harder for you to get something. They always think then one has been drinking. Hell, people are too funny. When a fellow has been drinking and wants to brace up, that's just the time when he needs a lift worse than ever and then they make it right hard for him. I have known many a fellow," he added contemptuously, "who went to the dogs by express, and who could have been saved, if it hadn't been for those damned hypocrites who won't give him a lift in time."

"Suppose then," I said, "I could manage to get enough to starve along on for a week or two, as you said, but where am I to sleep?"

"Oh, pshaw, there are the barrel houses. Of course you can't lay down, but you can always find a seat and you are in a warm room. Yes, winter is bad. In summer there are the parks, or you can sleep in the grass on a vacant lot, and there are thousands of them in St. Louis, and behind one of the big advertising signs or in a box car at the freight yards."

"But won't they turn a fellow out when he lounges around here all night without spending anything?"

"Well, of course, they expect you to buy a few drinks, but if they turn you out there are other barrel houses and before you have been around to all of them, by God, that would take you a whole year. St. Louis is full of them. And then when the worst comes to the worst, there is the Lighthouse."

"What is the Lighthouse," I inquired.

"What?" you don't know the Lighthouse. Well, now I can see that you haven't been on the bum be-

fore this. The Lighthouse—well, right over there," pointing to the opposite northwest corner of 9th and Market streets, "that's the Lighthouse. The Salvation Army people keep it, and when you have ten cents you can get a bunk upstairs, that's not so bad, but if you don't have the dough then you must go over there early and go down into the basement."

"And there you get a bed without paying for it?"

"Get a bed without paying for it? Well, partner, you are the funniest critter I've ever met. Get something from the Starvation Army people without paying for it—*aber nit!* No, but you can lay down on one of the benches down there, if you come early enough to find a place. If not, you have to lay down on the stone floor. And you better take some newspapers with you, to lay down on them. It's damned dirty over there. Not for me; me to the barrel house, it doesn't stink so."

"And haven't you got a bed or a room?"

"Not to-night; won't get paid before Saturday."

"So you are working, are you?"

"Of course I am, I ain't no loafer. I have a job cleaning the store and the office of Vette, the real estate man and money lender, over there on Ninth street. But I get only \$3.00 for it. And I tell you it's mighty hard to pull through on that."

"And can't you get something else?"

"Hang it, here in St. Louis? I tell you, partner, this is the toughest town I ever struck, you can't get a job here if you will work for nothing. And since the Fair it's worse than ever. The Fair might have done the business men some good, but for us who have nothing but our hands and our labor to sell, it has been the hardest blow. Too many people have come here and are stranded now and can't get away and the longer they stay the harder it is for them to get away. Well, when warm weather comes, then I'll hike out and if I have to tramp it, only away from St. Louis. Here, if a feller hasn't got no money and doesn't want to turn crook, he has no show. Now, I cannot do very hard work, I have a rupture, got it by lifting a heavy case, helping unloading a wagon for a dry goods house on Washington avenue; have been in the city hospital for over two months, then I left there and glad I was to get out. They let you almost starve to death over there in the old fire trap, nothing but a tin cup of coffee in the morning with two slices of bread, a little old beef stew every day for dinner with a tin cup of coffee and two slices of bread, and some apple stew every night with a tin cup of thin tea and two slices of bread. And for that, as soon as you are able to move around a little, you have to sweep the rooms, to scrub the floors and to make the beds, to bathe the other patients, to bring them water and to carry the pots to them and to clean them out. When I left, I had lost more than twelve pounds in two months. And when I came back to Washington avenue, my place was filled. I could not have done the work anyhow, for my rupture was not cured completely; I was told I would get a job later, but I never got it."



Two Dine on a Dime

While talking this way (and I must say, the man and his tale interested me, as it showed me the ground in the underworld of which, as I had to confess to myself, I had now become a denizen), the hours dragged on and the dawn began to break through the windows. It was half-past six when my new "friend" climbed down from his barrel and told me he was going over to "his office" now to clean up. "Wait here for me, he said, I'll be back in an hour. You just wait," he said, with an ominous twinkling of the eye, which I did not understand and of which I therefore could not make anything. Anyhow, I did not know where to go. It had stopped snowing, a clear, bright winter day was dawning, and I was ashamed to go out to

show myself with the big hole in my coat. Meanwhile, the morning papers had been brought in and I read them, or rather, tried to read them, for my thoughts wandered away, I could not concentrate them on any subject, for all the time the terrible condition in which I found myself weighed heavily on my mind. The awful, soul-tormenting, question arose again and again: "How shall I ever be able to get out of this, will it be my fate to perish in this underworld, an outcast, and to go to perdition?" The only thought beside this one which occupied my mind was furnished me by the bellowing of my stomach. The advice which my "friend" had given me, to go to some grocery store and instead of work, get some food, came to mind, but I could not screw up enough courage for it and so I stood there undecided what to do.

Then the door opened and in came that same man; seeing me, he stepped up to me and invited me to go outside with him.

"What for?" I asked.

"You just come. It won't do you any harm."

So I followed him and he led the way to the next store west of the bar room. This was a bakery and lunch room. When he was going to enter it, I stopped him and said that I could not follow him, as I had not a cent in my pocket.

"That's all right, friend. I know how it is not to have a bloody cent and nothing to eat, and on a cold day like this, too. You just come with me and get a warm cup of coffee and some rolls."

I must confess, I have met many a man in my life, who has been kind to me and has done me a favor, but I never was so deeply touched as that morning when everything before me seemed as dark as Hades and there that poor wretched beggar, who himself lived on \$3 a week, gave me to eat and to drink. Call me an unappreciative prig or whatever name you please, but I tell you, it is my firm belief that the nickel which that poor fellow sacrificed for a man whom he had never seen before that night, of whom he only knew that he was in hard luck and hungry, which he spent for me without being asked, of his own volition, that that nickel will be accounted him on the credit side of God Almighty's Ledger with higher interest than all those many hundred thousand dollar gifts which John D. Rockefeller has given to Chicago University or for other purposes.

The warm coffee stimulated my nerves, or was it the human kindness, this ray from a higher realm which broke from the heart of my new friend, that filled me with new hope? A minute before, despairing of God and man, I felt now like endowed with new strength and new hope. Looking at the worn-out coat and the shabby pants of my companion, the words of Emerson came to my mind:

"Thou knowest not what argument

Thy life to thy neighbor's creed does lend."

The action of that poor fellow in that moment had decidedly revived my trust in God and man and in an inherent goodness of things. And with that the man did not stop in his kindness. He told me, it would be better for both of us, to take a brisk walk in the fresh air, and as I did not want to be seen by any one, he proposed a walk over Ninth street, down Elm to the Levee and there to stroll around until we had aired our lungs and released them from the smoky atmosphere of the bar room, where we had spent the night. I went with him and stayed out till we began to shiver and then, in order not to be compelled to stay in the bar room again, we went to the May House, where we sat down at a table to talk. At noon we went out again. He asked me to wait a while at the corner and after about twenty minutes, he returned with a smoked fish, half a loaf of bread

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and a piece of cheese. He told me he knew the clerk in a grocery store near by, and he had given him the grub. He even did more. He told me that I could be sure that he would always be able to get a little grub so that I wouldn't starve to death. And when I told him that I dreaded the idea of spending another night on a box or a barrel in the bar room, he said that if I would prefer to try the Lighthouse he, in order to make it easier for me,—“for it's a tough proposition, I tell you”—would spend a night with me down there. “But one night only,” he added, “that's all I can stand.” After having spent all afternoon in the May House, talking and reading, he got some more grub and at eight o'clock we went to the Lighthouse.

✱

At The Lighthouse

The description of my companion had prepared me for anything; but what I found surpassed my very worst anticipations. When we went down the stairway leading into the basement, a stench met us compared to which the hog pens in East St. Louis seemed to have been sprinkled with attar of roses. It absolutely took my breath away, so that for a moment I felt like fainting. Then, bracing up, I entered a big hall and this hall was packed with at least one hundred and fifty men of all ages. The benches in the hall were all occupied with loungers, some of them sitting, some of them stretched out. Between the benches, partly on the filthy bare stone floor, partly on some newspapers spread as mattresses, there lay others huddled together, in closest proximity. We hurried to select a place on the floor, not yet occupied, where we spread out the newspapers which my companion had taken care to bring along, and there we lay down.

Although I had spent the previous night almost sleepless, at least without being able to stretch out my tired limbs, I think it unnecessary to state that I did not sleep for a moment. The terrible smell, the horrible surroundings, the snoring and hard breathing of the men around me, the hard stone floor on which I lay, which made all my tired limbs ache, kept me awake all night. My pulses throbbed and my temples hammered feverishly.

The morning came. At seven o'clock a man went around, stepping sometimes over, but also sometimes *on*, the sleepers on the floor, bawling to them to get up. So we shook ourselves together and went up stairs. My companion told me he had to hurry in order to get his office cleaned in time, and asked me to wait for him at the May House. So I did, reading the morning papers. One thing was settled in my mind that I should never again spend another night in that filthy, stinking dungeon which the generosity of the Salvation Army provided for “Christ's poor.”

When my friend turned up at the May House, his face boded ill. He told me that while he had succeeded the day before in floating a loan of ten cents (that was the ten cents which he had spent for a cup of coffee and rolls for himself and me), he had not been successful in his trying to do the same thing today, but consoled me by holding out the hope that he would get an early lunch for us by calling on his friend, the grocer's clerk. While we were sitting there together, he looked at me and said: “Say, partner, you would not look half so bad, if you would treat yourself to a clean shave.”

✱

A Marsyas Free Shave

“Clean shave!” I answered wonderingly, “Do you take me for a capitalist? Where shall I get the money for such a luxury as a shave?”

“Gracious goodness, do you need money to get a shave? Wait until about a quarter to nine and I'll get you a shave and it won't cost you nothing.”

Upon my inquiry, he told me that I could get a

shave and, if I wanted, a haircut too, free of charge, at Moler's Barber College, where he would take me. At about twenty minutes to nine we started out and went around into an alley on Tenth street, between Chestnut and Pine. There we climbed up a back stairway upon which, on the second floor, two doors opened. At the one to the right, a sign announced that one could get a haircut or a shave for five cents each. In this room, those “college men” who were farther advanced in the tonsorial art, the “sophomores,” administered to the wants of those customers of the college who had still a nickel to spare for beautifying their appearance, while in the other room, to which our financial plight directed us, about twenty raw recruits, the members of the junior class of the college, were let loose upon their victims, who in turn enjoyed the privilege of getting skinned free of charge. We entered the room and had to line up, for not only were four rows of chairs already occupied by about 40 men, but this body of chairs carried behind it an appendix consisting of a line of perhaps twenty more men which rapidly increased and soon began to stretch out into the hall and even down the stairway. We did not have to wait long, before—at nine o'clock sharp—the barriers dividing the precinct of the slaughterhouse from the waiting-room were opened and the first two rows unloaded their occupants into it. Thereupon the occupants of the third and fourth row took possession of the chairs of the first and second one; those first in line took the seats in the third and fourth row while the “standing army” moved forward. When our time had come, I screwed up all my courage and, remembering the eel who, when he got skinned spoke to himself the brave words: “Brace up, old boy, one can get used to anything,” and knowing full well that I had only one skin to lose, sat down in the instrument of torture which under other circumstances would have been called a barber's chair.

The Greek mythology tells us of the terrible visitation of Hercules, whose skin was burned off when he wrapped the treacherous Nessus garment around his body. His must have been exactly the same sensation as mine.

It was a great relief when I came out of the house and the cold, winter breeze cooled my burning face. How happy was I when I found out by laying my hands on them that I was still the proud possessor of a nose and two ears and that I had escaped without losing any of these useful exterior organs. Some cuts in my face I did not think worthy of thinking about. With our faces looking like raw beef, we started “home.” Then my friend went out on his buccaneering expedition to the grocery store, but, alas, after half an hour he came back and told me that, on account of it being Saturday there were so many customers in the store that he had no chance to get anything. Well, we took out our pipes and as he still had some tobacco, tried to deceive our hunger by smoking. At six o'clock he told me he would get paid and then we would have a royal meal. About noon we took a short walk and when we returned, we found the place so full of men that we could not even get a comfortable standing-place. My patron proposed to go down into the Lighthouse basement again and reluctantly I agreed. The papers with which the floor was littered when we left the hall in the morning had meanwhile been swept out. Men were sitting all around, for nobody was permitted to lounge on the benches in the day time, smoking and chatting. The light which broke into the room through the iron grates that separated the upper part of the windows from the street pavement was so dim that one could distinguish a face only when standing close by. In the northeast corner of the hall there stood two long, rough wooden tables with benches on both sides, on which, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, from 12 to

2 at noon, and from 5 to 7 o'clock in the afternoon, meals were served; five cents for each meal which consisted of an undecipherable something that, on the “bill of fare” posted at the wall, was called “beef stew” and which, if it had ever come before the eyes of Brillat-Savarin, the noted author of the “Physiologie du Gout,” would have caused his immediate death from heart-failure.

Although we smoked continuously, the stench in the place was such that one could not stand it more than half an hour. During this half hour, we made a round of the room and I studied the different inmates of whom there were about seventy. There were boys of about eighteen years, strong men in the twenties, thirties and forties, elderly men, some on crutches, cripples and invalids, others sound and hale. Some of the men were engaged in the apparently very interesting occupation of freeing their bodies from certain undesirable guests, an occupation which seemed to us so laudable an enterprise that in order not to disturb them and for other obvious reasons, we went around them in as wide a semi-circle as the space permitted us to make.

✱

Back to the Barrel House

That sight was enough for me. I hurried out as fast as possible, and after we were out of the zone of the fetid atmosphere, I told my partner of my decision never again to spend another night in that terrible haunt. “Didn't I tell you before, that you won't stand it,” he said. “I'd ten times rather sit all night on a barrel in the barrel house than to lay down in that stinkhole.”

Staying outside in the cold weather was out of question. While passing by the May House, we saw that the office was packed with people. Therefore, the only place left for us was again the barrel house and into it we went. Standing in a corner, I had ample opportunity to make observations. As it was Saturday, the bar did a rushing business.

From what I have seen during the time which I had spent there before, during the time I spent there now, and what I have seen later on visits to similar places where I went for experience's sake, I came to the conclusion that Sir John Suckling, the author of the words, “The prince of darkness is a gentleman,” did not finish this sentence properly; that completed it ought to read: “The prince of darkness is a gentleman that is growing rich by selling over a bar five cent whiskey.”

At about six o'clock my companion left me to go to his place of employment to draw his pay. I must confess that after this day of fasting, the prospect of a meal was very alluring, and impatiently I waited for his return. But how great was my disappointment when returning, he told me that the “boss” had left the office early in the afternoon, not to return for the day and that he had forgotten to leave the money for him. He had succeeded in getting a quarter from the stenographer. That was all the money he had. Anyhow, he proposed right away that we should both go out and get a cup of coffee and some rolls, and although, as I knew the fix in which he was himself, my conscience tried to persuade me not to accept his offer, the bellowing of my empty stomach drowned the voice of conscience and soon we were in the next-door bakery again, where we got the first bite in twenty-five hours.

This left my partner still in the possession of fifteen cents and permitted him at least for one night to take a bed and to find rest. Losing his cheering company for the coming night which I had to spend on a box or a barrel in the saloon, was, of course, pretty hard, but I was heartily glad to know that the good fellow could at last rest as decently as a fifteen cents bed would permit. He left me early, for he was, of course, tired out enough to wish to enjoy

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the rare luxury of a real bed as much and as long as possible.

And then came my long, dreary night vigil amidst those revolting scenes of drunkenness and disorder, common in places like this, while the atmosphere in the room grew closer and heavier every hour with the smoke of bad tobacco, the foul smell of flat beer and rotten whiskey and the nauseating evaporations of a crowd of drunken men.

While once leaving the saloon to go to the men's room, I saw in a small back room, in the rear of the saloon, about a dozen men lying on the bare, but filthy floor, some of them in a drunken stupor, with emptied whiskey bottles beside them, some seemingly sober, who apparently, had chosen this place for lack of any other shelter. One had gone to bed in the half-filled coal bin and anyone can imagine how he looked, with his face and hands and clothes blackened and begrimed with coal dust and dirt.



A Gospel Service Rest

Slowly, exasperatingly slowly, the hours of the night crept along and it seemed to me an eternity before the first gray dawn of the new day, of Sunday, broke through the windows. My eyelids were heavy with sleep, my head was drooping, and it took a strong resolution to slide down from the barrel on which I had throned all night. Then stretching my tired limbs, I pulled myself together and walked out into the cold morning air to get a little refreshed and invigorated. But, owing to the fact that I had had so very little food since Friday night, just one cup of coffee and two rolls, I could not stand the cold weather very long. My teeth began to chatter and my body shivered. Therefore I returned to the warm bar room and waited there for the reappearance of my partner who, as I knew, would get us something to eat from his special caterer and purveyor. I had to wait until half past nine before he made his appearance. Then I hurried out with him, for a terrible hunger was tormenting me. We breakfasted, lunched, dined, whatever one may call it, on half a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese and some apples, carefully preserving one-half of our provisions for our supper. Then we took a short walk around the block. When we came to Walnut and 8th streets, where the headquarters of the Salvation Army are, my partner in distress proposed we should go into the hall where the Army was going to hold its morning service. The idea to have another place where to go to and not to be compelled to go back again to the saloon, appealed to me and we entered right away. It was too early for service to begin, but the hall was comfortably warm, so we had no objection to waiting. Bye and bye, people began to file in, salvationists and other people, men and women in all stages of life. Then the service began. It was the first time that I ever attended a gospel meeting of the Army. The worry over my condition which weighed heavily on my mind, the lack of sleep and rest, the insufficient nourishment of the last days had sapped my vitality to such a degree that the spectacular features of the performance, devised to impress those lowest in intellect, which would otherwise have aroused my interest, at least from a psychological point of view, entirely failed to appeal to me. The only sensation which I felt was a painful grating on my nerves at the repeated dissonances of the brass band, the loud, penetrating voice of the "ensign," who was conducting the service, the frequent, noisy "hallelujah" shouting of the salvationists, as well as of many of those attending the meeting, and the resounding hand-clapping with which they accompanied their unharmonious rendition of the songs. Only the pleasant feeling for the first time in several days again of being in a clean room, into which the winter sun shed its light and made it cheerful, pre-

vented me from running away. After a vehement exhortation on the part of the ensign, not to postpone our conversion any longer, but to make up our minds quickly and to "come to Jesus," who would "wash us in the blood of the lamb and make us whiter than snow." Some of the soldiers, lassies and men, began to go around and to mingle with the people, trying to induce them individually to go to the front, to kneel down at the foot of the platform, to confess their sins and to promise with Jesus' help to begin a new life and thus get saved. One of the women approached me too, and spoke to me in this vein for a long while, but my head was aching so terribly that I almost could not understand a word of what she spoke, so I contented myself with shaking my head, whereupon she left me with some well-meant reproach for my obstinacy and with the assurance that she would pray for my salvation. I, for myself, know full well that a resurrection of my better self would immediately follow my deliverance from the bondage of misery under which I suffered. After the meeting, we left the hall, shaking hands with some of the soldiers standing at the door, who wished us God's blessing on our way.



A Hand to Help

Instinctively our steps turned again to the only place which offered us shelter, the saloon. While turning into Eighth street, my partner hailed a man, apparently a workingman, who walked up to us. The man looked clean and decent, and from that I concluded that he could not be any of the barrel house acquaintances of my partner. And yet he was, that is to say, he had been a frequenter of the same barrel house where I had made the acquaintance of my companion. He had been, as I learned from their talk, completely down and out, and as he could nowhere secure a job, he had gone to the Industrial Home of the Salvation Army, and, as he stated, this was the beginning of the fifth week that he was working there. "Working there?" A man who was down and out as he said himself, who had no money, who could not find a job, who spent his nights in a barrel house, here he was talking about having work and being at it the fifth week. When I heard that, all my drowsiness and exhaustion was suddenly gone, my headache forgotten, I felt as though electrified and began to at once to question him. And then he told me a story which, in the condition in which I was, and with the prospects I had before me—more nights in the barrel house, more days of starvation, nothing with which to fill out the slowly-passing hours—sounded to me like a fairy tale.

People may not agree with the spectacular way in which the Salvation Army does its work. They may be disgusted with the constant appeals for money which they meet with at the various street corners at which the Army holds its open air meetings, they may laugh at their military masquerading and their playing soldiers against Satan. This is the smallest part of what the Army is doing. You do not, unfortunately, know what the Salvation Army lassies are doing when they go down into the slums and climb the creaking stairways of the hovels of the poorest of the poor, to take care of the ill-fed children, which the consumptive mother cannot feed and which the drunkard father regales with kicks when he comes home filled with the five cents dew which our advanced twentieth century civilization permits to be pumped into our slum-dwellers for the sake of the sacred business interests of the Whiskey Trust. You do not know of the work of Eva Booth in gathering hundreds of the slum-dwellers and taking them and those dependent upon them out of the filth and the dirt, away from the temptations of the barrel houses into the fresh, invigorating, open air of God's country, bringing "the landless man to the manless land," thereby transforming candidates for perdition into builders of better life. You

do not know what that woman did for human society when she established the "House of Hope," where men and women who had fallen, who, for their sins had paid the penalty the law prescribes, can gather strength again in healthful surroundings and in wholesome work, after the gates of the penitentiary or the jail have swung open for them—men and women who, without her help would have become social hyenas. You do not know what it means for a man who is out of work, out of money, spending his nights in box cars or barrel houses, perhaps debilitated by a long continued "spree," unable to secure work, not only because he cannot "brace up" and screw up sufficient courage to meet a prospective employer, but because his clothes are in such a condition that he can not show himself before anyone to ask for a job, you do not know what it means to such a one to find a place where he can go to work, be sure of three good meals a day, of a bath whenever he wants it, after working hours, decent clothes sometimes given to him free of charge, a bed in a warm room, a place where to sit and to smoke and to chat with other men, who are in the same boat, a little money at the end of the week, to be prepared before he has to go out again to face the world; to be privileged to sit in a clean room, furnished with a pool table, a piano, and with magazines and newspapers to read.

What I heard from this new man was this: The Salvation Army in its headquarters at 8th and Walnut streets, keeps there a so-called Industrial Home. There, men out of work who apply to the manager or staff-captain, are given work, for which they receive their board, consisting of three meals daily, a bed, and some nominal wages, increasing by and by, from fifty cents or a dollar for the first week to two, three or in rare cases four dollars for the ensuing weeks. Men who have some skill as carpenters or joiners are sent to the Army's repairing shop, where they are employed in fixing up chairs, tables and other furniture given to the Army by benevolent people. Others are employed as wagon drivers, to call at the addresses of people who have informed the Army that they have things which they are willing to give to the Army. Others again are employed in unloading these wagons when they arrive and in piling up and putting in order the stuff which is brought in. On the second floor, some men are busy in piling and wrapping up heaps of magazines given to the Army, which are sent in loads to the paper mills. This struck me as the only thing in which the management of the Army was not faithful to its duty. People who give these magazines to the Army are under the impression that the periodicals are to be distributed among the patients at the hospitals, in the same way as this is done by the Episcopalian Hospital Mission. The sale of these magazines to the paper mills does not answer the intention of the givers. On the third floor is the rag room, where a number of men are employed in emptying the bales of rags which the Army gets from the large dry goods houses in the city. After emptying the bales on large tables, the men separate manila paper from other paper, cotton or silk remnants, iron or tin scraps and throw them into chutes going down to the second floor or into different barrels. This material is sold to paper mills or dealers in scrap iron. On the fourth floor is the sleeping room for the guests of the Industrial Hotel, which is also located in the headquarters' building. People paying fifteen cents can have a bed with a locker for their clothes, in the large, common sleeping room, which contains about two hundred beds. Those paying twenty cents can have a separate room-like partition. On the fifth floor are the quarters of the men working in the Industrial Home. They consist of a wash and toilet room where one could get warm water at any time and even find a washboard that you may be

able to wash your underclothes, a sitting-room with a small pool table and an old piano, with a large number of magazines and various copies of the Bible, a spacious dining room, a large sleeping room and a kitchen.

"Don't you think you don't have to work to get all this," said the man. It's work from 7 to 5 and dirty work, especially in the rag room," but I was willing to clean sewers to get out of my present fix, when could I see the staff captain? "Right now. I'll take you to him." We found the captain and I asked for work. He looked me over and without asking any questions, told me I could start the next morning. He inquired whether I had a place to sleep and when I said "no," took me to the man in charge of the bed room for the employees and told him to let me have a bed for the night, as I was going to stay there to work.

✧

De Profundis

When I went downstairs to join my old partner, I felt like a new man. I had a home, a real bed, a place where I had a right to stay, and the assurance of sufficient food. In the sitting room we spent the afternoon, talking and smoking. At six o'clock—Sunday is the only day the men do not get a meal in the evening—we went out and ate the provisions left over from our morning meal which my partner had carried with him, wrapped up in a paper bag. Then I went "home" and at seven o'clock I went to bed. I can't describe how happy I was to be permitted to stretch out my tired, aching body in a real bed. I enjoyed a long sleep; at 6 o'clock in the morning we were called; after washing and dressing, we got our breakfast, which consisted of malt coffee, meat, potatoes and two kinds of bread, at seven o'clock went down to work. I had the good luck to be assigned to the magazine-packing room. But in the course of the two weeks I worked there, I was sometimes, when especially big loads came in, called away to help out for half a day in the rag room, which work was, of course, much less to my liking.

My old partner came to see me Monday night. He had meanwhile received his pay and he again showed his generosity by insisting upon my accompanying him to a little tailor's repair shop, where I got my coat fixed up for twenty cents, so that I could again show myself on the street without being ashamed of my attire.

It was my good fortune afterwards, when I had succeeded in getting out of the "Pit," to give the dear fellow a good turn which put him on his feet and changed his whole life. He had told me that as a boy of sixteen, (he was now 28 years of age) he had run away to sea from his home, a farm near the coast of the Baltic Sea, in the province of Pommerania, Germany. His father had died, but his mother and his younger brother were still living on the farm. He had written them a few times, but it was now more than three years since he had sent a letter home. He did not like the idea of telling them how badly he was fixed. I persuaded him to let me write to his mother for him. I had quite a correspondence with the old lady, in which I told her of the circumstances under which I had met her son. I tried my best to show her that in all the hardships which he had undergone, he had kept his heart and hands clean and the outcome of this correspondence was that she sent him the money to come back. He has since undergone a new operation at the medical clinic in Greifswald by which his rupture was almost completely cured and is now with his brother, working on his own farm. Last New Year's I had a letter from him, in which he invited me if ever I should come to Europe to visit him on his farm and to stay there as his guest as long as I pleased.

After two weeks my face looked normal again and then one day I was called downstairs to see the staff captain. He told me that he thought he could use me to better effect by sending me out to call on people and ask them whether they would not let the Army call for those things for which they had no use, like clothes, old furniture, bedding, magazines, etc. I was to canvass East St. Louis. I was provided every morning with car fare and a quarter for lunch. It was still pretty cold and I had no overcoat. The captain advanced me the \$2 due me the end of the week. So I got my overcoat out of "soak" and I looked like a citizen of the "upper world" again. My previous experience as solicitor came in handy and I was quite successful in securing for the Army at least twenty addresses every day where the wagon could be sent for contributions. These things the Army sells in its two secondhand stores, one of which is located on Franklin avenue, the other one in the main building on 8th and Walnut streets. There, poor people can buy shoes, hats, clothing, furniture, etc., at nominal prices by which the Army succeeds not only in swelling its own funds but avoids making these people objects of charity. All the time I was there I saw no attempt at proselyting. No one was asked to wear the uniform. We went to services if we pleased. I want to add that meanwhile the basement in the Lighthouse, at 9th and Market streets, the appalling conditions of which had horrified me, had been closed, so that only people who had a dime or a permit from the staff captain could sleep there. The dimeless are still doomed to the barrel houses. Both "the Lighthouse" and "the Home" have burned since this experience of mine, the former with ghastly loss of life. It would have been worse later in the cold weather.

For three weeks I served the Army as solicitor, then, one day, returning from work, I met a gentleman whom I knew from the time of the World's Fair, and through him I secured an assistant editorship on a monthly journal at \$12 per week. This was the open door to the upper world.

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Her Answer

By Bessie L. Russell

ELEANOR was pinning on her huge velvet hat with its myriad of feathers, when the maid handed her a letter that the postman had just brought.

When her eye fell upon the handwriting, she casually remarked: "Agnes, tell the chauffeur to wait."

The letter read as follows:

My dear Eleanor:

Do you ever get the "blues?" Do you ever forget the multiplicity of your blessings and cry for the moon? Do you ever forget how much happier you are than countless other women and feel like crying your eyes out for some one thing that is denied you? Of course that one thing in my case is, as you know—Harold! I don't know why I should say all this to you—you in the very ecstasy of marital bliss—you who never knew the meaning of an unrequited passion—you who couldn't even imagine what a real tempestuous feeling means to a body—you, Eleanor. I don't know why I should open my heart to you to-night, dear, but open it I have and it's "up to you" to give me surcease.

Ever your old chum,

Lou."

Eleanor read and reread the letter, which seemed to move her as nothing had done in years, and as she read and pondered, she slowly undid her automobile coat with its rich fur lining, then rang for her maid.

"I am in no mood now for motoring. Tell the chauffeur, I'll not go out to-day—"

Then she unlocked her mahogany desk, sat down and wrote steadily, fearlessly, with every nerve at its tensest. Thus:

"My Dear Lou:

Yes I do. I mean I *did*. This is in answer to your query, which was regarding the "blues" and if I ever had the unwelcome article. Once Louise,—shall I tell you—you who have never guessed the truth, the real truth about your friend? Once I, too, went mad over one Harold. We will call him that, although he wasn't christened that. It was a madness that caught me up in its sweeping onrush the moment I met him. And, girl-like, I believed it mutual. When it came upon me that he was the only being on earth for me, I immediately thought out ways and means of seeing him. His favorite walks were mine. I patronized every shopkeeper he dealt with, but his tailor. So thoroughly a part of me he seemed to be, that I could neither sleep nor eat nor look pleasant if I had not each day some message from him. I am not going to describe him to you, for description can give one no adequate idea of the real entity. That wonderful something that no psychologist can define and that defies description! It must be felt. It cannot be portrayed. I say I will not describe my Harold, but I will tell you that all the men in song and story had not for me the charm of him. He was physically perfect; he was mentally superb. He commanded men just as he enraptured women. I forgot that I had ever known any one before him.

I gave up my music, for I could not practice; I abandoned art, because paint I could not; Church became tiresome to me, and club work a bore. Of course, the very things that had attracted me to him I caused to flutter and die out. And, man-like, he never appreciated it at all.

Men are matter-of-fact creatures—even the best of them—and they never know what it means—a complete surrender. "Harold" was no exception to the rule. One day he said to me: 'By the way, I thought you playful and capricious, I never knew you could be capable of emotions; I don't like emotional women.'

Another time he said, 'You are growing sentimental, *ma chérie*; I am sorry for you.'

I am not sure now how I ever recovered from that fierce retort. I saw it all in a flash, as the sky is revealed to us by its own lightning.

I saw that, all the while, he had been giving me a luke-warm affection, a diluted article, if you will; that he never had really loved me, if love it even pretended to be—that—but why dilate upon it?

You know my life. You know of my marriage, which was a loveless one. When Edgar sued for my hand, hurt from the other's sting, I only too readily grasped his offer. Now you know all—all about your, as you think, too placid friend. Do I ever have the "blues?" Do I ever forget the multiplicity of my blessings and cry for the moon?

Do I—do I! Pardon this far cry from what you want me to give you—surcease.

Pardon, because dear, because of surcease I have none.

Ever your old friend,

ELEANOR."

And when she had written and sealed the letter, Eleanor pondered a bit. It was always her habit immediately to post what she wrote. Now she refrained.

"Oh, I don't know, I guess I am awfully moody, but that letter is so—so unlike me," she thought, half aloud. "And she thinks I am placid. Well, why should she not keep on thinking so. Why should she—or—any one—know—the *real* Eleanor?"

All about her were the evidences of his, Edgar's, thoughtfulness, her favorite periodicals, the candy she liked best, a bunch of violets with its ribbon—but most of all the tender glow of her open fire which shed a real Christmas cheer over every single thing. And this, too, was the day before Christmas. In less than twelve hours, she would be receiving more proofs of his love for her—Edgar's. Clearly, then, she could not send that letter. Letters of that nature, she argued, never do any real good anyhow.

To know that another has suffered does not lessen our own suffering. Such an idea as that has got afloat, but it is a mistaken one, quite in line with the reasoning that would add fire to an earthquake.

Eleanor drew herself up to her full beautiful height, gave one swift glance about her as if she feared the walls might be looking at her, then tore it into bits—her letter.

By the fast waning daylight, she wrote another and this is how it read:

"Dear Lulu:

How foolish of you! How absurd that, for one brief moment, you imagined I could sympathize with you—you dear old tempestuous Louise. I am sorry that a mere mood could make you unhappy, dear girl. Do say that the mood has passed. You will now, will you not, dear? Come over and tell me that it has. I shall expect you.

Ever your devoted,

ELEANOR."

♦♦♦

Reform at Bienville

By Catherine Postell

(Copyright 1906, by Catherine Postell.)

YOU take some wine, Monsieur?"

"No, Madame, no wine."

The tiny glasses tinkled against each other. Madame LaCoste set the tray down with alacrity.

"Ah! it ees a leetle brandy you will like," she said after a moment's hesitation. "Run, Ambrose, quick, bring dat brandy flask."

"No, Madame, no brandy."

"No? Ah, then it ees a leetle sangaree, yes. Felicite, it ees she that knows to make a sangaree of claret."

"I take no liquor whatever, Madame, from principle."

There was a moment of waiting while Garth felt that the brown eyes regarding him were full of surprise.

"It ees a pity," she said, "a pity, yes. And one so pale!"

When some one in Bienville had asked Father Angell where a young divine delicate in health, needing something more than ordinary comforts, could find a home in the heart of his Catholic parish, he had persuaded Madame LaCoste to open to him her friendly shelter.

"It ees I that will know to make him strong, le pauvre!" she had said, as she and Father Angell were putting the last touches to the young man's chamber.

Father Angell was rolling his own library table and chair into place between the windows.

"It is you will know how to spoil him," he said.

"And you," she laughed. She held his two silver candlesticks aloft in either hand.

Garth sat stiffly regarding the kindly troubled face before him. To refuse a little wine after a journey, was it then an offense?

"If I may, I would like to go to my room," he said at length.

"Oh, yes. Pardon! Stupid that I am! You will

like that you may repose alone, yes," she said, swiftly leading the way across the hall.

She went inside the room with him a moment. She made a pretty gesture with her hands.

"It ees not con—conve—convenient? No? But if Monsieur will call, I will attend."

She went out, softly closing the door.

It was a long, lofty, wide-windowed, white-curtained room. Garth found his books unpacked and placed on shelves. A library table and chair stood near. In the alcove was his white-valenced bed. Through his southern windows, opening on the wide gallery, swept the scent of honeysuckle and rose. Beyond the honeysuckles and the roses was the primeval forest, a great green cone, fretted with a thousand aisles.

Garth stretched his arms upward with a deep sigh of satisfaction. Duty, as he conceived it, had called him there; but when Duty, unsmiling in those Vermont hills where he was born, had pointed her stern finger to these far, low-lying lands of Louisiana, she held no hint of the welcome that awaited him. This dainty room, with its touches here and there of something delicately rich; the friendly if mistaken courtesy that had met him at the threshold; oh! this dimpled and joyous June that laughed outside his windows, it was all beautiful, beautiful. Ascetic in his creed, anchorite in his life, accustomed from his birth only to the cold, the chilling, the severe, the sudden kiss of this wanton wind went to his head like the wine he had refused. He stretched his arms upward. He stood on tiptoe. He took deep breaths, drinking and tasting as of an over-filled beaker. Then his arms fell, and his countenance darkened.

"O fool! O fool that I am, to go a-trembling and a-trembling, a helpless reed blown upon by Beauty's sensual breath!"

He fell upon his knees by his bed.

When Ambrose came gently tapping at his door, Garth was far within that mystic atmosphere of prayer, and hardly heeded the child's words.

"Father Angell ees send you dese." He uncovered a bowl of strawberries with long stems set about with their own dew-wet leaves. Garth was very weary. He took the bowl in his hands. He bent his face close to the delicate and fragrant fruit.

Then he set the bowl down, putting back the fruit that had almost touched his lips.

"This Father Angell? Is he your Catholic priest? he questioned the child.

"He ees the Father," the boy answered, smiling up to him with confident eyes. "He has beeg garden—so!" He made his arms wide.

"Yes, yes. Well, you take the berries, son. I do not care for them."

He pushed the salver back into the child's hands. Ambrose's cheeks were scarlet. He laughed in an embarrassed sort of a way.

"Pardon! Monsieur," he said, making a little bow at the door.

On that Sunday when John Garth had made ready to begin his holy crusade, he sought out Madame LaCoste.

"I want to invite all of you to come with me to my chapel where I am going to preach this Sabbath. I want to make some reforms that will do you good. I am going to preach about them to-day. I want all of you to come and hear me."

"Oh! dat ees kind," Madame LaCoste made answer. She made her pretty gesture with her hands. "Felicite it ees she who will go with Monsieur to-day. We have not mass dees Sunday. It ees at Bienville Father Angell will be. And Ambrose he will go. Me, I go to carry wine to one sick, oh! very sick and poor. Ah! Monsieur, it gives me the bleeding

heart." Her soft eyes were full of tears. "But it ees kind to ask."

The little country road wound about along the edge of the Bayou where the tall grasses grew. Ambrose ran whistling ahead, kicking up the dust with his bare feet. Garth wished he were a boy like Ambrose and could think it no sin to go whistling and frisking about like a young colt on the Sabbath morn. He had been taught it was a sin and he still thought so. Some day he meant to tell Ambrose, but not to-day. To-day was too sweet, and the child kept running back, slipping his hand into his own, and looking up at him with such confident eyes. He could not bear to bring back into them that look of pain that he remembered there when he pushed the Father's berries back into his hands. Felicite, the fawn-eyed, the shy-footed, was walking by his side. If one should reprimand the boy, she would dart away like a bird.

He had his sermon in his pocket. He had meant to read it aloud to himself on his solitary way to church. Since that was impossible, he tried to go over it in his mind—all the rigid tenets of his creed, all the stern laws that must discipline life, all the fearful denunciations he meant to hurl at this slack, lazy, thriftless people sunk in the easy ignorance of Catholicism. But somehow stern dogma and rigid discipline seemed way back in Vermont. He could not make them here. He could not make them tune with the dreamy, beating of the wind, with the swaying of those lofty banners of gray moss—aye, even with the swish of that indescribable peach-bloom garment that made Felicite seem like a flower in the landscape. As the spire of the church rose before him he shook himself together. He hated this languor of the climate that stole like a thief into his brain, or rather he felt that he ought to hate it. He hated the indolence of the people, their slow speech, their intolerable shiftlessness. More than all he hated their Catholicism. He expected antagonism. He was ready to fight.

Inside his chapel a little handful of people gathered about him, smiling and friendly and humbly attentive. Some children like Ambrose made the sign of the cross as they entered, then sat quietly staring at him through his long discourse.

Garth went and lay in the hammock at the shady end of the gallery when he got back to the house. He was much exhausted. The strain of his sermon had been great. Madame LaCoste and Felicite sat in the parlor talking. He could hear the hum of their voices through the open window. He did not heed the words. He was so weary. Then Felicite said—she had moved nearer the window and was rocking as she talked—drawing her words,

"Yass, he said he gwine re-form him."

"What you call dees re-form, Felicite?"

"Oh! re-form? It ees, if it's a wrong one does, an' you make him all right, dat ees reform."

"Ah! I spec somebody been tell him 'bout dat nigger Pete what stole dat shoat from yo' Gram-pa las' year. But dat ees kind, re-form him."

Garth groaned.

Madame LaCoste hurried out to him.

"Le pauvre!" she said, holding a tiny glass to his lips with a drop or two of cordial to refresh him. Then she sat by his side fanning him while she ran her cool, soft fingers through his hair. How could he tell her what reform meant?

The day after Father Angell returned from Bienville, Garth was busy at his desk. He heard the children shouting and crowding about him. Ambrose climbed on his knee. Madame LaCoste and Felicite ran out and sat one on either side of him.

Women talk--and when they buy
a bargain, good or bad, will tell
their neighbors about it. ✿ ✿

For every piece of the

“Ferguson-McKinney Make”

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, you sell
there will be good words spoken
for you.

They are apt to talk the other
way if you sell the common kind.



There was much laughter and talking. Then Madame LaCoste came to his door.

"It ees Father Angell," she said. "He comes to make his devoirs to you."

Garth did not look up.

"Will you tell Father Angell I am very busy this morning?"

The soft eyes looked at him a moment with embarrassment.

"Pardon, Monsieur, pardon!" she said gently as she closed his door.

He heard her give his message. Then all of them got up and moved carefully away to the farther end of the gallery, talking softly that he might not be disturbed. Felicite made her famous sangaree, Ambrose and the Father had a game of cards. Felicite and her mother sat near, rocking, with their needlework in their hands. There was much joking and laughter, but all subdued that no sound might annoy him. Garth sat with his face buried in his hands.

Garth took to fasting more and more often, and longer and longer he remained upon his knees. He felt that he had maintained an impregnable front towards Catholicism, but everywhere else he seemed to have slipped away from his duty. His foes had been too insidious. They had woven about him a silken web whose meshes tangled and tripped him. There is no weapon made that can war against tenderness and kindness and that delicate tissue of politeness that everywhere enveloped him. He had never found that day when he could chide the little Ambrose for his whistling and his coltish antics on the Sabbath. The whole family with the priest at their head had gone picnicking on the holy day, and yet he had been dumb. They had stopped at a neighbor's, desperately poor, and taken a sick and suffering child with them. The priest had carried the little fellow in his arms to the wagon. Felicite had held the child on her knees.

Garth had found it impossible to use his own chamber for undisturbed devotions. Madame LaCoste came to serve him a hot and delicate broth if he had tasted no breakfast. Ambrose brought him the heart of a melon, or a platter of fresh figs. A messenger from Father Angell tapped at his door to leave a basket of early grapes with the Father's compliments. So following one of those dim vistas of the forest he had come upon a retreat, mystical with soft, green shadows, that became to him a sort of temple for prayer and devotion.

It was one of those Sabbaths when Father Angell held his Catholic service and Garth knew it was no use to preach, that he came out at daylight to his place of devotion. It was in late September. The dawn was chill, for the dew was heavy. Garth was wet to his knees walking through the tall grass. The blue light of morning lent its own ghastliness to his pale, pinched face. He fell forward upon his knees with an audible cry for help, for he felt himself sinking. He had not slept the night before. Self-accusation and remorse and shame do not make good bedfellows. In this deep solitude he poured out his soul in bitter tears and prayers, calling aloud upon God to forgive his faithlessness. By and by when his passion had spent itself he fell wearied out upon his face and lay still. Only now and then a sob shook his delicate frame like the throb of a spent wave. He stretched out his cold, cramped limbs into the grateful warmth of the sun. He thought he had never seen the sky so soft, or the water-oaks so darkly green, or those lofty banners of moss so delicate a pearl. With the warmth and the greater physical comfort it seemed to him a divine, spiritual blessing had come also from the skies and

brooded alike over the world and over his soul. Then Nature sent her sudden balm of sleep.

The sun grew hotter and a steam from the dampness made a sickliness in the air around him. The Bayou, a long, green slimy serpent crawling in its own filth, sent its poisoned breath coiling and curling about him. Garth's sleep was so heavy the creeping things of the wood went about their business. The squirrels held their ribald play. The birds flew heavily in the sleepy air.

At noon when the shadows changed, Garth sat up suddenly. He thought his father had called him. He could not account for his whereabouts. He thought to see the high, narrow windows of his Vermont home, and all this wide expanse of shining light blinded him. He got up and groped his way to a tree and took hold of it, feeling about its trunk like a child. After a while he got his bearings and began floundering along home like a drunken man. The sun on his back felt good to him, though he was hot and dry and consumed with thirst. When at last he stepped in the shade of the gallery, it was as though Death had struck him with his icy wing. Felicite ran and caught his clammy hands in hers.

"Mamma!" she called, "quick! oh, mon Dieu!"

Father Angell came and lifted him in his arms. Garth never knew what he did with him. A wave of icy heat rolled over him.

He did not know how he came to be in Vermont. He only knew that it was in Vermont where they had such icy cold. He wondered how he came to be so exposed. He thought his mother would come and cover him from these icy blasts, but she sat there smiling and indifferent. He had not remembered her as being so huge. What a great face she had! What a smile—oh!

"Father Angell?"

"Yes, my son!"

"I thought it was my mother, I thought—Where am I?" he cried out, clutching the bedclothes, wild with fear.

"Safe, safe, my son, here in my arms." The priest held him down, weeping over him and praying, while that poison of the Bayou that he had sucked in with his breath galloped through his veins. It beat at the citadel of his heart. It caught him and shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then it ran its stealthy fingers through his brain and a deadly stupor closed down upon him like a leaden hood.

When he again opened his eyes Madame LaCoste and Felicite stood at the foot of his bed. To his weary eyes they were at first but pale shadows, but when they slowly grew into shapes he knew, he smiled his faint greeting. Then the two women fell a-sobbing together. Madame LaCoste smiled and nodded back to him through her tears.

"He ees make better, Felicite! Oh, the good God! He ees—what you call dees Reform? Yes, he ees re-form, Felicite."

"Then as the leaden hood closed over him again, he saw them kneel, making the sign of the cross.

When the long weeks of suffering were over, it was Father Angell's cool touch and Father Angell's commanding voice that seemed to Garth to have held him back from that land of shadows into which for so long he had been about to slip. He stole a hand up to the Father's cheek, a hand weak like a child's, and in that faint, far-away voice of his he whispered: "Forgive!" and again, "forgive!" And as often as he turned on his pillow, it was "Forgive me! oh, forgive me!"

One late afternoon in October, when he could walk a little, he made his way out to that place in the

woods where he had fallen into that strange ecstasy that had all but stolen his life away.

Under the crimson fires of the black-jack and the sweet gum that were now painting his cathedral windows, he saw Father Angell walking slowly with bent head. He carried his missal in his clasped hands. His lips were moving in prayer. Garth bent his head too and walked by his side. When the prayer was finished, Garth caught the Father's hand in both of his. He could not still the tumult of his heart. He had given up. He was going home. He saw it all as in a vision. He and his little laws and rules were great jarring discords in a quaint and unworldly harmony. These simple homely lives, so peaceful, so loving, so far removed from unworldly ambition, were as the echo of a woodland rill. It had no part in that great workaday universe of which he was a part. Now that he was going, a sudden sweetness in all that he must give up overwhelmed him. If only he had not wounded them—ah! that was it. That was what made it so bitter. And most of all this friendly old man, whose hand had held him back from the very brink of death.

"Father Angell," he said, "I am going home. I have given it all up. I did not understand. I give it all back, my charge, my mission, into your keeping."

Father Angell smiled. It had been in his keeping for more than forty years. Madame LaCoste was not yet born when he came.

"But your forgiveness, Father. I want you to forgive me."

He bent his head before him. His voice shook.

The gentle old man put his arms about the boy's shoulders.

"My son, my dear son," he softly chided. Then they moved forward and fell upon their knees together in that spot made bare by many prayers. Garth caught Father Angell's hands and placed them above his head.

"Say a little prayer for me," he said.

Afterwards they stood together a moment in silence, Garth's head fallen upon the neck of Father Angell. It was as of a son making an eternal farewell.

Garth looking back saw the faint crimson light shining still upon the tonsured head, and the face lifted heavenward, and the hand raised in lasting benediction.

Motherhood

By Edith Brownell

RAY gloomed the hillside. Through the solemn hush
Of dole, the third dark hour—reluctant,
shamed—
Slow yielded to its close.

Below the cross
The Holy Mother knelt in quivering calm,
Her waiting arms in anguish upward reached
To take again her Son, her little boy—
Her baby!—while, pale through the mystic dusk,
Her lifted face in adoration dwelt
Upon her Lord!

Then, near at hand, there broke
A woman's sobbing, low and wrenched and fierce,
The cry of one whose hurt is worse than death;
And Mary, bending sweet within her veil,
Laid her high grief aside, to pray, "Dear God!
Ah, comfort Thou the mother of the thief!"

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The Suppressed Chapter IX.

By Herbert Spencer

The Right to the Use of the Earth

[Herbert Spencer is the philosophic authority of this age. He is the philosopher par excellence. Therefore it will be news to most people that Herbert Spencer is on record as indorsing the fundamental postulate of Henry George in his argument for the Single Tax. Spencer recanted, but one can't recant the multiplication table. The chapter here reproduced appeared as Chapter IX of the first edition of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics; or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified, and the first of them Developed," (New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1850). In 1896 the Appletons published "Social Statics Abridged and Revised," by Herbert Spencer. From this edition this IXth chapter is excluded. The omission was promptly taken up by Henry George and his, "A Perplexed Philosopher," is a wonderful piece of dialectic in which the great evolutionary reasoner is exposed as receding from his own invincible logic. Spencer, in the controversy with Mr. George, distinguished himself only by losing his temper. His reasons for his change of views upon the land question, stated in his "Justice" are solely reasons of expediency, which are absurd in a purely philosophical discussion. It would make too much trouble to readjust things to the logic of his earlier contention, is about the substance of his explanation. To which the reply of the Georgians is that the application of the principle of a tax upon land only would readjust conditions into harmony with the Spencerian logic, and do it gradually and without revolutionary dislocation of society.—Editor MIRROR.]

GIVEN a race of human beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires—given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them "has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other," then each of them is free to use the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And conversely, it is manifest that no one, or part of them, may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it, seeing that to do this is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and consequently to break the law.

Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. For if one portion of the earth's surface may justly become the possession of an individual, and may be held by him for his sole use and benefit as a thing to which he has an exclusive right, then other portions of the earth's surface may be so held, and eventually the whole of the earth's surface may be so held, and our planet may thus lapse altogether into private hands. Observe now the dilemma to which this leads. Supposing the entire habitable globe to be enclosed, it follows that if the landowners have a valid right to its surface, all who are not landowners have no right at all to its surface. Hence, such can exist on the earth by sufferance only.

They are all trespassers. Save by the permission of the lords of the soil, they can have no room for the soles of their feet. Nay, should the others think fit to deny them a resting place, these landless men might equitably be expelled from the earth altogether. If, then, the assumption that land can be held as property involves that the whole globe may become the private domain of a part of its inhabitants, and if, by consequence, the rest of its inhabitants can then exercise their faculties—can then exist even—only by the consent of the landowners, it is manifest that an exclusive possession of the soil necessitates an infringement of the law of equal freedom, for men who can not "live and move and have their being" without the leave of others can not be equally free with those others.

Passing from the consideration of the possible to that of the actual, we find yet further reason to deny the rectitude of property in land. It can never be pretended that existing titles to such property are legitimate. Should anyone think so, let him look in the chronicles. Violence, fraud, the prerogative of force, the claims of superior cunning—these are the sources to which those titles can be traced. The original deeds were written with the sword rather

than the pen; not lawyers but soldiers were the conveyancers. blows were the current coin given in payment; and for seals, blood was used in preference to wax.

Could valid claims thus be constituted? Hardly. And if not, what becomes of the pretension of all subsequent holders of estates so obtained? Does this sale or bequest generate a right where it did not previously exist? Would the original claimants be non-suited at the bar of reason because the thing stolen from them had changed hands? Certainly not. And if one act or transfer can give no title, can many? No. Though nothing be multiplied forever it will not produce one. Even the law recognizes this principle. An existing holder must, if called upon, substantiate the claims of those from whom he purchased or inherited his property; and any flaw in the original parchment, even though the property should have had a score of intermediate owners, quashes his right.

"But time," says some, "is a great legalizer. Immemorial possession must be taken to constitute a legitimate claim. That which has been held from age to age as private property, and has been bought and sold as such, must now be considered as irrevocably belonging to individuals." To which proposition a willing assent shall be given when its propounders can assign it a definite meaning. To do this, however, they must find satisfactory answers to such questions as, How long does it take for what was original wrong to grow into a right? At what rate per annum do invalid claims become valid? If a title gets perfect in a thousand years, how much more than perfect will it be in two thousand years? and so forth. For the solution of which they will require a new calculus.

Whether it may be expedient to admit claims of a certain standing is not the point. We have here nothing to do with considerations of conventional privilege or legislative convenience. We have simply to inquire what is the verdict given by pure equity in the matter. And this verdict enjoins a protest against every existing pretension to the individual possession of the soil and dictates the assertion that the right of mankind at large to the earth's surface is still valid, all deeds, customs, and laws notwithstanding.

Not only have present land tenures an indefensible origin, but it is impossible to discover any mode by which land can become private property. Cultivation is commonly considered to give legitimate title. He who has reclaimed a tract of ground from its primitive wildness is supposed to have thereby made it his own. But if his right is disputed, by what

system of logic can he vindicate it? Let us listen a moment to his pleadings.

"Hallo, you, sir," cries the cosmopolite to some backwoodsman smoking at the door of his shanty, "by what authority do you take possession of these acres you have cleared, round which you have put a snake fence, and on which you have built this log house?"

"By what authority? I squatted here because there was no one here to say nay; because I was as much at liberty to do so as any other man. Besides, now that I have cut down the wood, and plowed and cropped the ground, this farm is more mine than it is yours, or anybody's and I mean to keep it."

"Aye, so you all say. But I do not see how you have substantiated your claim. When you came here you found the land producing trees—sugar maples, perhaps—or maybe it was covered with prairie grass and wild strawberries. Well, instead of these you made it to yield wheat or maize or tobacco. Now, I want to understand how, by exterminating one set of plants and making the soil bear another set in their place, you have constituted yourself lord of this soil for all succeeding time."

"Oh, those natural products which I destroyed were of little or no use, whereas I caused the earth to bring forth things good for food—things that help to give life and happiness."

"Still you have not shown why such a process makes the portion of the earth you have so modified yours. What is it that you have done? You have turned over the soil a few inches in depth with a spade or a plow, you have scattered over this prepared surface a few seeds, and you have gathered the fruits which the sun, rain, and air helped the soil to produce. Just tell me, if you please, by what magic these acts made you the sole owner of that vast mass of matter, having for its base the surface of your estate and for its apex the center of the globe, all of which, it appears, you would monopolize to yourself and your descendants forever."

"Well, if it isn't mine, whose it is? I have dispossessed nobody. When I crossed the Mississippi yonder I found nobody but the silent woods. If some one else had settled here and made this clearing he would have had as good a right to the location as I have. I have done nothing but what any other person was at liberty to do had he come before me. While they were unreclaimed these lands belonged to all men—as much to one as another—and they are mine simply because I was the first to discover and improve them."

"You say truly when you say that 'while they were unreclaimed these lands belonged to all men,'

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and it is my duty to tell you that they belong to all men still, and that your 'improvements,' as you call them, cannot vitiate the claim of all men. You may plow and harrow, and sow and reap; you may turn over the soil as often as you like, but all your manipulations will fail to make that soil yours which was not yours to begin with.

"Let me put a case: Suppose that in the course of your wanderings you came upon an empty house, which in spite of its dilapidated state takes your fancy; suppose that with the intention of making it your abode you expend much time and trouble in repairing it—that you paint and paper and whitewash, and at considerable cost bring it into a habitable state. Suppose, further, that on some fatal day a stranger is announced, who turns out to be the heir to whom the house has been bequeathed, and that this professed heir is prepared with all the necessary proofs of his identity; what becomes of your improvements? Do they give you a valid title to the house? Do they quash the title of the original claimant?"

"No."

"Neither, then, do your pioneering operations give you a valid title to this land. Neither do they quash the title of the original claimants—the human race. The world is God's bequest to mankind. All men are joint heirs to it; you are among the number. And because you have taken up your residence on a certain part of it and have subdued, cultivated, beautified that part—improved it, as you say—you are not therefore warranted in appropriating it as entirely private property. At least, if you do so, you may at any moment be justly expelled by the lawful owner—society."

"Well, but surely you would not eject me without making some recompense for the great additional value I have given to this tract by reducing what was a wilderness into fertile fields. You would not turn me adrift and deprive me of all the benefits of those years of toil it has cost me to bring this spot to its present state."

"Of course not; just as in the case of the house, you would have an equitable title to compensation from the proprietor for new fittings, so the community cannot justly take possession of this estate without paying for all you have done to it. This extra worth which your labor has imparted to it is fairly yours, and although you have without leave busied yourself in bettering what belongs to the community, yet no doubt the community will duly discharge your claim. But admitting this is quite a different thing from recognizing your right to the land itself. It may be true that you are entitled to compensation for the improvements this inclosure has received at your hands, and at the same time it may be equally true that no act, form, proceeding, or ceremony can make this enclosure your private property."

It does, indeed, at first sight, seem possible for the earth to become the exclusive possession of individuals by some process of equitable distribution. "Why," it may be asked, "should not men agree to a fair subdivision? If all are coheirs, why may not the state be equally apportioned and each be afterwards perfect master of his own share?"

To this question it may in the first place be replied that such a division is vetoed by the difficulty of fixing the values of respective tracts of land. Variations of productiveness, different degrees of accessibility, advantages of climate, proximity to the centers of civilization—these and other such considerations remove the problem out of the sphere of mere mensuration into the region of impossible.

But, waiving this, let us inquire who are to be the allottees. Shall adult males and all who have reached 21 on a specified day be the fortunate individuals?

If so, what is to be done with those who come of age on the morrow? Is it proposed that each man, woman, and child shall have a section? If so, what becomes of all who are to be born next year? And what will be the fate of those whose fathers sell their estates and squander the proceeds? These portionless ones must constitute a class already described as having no right to a resting place on earth—as living by the sufferance of their fellow-men—as being practically serfs. And the existence of such a class is wholly at variance with the law of equal freedom.

Until, therefore, we can produce a valid commission authorizing us to make this distribution—until it can be proved that God has given one charter privilege to one generation and another to the next—until we can demonstrate that men born after a certain date are doomed to slavery, we must consider that no such an allotment is permissible.

Probably some will regard the difficulties inseparable from individual ownership of the soil as caused by pushing to excess a doctrine applicable only within rational limits. This is a very favorite style of thinking with some. There are people who hate anything in the shape of exact conclusions; and these are of them. According to such, the right is never in either extremes, but always half way between the extremes. They are continually trying to reconcile yes and no. Ifs and buts and excepts are their delight. They have so great a faith in the "judicious mean" that they would scarcely believe an oracle if it uttered a full-length principle.

Were you to inquire of them whether the earth turns on its axis from east to west or from west to east, you might almost expect the reply: "A little of both," or "Not exactly either." It is doubtful whether they would assent to the axiom that the whole is greater than its parts without making some qualifications. They have a passion for compromises. To meet their taste, truth must always be spiced with a little error. They cannot conceive of a pure, definite, entire, and unlimited law. And hence, in discussions like the present, they are constantly petitioning for limitations—always wishing to abate, and modify, and moderate—ever protesting against doctrines being pursued to their ultimate consequences.

But it behooves such to recollect that ethical truth is as exact and as peremptory as physical truth, and that in this matter of land tenure the verdict of morality must be distinctly yea or nay. Either men have a right to make the soil private property or they have not. There is no medium. We must choose one of the two positions. There can be no half and half opinion. In the nature of things the fact must be either one way or the other.

If men have such a right, we are at once delivered from the severe predicaments already pointed out. If they have such a right, then is that right absolutely sacred, not on any pretense to be violated. If they have such a right, then is his grace of Leeds justified in warning off tourists from Ben Muich-Dhui, the duke of Athol in closing Glen Tilt, the duke of Buccleugh in denying sites to the Free Church, and the duke of Sutherland in banishing the Highlanders to make room for sheep walks.

If they have such a right, then it would be proper for the sole proprietor of any kingdom—a Jersey or Guernsey, for example—to impose just what regulations he might choose on its inhabitants—to tell them that they should not live on his property unless they professed a certain religion, spoke a particular language, paid him a specified reverence, adopted an authorized dress, and conformed to all other conditions he might see fit to make.

If they have such right, then there is truth in

that tenet of the ultra Tory school, that the landowners are the only legitimate rulers of the country; that the people at large remain in it only by the landowner's permission, and ought consequently to submit to the landowner's rule, and respect whatever institutions the landowners set up. There is no escape from these inferences. They are necessary corollaries to the theory that the earth can become individual property. And they can only be repudiated by denying that theory.

After all, nobody does implicitly believe in landlordism. We hear of estates being held under the king—that is, the state—or of their being kept in trust for the public benefit, and not that they are the inalienable possessions of their nominal owners. Moreover, we daily deny landlordism by our legislation. Is a canal, a railroad, or a turnpike road to be made, we do not scruple to seize just as many acres as be requisite, allowing the holders compensation for the capital invested. We do not wait for consent.

An act of Parliament supersedes the authority of title deeds, and serves proprietors with notices to quit whether they will or not. Either the public are free to resume as much of the earth's surface as they think fit, or the titles of the landowners must be considered absolute, and all national works must be postponed until lords and squires please to part with the requisite slices of their estates. If we decide that the claims of individual ownership must give way, then we imply that the right of the nation at large to the soil is supreme; that the right of private possession only exists by general consent; that general consent being withdrawn it ceases, or, in other words, that it is no right at all.

But to what does this doctrine, that men are equally entitled to the use of the earth, lead? Must we return to the times of unclosed wilds and subsist on roots, berries, and game? Or are we to be left to the management of Messrs. Fourier, Owen, Louis Blanc & Co.?

Neither. Such a doctrine is consistent with the highest state of civilization, may be carried out without involving a community of goods, and need cause no very serious revolution in existing arrangements. The change required would be simply a change of landlords.

Separate ownerships would merge into the joint stock ownership of the public. Instead of being in possession of individuals, the country would be held by the great corporate body—society. Instead of leasing his acres from an isolated proprietor, the farmer would lease them from the nation. Instead of paying rent to the agent of St. John or his grace, he would pay it to an agent or deputy agent of the community. Stewards would be public officials instead of private ones, and tenancy the only land tenure.

A state of things so ordered would be in perfect harmony with natural law. Under it all men would be equally landlords; all men would be alike free to become tenants. A, B, C, and the rest might compete for a vacant farm, as now, and one of them might take that farm without in any way violating the principles of pure equity.

All would be equally free to bid; all would be equally free to refrain. And when the farm had been let to A, B, or C, all parties would have done that which they willed, the one in choosing to pay a given sum to his fellow-men for the use of certain lands, the others in refusing to pay that sum. Clearly, therefore, on such a system the earth may be inclosed, occupied, and cultivated in entire subordination to the law of equal freedom.

No doubt great difficulty must attend the resumption by mankind at large of their rights to the soil. The question of compensation to existing proprietors

Spelling "Success"

By Frances S. Porcher

is a complicated one; one perhaps that cannot be settled in a strictly equitable manner. Had we to deal with the parties who originally robbed the human race of its heritage, we might make short work of the matter; but unfortunately, most of our landowners are men who have, either mediately or immediately—either by their own acts or their ancestors'—given for their estates equivalents of honestly earned wealth, believing that they were investing their savings in a perfectly legitimate manner.

To justly estimate and liquidate the claims of such is one of the most intricate problems society will one day have to solve. But with this perplexity and our extrication from it abstract morality has no concern. Men having got themselves into the dilemma by disobedience to the law, must get out of it as well as they can, and with as little injury to the landed class as may be.

Meanwhile we shall do well to recollect that there are others besides the landed class to be considered. In our tender regard for the vested interest of the few, let us not forget that the rights of the many are in abeyance and must remain so as long as the earth is monopolized by individuals. Let us remember, too, that the injustice thus inflicted on the mass of mankind is an injustice of the gravest nature. The fact that it is not so regarded proves nothing. In early phases of civilization even homicide is thought lightly of.

The suttees of India, together with the practice elsewhere followed of sacrificing a hecatomb of human victims at the burial of a chief, show this, and probably cannibals consider the slaughter of those whom "the fortunes of war" have made their prisoners perfectly justifiable. It was once universally supposed that slavery was a natural and quite legitimate institution—a condition into which some were born and to which they ought to submit as to a divine ordination. Nay, indeed, a great proportion of mankind hold this opinion still.

A higher social development, however, has generated in us a better faith, and we now to a considerable extent recognize the claims of humanity. But our civilization is only partial. It may by and by be perceived that equity utters dictates to which we have not yet listened; and men may then learn that to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties.

Briefly reviewing the argument, we see that the right of each man to the use of the earth, limited only by the like rights of his fellowmen, is immediately deducible from the law of equal freedom. We see that the maintenance of this right necessarily forbids private property in land. On examination all existing titles to such property turn out to be invalid; those founded on reclamation inclusive. It appears that, not even an equal apportionment of the earth amongst its inhabitants could generate a legitimate proprietorship. We find that if pushed to its ultimate consequences, a claim to exclusive possession of the soil involves a landowning despotism. We further find that such a claim is constantly denied by the enactments of our legislature. And we find lastly, that the theory of the co-heirship of all men to the soil, is consistent with the highest civilization; and that, however difficult it may be to embody that theory in fact, Equity sternly commands it to be done.

♦♦♦

Pethick Lawrence, husband of one of the "suffragettes" imprisoned in London, has promised to subscribe £10 a day to the woman's suffrage fund for every day his wife remains in jail. Whether Mr. Lawrence is actuated by sympathy or gratitude, deponent saith not.—*New York Tribune*.

ROSS ASHMORE is my friend, yet, even in our college days, I cannot say that I really knew him. He had a quality of elusiveness that baffled you just when you felt that you were best acquainted. Since then I have decided that he is one of those in whom the dual nature is so nearly equalized that there was but a shade between his opposing selves, and this accounted for his elusive quality.

It was not a duality of marked good and evil with him, for he was not one of those men who dream purity and live impurity, who love good, and in spite of their ideals, go into the depths. It was a duality of temperament. He was artist to a certain degree, and yet, in the same degree, a plodding worker; over all, he was the owner of a morbid conscience.

In the early days, the artist was to the front and no man could have been more attractive. There was such a strain of the young god in him that he went on his victorious way winning men and women alike, and we, his fellow classmates, despairing of being like him, still had no envy for him. Everything came his way. At school his themes were written so easily, they seemed to write themselves, and he won honors without seeming to strive. He wrote his book the first year after he graduated, and it took the fickle public by storm, and in the flush of its brilliant success he won the prettiest girl in our set and the engagement was announced.

It was two days before the wedding that I found him in his room in the depths of misery. "Great heavens, boy," I said, "what is up, is Ruth—"

"No, Ruth isn't sick, if that's what you mean, but it is Ruth that is the matter. It's just come over me, Jack, what it means to marry a girl like Ruth—or any girl for that matter—and I tell you I'm like a man standing on the edge of an abyss—I see down, down, down, and it all ends in the horror of darkness. What am I taking her into, Jack? What right have I to take her at all?"

"Well, my dear fellow," I answered, "if all men on the verge of matrimony let the 'abyss' scare them silly, I suspect there'd be an end to 'marriage and giving in marriage,' and yet I doubt if we'd be any more like 'the angels in heaven.' Besides, I rather think this is a mutual leap in the dark; you go together, don't you know?"

"But the man is the seeker," he argued.

"But the woman expects to be sought," I returned, "and that is really a conventionality of civilization, and some women, I've heard, seek."

"Bah," he answered, with a shade of disgust over his face, "there are all sorts of abnormalities in existence but we don't marry them—you and I." And then he returned to his misery. "I tell you, Jack," he said, "I've just been taking stock of myself and I don't seem to spell 'success.'"

"There's your book," I suggested.

"But what if that is all?" he said.

"Why should it be all?" I answered. "Are the publishers not clamoring for another?"

"Yes, but that bothers me. I don't seem to have another since Ruth and I are engaged. I can't write, that is all. It is as if some daemon had entered into me and written that book and then, when Ruth came, forsook me. I can't understand and I can't make you understand."

"I think I do," I laughed. "I see a young man in love, who, naturally, upon the eve of his wedding, cares more for his bride than his pen. Most young men under those circumstances would say, 'go hang' to his pen until the honeymoon is over and let himself drift upon the full tide of his happiness. You, however, let a morbidly active conscience, a devil of a conscience, if I may call it by its name, lead you into mental dissections that open up imaginary vistas of horrors and land you at last at the edge of an 'abyss.'"

Brace up, Ashmore, and come out for a walk; a highball or a cocktail is a better guide for you, to-day, than your fiendishly introspective conscience."

Under the influence of the walk and a call on Ruth, he brightened into his usual self and I saw no more of moods. He was the happiest of bridegrooms; the whole affair went off without a hitch and their radiant faces as we left them on the big liner to start their European honeymoon is a picture I shall never forget.

Ruth was not a girl of means and Ross' college career had about exhausted his patrimony. The few thousands the book brought in at first would not last long, I knew, and the royalties would grow less and less as the public appetite for the book became satiated. So I wondered, as they lingered abroad, if he were writing another book, but the ominous silence of the publishers caused me to doubt.

Ten months after they left they returned unexpectedly and Ross walked into my office one morning when I thought him in Italy or Switzerland.

After our joyful greetings were over and he had told me that Ruth was well and more beautiful than ever, we settled down into one of our old-time talks, for alas! in those days my clients were few enough, so that my principal capital was leisure and that was at the disposal of my friends *ad lib*.

"Well, you prolonged that honeymoon an unconscionable time," I said.

Ashmore looked a trifle confused. "Yes," he said, "it does look that way, but Ruth was so happy, and so was I, that I felt as if we'd better drink the draught of the gods as long as we could, and then no matter what came—why—well, we'd had that much anyhow."

"Still peering down the abyss," I laughed, although I confess I felt uncomfortable a little, and to change the subject, I asked abruptly: "When does book No. 2 come forth?"

"Never, I fear," he answered, with a sad note in his voice that moved me indescribably. "The daemon has never entered in again; but I came to talk business. I must get to work, Jack, at once. Ruth—well, Ruth must have everything she wants, particularly since—Oh, hang it, Jack, the way I stumble along—the truth is there's going to be a baby at our house in two months."

Our hands met half-way and in the minute of silence, charged with the electricity of certain silences, I felt a wonderful acquaintance with Ross; the elusiveness disappeared in the glad light of his eyes.

After that burst of confidence it was easy to go on, and between what he told me and more that I read between the lines, I learned this much: The money was nearly gone and the royalties had almost ceased, and, if my surmise was true, Ruth was a very child in demands and knew but little of practical life. She was so happy in changing from place to place, that Ashmore could not spoil her pleasure. His hope that the spirit would move him to write another book grew less and less as her restlessness drove them from scene to scene. He tried to tell her something of this, but she coaxed and laughed and had such beautiful faith that the book would come after the holiday was over that he could not oppose her. And then when he knew that the divine seal of motherhood was upon her brow, he was wax in her hands, until the cold fact of their diminishing income brutally obtruded its head.

Very gently he told her of their finances and that they must return to America, and to his surprise, she was eager to come. "Yes, let's go home," she said, "I want the baby born under the dear, old flag." And so here they were, with less than a thousand dollars as capital and nothing in sight. We talked over ways and means, and journalism seemed the only way, and, after his book, we both knew it would be an easy road—to enter. As to what would come after—that was another story, in the hands of his daemon and himself.

To make a long story short, he started into the grind and in due time Ruth's daughter was born. Then his plodding nature came to the front. I, who

knew them so well, realized soon that he had married a beautiful child who, to the end, would be nothing more. Impulsive, sweet, impracticable, the cares of life slipped from her pretty shoulders and left no marks upon her lovely face. It was well that Ross could plod; no man could do much more with the burden of wife, home, children and petty economies pressing upon him. He rose to a sub-editorship when baby Ruth was two months old, but there he remained, and with each child there seemed less hope. There were four children—and Ashmore was looking pretty seedy and there were many gray hairs visible when, one day, the unexpected happened. Some shares of mining stock, considered worthless, part of the estate left by his father, suddenly rose into value. A fresh lead had been struck and the seedy journalist of one day became the capitalist of the next.

Just at the time, Ruth was very ill, and Ashmore seemed unable to grasp his good fortune, except that it meant trained nurses and money enough to pay the doctors, with a good woman in the nursery to take care of the children. If he read the stuff written about him in the papers he made no sign, but something, either the "stuff" or just the pure irony of fate, about then, brought about a resurrected vogue for his book and, now that he had no need for them, royalties came pouring in.

People who had forgotten him remembered him and everybody remembered what a beauty Ruth had been and would be again, once she was well. As to the children, it was plain that Ruth Junior had talent and that Ross Junior was the image of his mother and that all of them, Elizabeth and baby Jack included, were most delightful youngsters that it was a pleasure to entertain. Of course, in the days of plod and grind, no one had seemed over-anxious to entertain the Ashmore cherubs, but now there were dozens ready to assume the burden while Ruth lay ill. All of which Ruth took with the same happy smile with which she had met her portions as life dealt them out, and with the same childlike faith that had always predicted Ross' second book.

It was with the same beautiful smile that one day she kissed Ross "good-morning" and said she was better, and then, in an hour while it hovered like the afterglow of an exquisite sunset about her lips, closed her soft eyes forever upon the problems and perplexities of life which, however, had never borne one feather's weight upon her happy nature.

Where there are four youngsters to be given thought to, one cannot sit and grieve very long, and when a man has had to be a great deal of a mother as well as a father for years, he is not so helpless when he is obliged to take both functions entirely upon himself, and so, with many thanks for the dozens of kind offers showered upon him, he selected a home in the suburbs, placed the *menage* in the hands of a needy, middle-aged relative of Ruth's, who was as reliable as she was needy, personally superintended the education of the two older ones, and, with the exception of a few of us, dropped out of society for several years.

Ruth was sixteen and as lovely as her mother had been, when Ross dropped in for one of his frequent chats. "I am going away, Jack," he said, "for a few months. I can leave now that Ruth is at home and so womanly a girl. The truth is I have been fighting an inclination for a year and I've got to get by myself and have it out."

Then he went on: "It has been the strangest thing, that since a few months after Ruth's death, the old joy in writing has seemed to be coming back. I've simply *had* to write—fugitive stuff, you know, that I've torn to pieces—but only in the last year has a real piece of connected work been borne in upon me. I've fought against it and now I am going off for a while and wander around as Ruth and I did in the old days and, as I said, have it out."

"In the name of heaven, why?" I queried. And why do you talk of fighting it out as if the literary instinct were an enemy?"

"Because with me it is. Because it seems a sacri-

lege to Ruth's memory. Because I did not, could not use it to make her life easier or happier while I had her, could not even satisfy her ambition or justify her faith, and now, when she is gone, comes the feeling that I shall—or can—do something that 'spells success.' It is like an insult to Ruth."

"Well, of all the morbid men I ever saw!" I ejaculated. "As if your literary instinct had not kept the wolf from Ruth's door until the day she died; as if you did not turn your Pegasus into a cart-horse and work him half to death; as if a happier wife had ever lived than your Ruth or one upon whom heaven's breezes ever blew less roughly. Because you wrote one book and could not then grind out another to order is no reason why you should not write one now. I fail to see the analogy."

"Because I tell you that other book has always seemed as if I wrote it without my own volition; as if I were entered into—possessed—what you will—and that now the daemon, or whatever it was, has come back to take Ruth's place and glory in her absence. That is why another book seems an insult to her memory."

"Now look at it this way, Ashmore," I pleaded. "Call it a daemon if you will, that youth, love and happiness, all of which Ruth stood for, displaced when she entered your life, did not Ruth glory in the talent you laid at her feet and did she not die believing you would yet do something greater and better? Go away by all means, but not to wander restlessly. Go and collect yourself and get acquainted with this impulse that you call a daemon and then come back and write your book and lay it as an undying wreath upon the grave of Ruth. Dedicate it to her memory and let her children see the faith of their mother verified."

"Even that I cannot do." And then he lifted his eyes with all their honest light and looking into mine: "It would not be *Ruth's* book," he said. A great light broke upon me.

"Thou fool," I said, "to quibble over divine compensations. Into the love of your youth went the very essence of your life. Upon its altars you laid even your talents and ambitions. After being tried in the crucible of life and coming forth the purest gold I know, Fate smiles and holds out recompensing hands. 'Here,' she says, 'I cannot give you the heart of a boy again, nor the irresponsible joy of such a love, but I can crown you with a woman's love, a love that will stir your ambition, mate with your dreams and hold up your hands to success. She will not expect her roses without thorns, or her sky without clouds'—is that the sort of woman she is, Ross, and what is her name?"

He simply turned on his heel, walked out and banged the door. But I knew he would come back.

And he did, and we threshed over all the pros and cons of conscience *versus* the "artistic temperament" to no avail until the children met her and Ruth fell dead in love with her and then, much like a man stealing another man's good he entered, as humbly as one must enter the Kingdom of Heaven, into his heritage of compensation.

He has been married to Mildred four years and has written two books and there is talk of a third. They have no children, but Ruth's children are the happiest I know, from Ruth Junior, down.

It is well he married the woman he did; she is the finest balance-wheel in the world for a man of his temperament, but I doubt, with all his morbidity of conscience toward the memory of Ruth, if he realizes how much the other woman gives of her largess of love and service and how little she demands in return.

De Wolf Hopper was calling down a speaking tube to the janitor of his apartment in New York. Mr. Hopper, unable to get the information he desired, finally blurted out, "Say, is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?" The reply came back with startling rapidity "Not at this end, sir."

The Captain of Industry

By Philip Green Wright

Copyright 1906, by Philip Green Wright.

HOT morning!—Where am I?—In my room? Tell me, doctor. What is it? What! I slipped

And fell? Only a bruise? No; that's not straight, Don't lie. Tell me the truth. If one of my Big ships goes down, I want to know it. If A warehouse is in flames, I pay the man Who tells me first. If every stock and bond, Every investment, every interest, Have all miscarried, left me penniless, Just as I was when I began; if I Must start my life anew; all right, I don't baby. I want some man to look Right in my eyes with level brows and tell Me; no evasion, shuffling, pitying, Good wishes; just the English of it; all. I've never been afraid to know the truth; Then I can meet it. Now, then, tell me straight. Some rupture of a little artery Within my brain? a clot? and pressure? Um, That's apoplexy, doctor. Call a spade A spade. Thank you.

Why, doctor, don't you see It's this that made me what I am; just this, No more; just grasping clear, cold, bottom facts And using them. I never waste an hour In idle dreaming or lamenting. If A mason cut a stone a half inch less Than what I ordered, then I find some place The stone will fit, and hire another mason. Not much imagination? I don't know; May be. Seem's if, before my iron ships, My mammoth warehouses, my lines of railroad, My factories—before all these big things Are wrought in metal, wood, and stone, I see Them all within my brain. Not all at once, But still, always enough ahead to keep Me pushing on.

But practical! Cause and Effect! I see the effect I want, and then I take the necessary means, whether I deal with men or things. Suppose the men In that big factory, yonder, strike. Now, then, Why did I build that factory? Money? Good. What shall I do? Get mad? Not much. I try To get the facts: the market for the goods, Strength and resources of the labor unions, The public sentiment, the unemployed; Then, if I find it pays to yield, I yield; And if it pays to fight, I fight. Simple Enough! I built that factory as a means Of revenue, of course. I'd be a fool, Then, not to use the means to make it pay.

I waste no time on such fool things as hate, Revenge. I never hated any man. It's just this thing beat Stuart, twenty years Ago. Yes; we were rivals, and I think He'd some advantage, larger capital, A bigger trade,—perhaps some others. Well, Then came the strike, and Stuart lost his head. Mad! Oh I never saw a man so mad! He'd never let those muckers tell him how To run his business. Beat them! Damn them, yes; He'd pay out every cent he had, but they Should find—and so forth. You know how men talk. Yes; may be I encouraged him a bit,— Did not discourage him at least. This was My chance. I met the Union leaders, set My factories working double time, kept all My customers, got most of his, and much Free advertising as the friend of Labor,

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Brush and Comb set, leatherette, hinged cover boxes, white satin lined top and bottom; hair brush, 11-row solid back, real ebony; comb, 8-in., ebony finish, copper ornament with silver center; regular \$5.00 value **\$3.98**

Brush and Comb Set, box same as above; hair brush 9-row, solid back, cocobolo; comb, 8-in. imitation shell; oxydized silver ornaments, regular \$5.00 value..... **\$3.40**

Brush and Comb Set, case made of selected ash, finished in Flemish black, top has two large hinge ornaments of polished brass, lined throughout with finest quality of white satin, Hair brush 11 rows, solid back; cocobolo, Comb 8 in. imitation shell; oxydized silver ornaments; regular \$8.00 value **\$5.67**

Brush and Comb Set, case same finish as above, with round top, bound with ash bands; encircled with filigree ornaments and centerpiece in polished brass. Brush 13-row, solid back, real ebony Comb 8-in. ebony finish, oxydized silver ornaments; regular value, \$10.00 **\$6.00**

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And Stuart won! That is, he never did
Give in. Diddled along till I bought out
His plant. And now he works for me. Yes, yet;
That's him; Colonel James Stuart, of New York,
The biggest salary in my employ.

That's it; I study men and things; I did
Not make the world; I don't pretend to know
Why pine has knots, why elm is tough for strains
Of torsion, why we sometimes find a flaw
In best cast-iron, nor why copper, steel,
And lead have such and such qualities;
I know the qualities, and make each thing
Do what it's capable of doing; I
Will not use steel where wood will do, nor try
To make wood do the work of steel, because
It's cheaper. No; if I want steel, I pay
For steel. And so with men; I don't know why
All have their flaws, their knot-holes, lines of cleav-
age,
Nor much concern myself with questioning
Whether they ought to have these weaknesses.
I simply take them as they are, and find
That I can fit them somewhere, and get good
Results.

The old man saw it from the start.
I hadn't been a week in his employ
Before he'd sized me up. He never praised
Or blamed. I never heard him cuss his hands.
He just looked out beneath his bushy eyebrows,
Saw everything, and kept his mouth shut. Lord!
How all the men did hate him. "Damn him," they'd
say,

"It ain't no use; a man may work for him
Until hell freezes over, he don't care;
He'll never notice you unless you're sick;
Then, just to kick you out. I'm done with tryin'
To please him." Well, he *was* a wee bit hard,
I thought, myself. However, he was boss,
And I considered 'twarn't my cue to try
To teach him manners. I just followed up
His lead, kept my mouth shut and my eyes open.
I learned the business, made it all my thought,
In hours and out of hours, kept track of things,
And watched my fellow workmen. Once I made
A trivial suggestion; I forget,
Some little change in method that I thought
Would save him money. Not a word of thanks,
But next day my idea was tried, and then,
A few weeks later, passing my bench,
He said, "We want you in the office." So
I got my start.

Of course he gave his son
The first chance; that was right; I didn't once
Grudge him his chance; 'twas only natural;
His only son, and me, a nobody.
Besides I liked the lad myself. Who didn't?
The kindest, tender-heartedest young chap
I ever knew; a kind of Socialist,
He wanted all the men to have things nice
As he did, couldn't stand a crying woman,
Even his father loved him, but the old
Man couldn't see his life-work go to pieces,
So I inherited the business,
And he, a life annuity. After that
He sort of lost his grip; dabbled in art,
Wrote verses, traveled round the world, became
A connoisseur of Turkish rugs, married
A she-professor in some bob-tailed school;
I think he lectures there himself on art
And poetry, and serves as president
Of every charitable board in town.

Well, well; he had his life and used it to
His liking, I suppose. I'd stifle in it!
Of course, I had some claim—as son-in-law.
I think it galled her mother just a bit,
That she who might have made her pick, chose me,

The gawky, big-boned boy who worked up from
The bottom—but the old man stood by me
In this—as other things.

Excuse me, doctor,
My mind was wandering back.

Please do not go
Quite yet. I want to talk a little. I
Have never answered any of the fool
Palaver people flung at me. I never
Had the time. Besides, what use? People
Always believe in the thing that tallies with
Their prejudice. But now—well, somehow I've
A curious feeling, like a poor, old book-
Keeper of mine, as honest as the day,
But still his books looked wrong, and so he asked
A little talk with me, before he left,
To show that he was honest.

Now, then, what
Does all this yapping come to? Jealousy!
Oh, I'm a plutocrat; I grind the face
Of labor, bribe the aldermen, corrupt
The court and legislature, dictate to
The President and Congress—Judas Priest!
Yes; I've succeeded; that's the matter: *that's*
What ails them.

Grind the face of labor? Why,
There's men in my employ get bigger pay—
Yes, sir—than these United States will pay
Their President. When I want steel, I pay
For steel. These kids that work with one eye on
The clock, and all their minds on pay-day, and
The beer and girls—why, man, I can use waste
To stuff around my bearings, need it, but
When I want waste d'you think I pay for steel?
Nit!

Politics? I leave that to young lawyers.
I let them fight it out, Republican
Or Democratic principles, and shrivel
Each other with hot air; why *that's* their raw
Material, *their* business, don't you see!
I tend to mine. Those little pistareens
Of aldermen that get themselves elected
For just no other reason than to be
Bought out, and people, knowing this, elect
Them—why, of course, I take them at their word;
I have to; as last year I bought a lot
Of property I did not want, because
The owner started a saloon next door
To me. The fellow had good nerve, and so
He got his price.

Now, take the tariff; I
Have studied all the arguments. Well, as
An abstract question it may be that the
Free-traders have the best of it. All is,
I can't see it that way. Professor Mills,
Out at the University I founded,
Teaches free-trade. I don't molest him. It's
An interesting subject to discuss,
And talking cuts no ice. But when the bill
Was up, d'you think it likely I could see
My profits drop a cool ten million by
That clause in Schedule C for cutting off
The duty on raw copper? No, sir; I
Employed a lobby, staved it off, and in
The next election spent in all about
A million dollars just to get my men
Elected. There, sir; that's the truth, make of
It what you will; I'm satisfied. No, no;
I never bother politics, unless
It comes into my way of business;
Then I employ sound business methods.

Well,
What else? the President? the Court? It's their
Affair to find out whether favoring me

Or fighting me will serve their interests.
I never dictate to them. I suppose
The President is shrewd enough to tell
Which way the wind blows, and what policy
Will gain votes for himself and party.

As
To that injunction, which, three years ago,
Raised such a howl, I asked for it and got
It. I don't know the law. That's for the judge
To say. It's true Judge Fox owed his appointment—
He may have felt, perhaps—but honestly
I did not try to influence him. Oh,
It's not unlikely that, when any lawyer,
Can make the law mean what he wishes it
To mean, he may have found it meant the thing
I wanted. That is on *his* conscience, not
On *mine*.

I've won my way to what I am:
No magical, mysterious endowments,
No leaguings with the devil as some seem
To think. I've done what anyone may do,
With wit and strength and courage, followed plain,
Straightforward, business methods, that is all.
I see the actual; appropriate
The best material that comes to hand,
And use it to my purpose.

Still, there was
One man I couldn't fit into my system.—
I once sent out an order for a big
Machine. It came all broken up and boxed;
And when I came to set it up, there was
One piece I couldn't seem to find a place
For; turned it upside down, tried here, tried there,
Puzzled for hours; I think it must have got in
By mistake; it must have been a part of
Some different machine; I never did
Find where it fit.—'Twas just like that with him.
How he *did* have it in for me! And yet
There didn't seem to be no reason why
Our ways should cross at all. Didn't he have
No business of his own, but he must always
Be pecking at me, calling me hard names,
Monopolist, corruptionist, and all
The rest? Always in politics, always
Devising issues, parties, bleating of
Reform; if there was any man I'd cause
To hate; 'twas him.

Why, yes! why, now it all
Comes back! Just yesterday, when I picked up
The paper, the first thing that I saw, in great,
Black headlines, was, "Reformers Win!" Well, I
Was looking up the personnel of the
New legislature—facts again—the men,
Their property and rating, real estate,
Connections, where they got political
Support, and so forth; and was doing just
A quiet bit of figuring, when I
Looked up, ('twas in the lobby of the Grand
Hotel,) and saw him grinning at me. Yes;
The nervy cuss! Just like him! There he was.
I saw his lean, white face not three feet off;
And then I felt a sudden pain and things
Grew black.

So I must lie here quiet for
A month, at least. "A shock or sudden movement
May bring it back," you say. And then a year
Of rest. Hell! but it's hard. Of course, I knew
Some time I'd have to quit. But still, I thought
That I was good for ten years more; I seemed
So hale and hearty. Well, what must be, must.
I never baby.

And I have done some work!
Something to think of as I lie alone.
I like to think of it. I've given work,

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Sonnets to a Wife

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

It is refreshing in this stage of eroticism and exuberance to find such sonnets so delightful every way, so full of the glorification of good women. The verse has no cant in it nor coarseness. It is free alike from the overly-saintly and the crudely sensual. It is wholesome and inspiring, passionate, yet reverent, vigorous yet tender. No finer sonnets have come from any pen in many years. It should be counted a high privilege to have the volume in the home and heart.—Columbia (Mo.) Herald.

"Ernest McGaffey, the Chicago poet, has been having the honor of dining with the President." And the President probably had the honor of telling the poet that he has given to the world some sweet and noble things in his "Sonnets to a Wife."—Chicago Evening Post.

"The ruddy glow of a rare old vintage beams and sparkles a thousand-fold more alluring, through the facets of a cut glass decanter. In this wise has Mr. McGaffey clothed in exquisite sonnet form the fire and passion of man's love for woman, sublimated by that intimate spiritual relationship that gives to true marital love the attributes of divinity."—Galveston News.

"No prettier holiday gift can be made to one's wife than this collection of sonnets addressed by a poet-husband to his heart's beloved. They should be read aloud after the children have retired, and the care of the day forgotten, while husband and wife sit about the open hearth for an hour's mutual enjoyment in companionship? Who knows? In contemplating the love passages of the poet one's own altar may be resanctified and made more enduring."—Los Angeles Express.

"They are an exposition of modern love, chastely and delicately expressed, wherein the idealization of a woman is portrayed without any departure from the balancing influence of American common sense."—Chicago Post.

"There is not in all the huge range of English literature anything comparable to this volume, because nothing in English literature is like it. Other men have written sonnets to a mistress' eyebrows, to the sun, moon and stars, to most animate and inanimate objects, but not one of them has produced a series of 'Sonnets to a Wife.' It is a distinct monumental work, quite the most important contribution to American poetry within the last twenty-five years. The world will be better for it, and against the black background of latter-day eroticism it shows whitely like a star."—H. N. Canfield.

"Mr. McGaffey sings smoothly of that enduring affection which helps man and wife to enjoy their little shares of pleasures, and to endure their bigger share of mishaps. He preaches a wee bit now and then; but his sermons are far from strenuous, and his view of life is winning, by reason of its very simplicity. In his opinion, a woman's whole horizon is bounded by

"The man she loves and all he means to her," and, if he speaks from experience, he is much to be congratulated."—Agnes Repplier, in the Saturday Evening Post.

But McGaffey is a poet in that he is worldly wise. The poetic lens through which he sees double and treble and quadruple does not distort the accuracy of his vision. How true, for instance, is this thought, thought by ten thousand men, and taking this sweet, simple form in the music of this songster:

"A woman is as cultured as she looks,
Speaks, acts and smiles, and merely
bookish rules

She may well scorn, as being clumsy
tools
With which dull fishers file their rusty
hooks."

Notice one thing as you read these lines. Behind their general truth is the well defined picture of some one who illustrates it. Is it not so, merry harlequins?—New Orleans Harlequin.

This poetry of McGaffey's is true. More, it is sweet and pure and wholesome and strong—as sweet as the breath of the roses which comes to us on the breeze of spring-time, as sweet as the lovelight in one's loved one's eyes; as pure as the new born babe, or the fresh bloomed flower; as wholesome as mountain air, and as strong as all the resistless powers of an unhindered Niagara. The language of the sonnets is simple, and, perhaps, this adds to their strength. However that may be, the poems are always understandable. They are subtle at times, deeply so; and yet there is an undefinable something about them that makes easy of comprehension this subtlety. The poems are as beautiful as they are simple, and as chaste as they are beautiful. They deify the love for a good woman of a good man, who is also a poet. There are no wild bursts of passion, no burning sensuality. The love that these sonnets glorify is sane. It is all that it should be, all that God intended it to be when he made woman to be the companion of man. The man and woman of the sonnets are companions, in every sense of the word. Each is the complement of the other. They are to each other the things that make a heaven of earth, and in the doing thereof strengthen the belief of those who dwell in it in God's heaven beyond the sky. They do not seek to ignore the purely material side of married life. They show this phase in the degree that it is needed to make married life ideal. There may be some faults to be found in them from a purely technical standpoint, but one who could think of these flaws after reading the sonnets and absorbing the clean, healthful and beautiful atmosphere which surrounds them, would indeed be hypercritical."—Houston Daily Post.

"There is real poetry in these sonnets, too; let no one imagine they are simply verse. By them, Mr. McGaffey, has advanced himself to a rank few writers dare to hold in this country. The daintiness of them appeals to one first, and then, the deep note of sincerity is impressed upon the reader. One has but to read them to feel sure of ranging over the chords of a heart that loves, and from it is drawing the sweetest melody of which man is capable—the adoration of the woman he holds dearest and best on earth."—Kansas City Journal.

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experience of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature."—Current Literature.

"Men of letters will be struck mostly by the splendid level of charm and dignity maintained, and by the fact that Mr. McGaffey has accomplished, in the close confinement of the sonnet form, an unusual task. Students of the curious will sit agape at the fact of a man's inditing no less than seventy sonnets to his own wife. The public at large will find in all these qualities the secret of a very wide-reaching charm. It should settle the doubt Mr. Edmund Gosse once expressed as to who reads American poetry. This book is not merely American poetry. Its quality puts it upon the plane of what the Germans call *Weit-Literatur*."—Town Topics.

"Ernest McGaffey has published several volumes of poetry, written in divers moods, and in varied circumstances, all of which have met with popular favor, but he has never written or published anything quite so exquisite or so fascinating as his last volume, entitled 'Sonnets to a Wife.' Here he reaches his highest level in poetic power, and discloses an inspiration in the expression of all that is beautiful in nature and in love that he has not hitherto displayed."—Chicago Journal.

"They mark the high tide of American poetry in the present generation, and will have a permanent place in English literature because they are the best praise yet uttered of the crowning glory of our Western civilization—the marriage relation. There is about them the serenity and grace which is appropriate to the subject, and, nevertheless, the joys which they voice are manifestly such as are best striving for."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Their simplicity, exquisite form and their sane interpretation of the love and comradeship between man and woman lift them quite above the average verse of today with its prevailing taint of morbidity."—Kansas City Star.

"There are seventy of the 'Sonnets to a Wife' breathing the spirit of a good man's devotion to a good woman, all of a very high type of artistic excellence, all but one or two notable for finish, phrasing, music and color, for an ethereal and delicate beauty of thought and expression."—Charles E. Russell, in the Chicago American.

"In the difficult and uncompromising sonnet form Ernest McGaffey has clothed a deal of sane and beautiful sentiment in his seventy 'Sonnets to a Wife,' (William Marion Reedy, St. Louis). A wholesome naturalness, a freedom from affectation, characterizes this verse. The wife of his dreams is a true comrade."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The book, 5½x7 inches, bound in padded, dove colored ooze, gilt top, title embossed in gold on front cover, portrait and autograph of Mr. McGaffey, a foreword by Mr. William Marion Reedy, all in a strong, neat box.

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Good, honest work to half a million men.
I seem to see my great ships nosing to
The wharf, the captain on the deck, looking
So little in comparison, and all
The men swarming like pismires; and the ship
Glides up the dock, obedient; so slow,
So slow, you hardly see it moves, but how
The eight-inch hawsers creak! There's power for you!
And then I like to think of all my miles
Of railroad, and a thousand trains at once
Steaming across the prairies, toiling among
The mountain grades and curves, flashing a line
Of roaring sparkles through the night, bearing
The nation's traffic east and west across
The continent. And all my factories
And warehouses, I like to think of them,
And picture to myself the busy workmen,
Mechanics, laborers, stenographers,
The pretty girls in neat white aprons at
Their typewriter machines, the weaving girls,
And spinning girls, all doing useful work.
All this I did and feel that it is good!
And then, when I am dead, for years to come,
For centuries, perhaps, bright-eyed young men
And women at the University
I founded will be learning useful things
About this world I've loved so long, and worked
In. Something, something, doctor!

You must go?

'And you've been up all night with me? You'll not
Go off without your breakfast, and a glass
Of something hot.—Just touch that button. There.
Thank you.—Think of me, doctor, me, too weak,
Too powerless to-day to reach and press
That bell!

Oh, John, wait on the doctor in

The cabinet.—The nurse has come? Yes, yes;
And you will have a word with her outside.
All right. Good-bye.

So I must quit—to-day.

The order's come; cold, sharp, imperative;
I like it so; no shilly-shallying;
The way I give an order to my men.—
I wish Martha were here—God bless her—with
The girls in Switzerland, and my boy, Bob,
In England, managing the London branch.—
Of course, they cabled, I forgot to ask.—
Well, I've been happy in my family;
My work will go right on.—And all my girls,
Bright as new minted eagles, every one.—
And Martha! Jove, what a Juno! Took the big-
Boned, red-haired lad and didn't once regret it.
That's her! She knew her mind. And all these years
Of big, expanding projects, we two have
Fronted the world together—Just the right
Thing, always; gracious, large and tactful; ah,
I never had to worry; it might be
The President; she knew exactly what
Was right, and did it. How superb she looked
At the inauguration ball last spring,
Moving among the people like a queen—
She should have been a queen—yet was content
With me.—Those splendid shoulders and those arms,
With just a little black to set them off—
'Twill be an awful grief to her.

How still!

Z-z-z! I hear a fly that's buzzing in
A spider's web; the clock—tick—tick—upon
The mantle-piece; and—what's that sound, I wonder?
My own heart? Funny I never heard
That sound before.

(A whistle is heard and he starts up.)

Oh, I forgot!—The first
Time I'll be late. Seems curious to think
Of all the men there, running; all the clerks
In shirt sleeves at their desks; and all the girls
Sitting before their typewriters; and I
Not there.

Ah, there they go again—I feel
That pain—the doctor said I mustn't move—
The windows—dark?—it's morning, morning—and
The walls all slantwise.—Oh, if she were here
To hold my hand.—All my possessions, ships,
Warehouses, bonds, and all—to start again—
Alone.—Martha, where are you?

The Victor Sex

By Catherine Kinsella

OUT of the 305 gainful occupations enumerated
by the census of the United States there are
only eight in which women do not appear.
In all the other 297 there are accredited representa-
tives of the coming sex in numbers ranging from
two to 600,000.

The eight occupations in which women do not ap-
pear, fall into two classes:

In the first of these classes the absence of wo-
man is due to the tyranny of man. There are no
women soldiers in the United States army. There
are no women sailors in the United States navy.
There are no women marines in that navy. And
there are no women firemen in the municipal fire de-
partments of American cities. All this is simply be-
cause women have been ruled out. With different
regulations there might be different results. In
Sweden there is a fire department in which women
are frequently enrolled. And the fighting done by



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women at the siege of Saragossa in Spain during the Napoleonic wars has always stood as a spectacular and sufficient proof of feminine valor.

In the remaining four of the eight womanless occupations in this country the absence of women can not be so readily explained away. It must be due to feminine neglect that at the time of the last census there were no women apprentices and helpers to roofers and slaters, no women helpers to brass-workers, no women helpers to steam boiler makers, and no women street car drivers. The next census will probably repair this defect. There is no reason why women should not enter these four trades. Already they can be found in trades which are similar but more difficult. Already there are women roofers and slaters, women brass workers and women steam boiler makers. It is hard to see why they shouldn't be helpers in these trades if they can be full fledged mechanics. And if, as is the case, there were two women motormen in 1900, there is no reason why there should not be women street car drivers in 1910 in cities where horses are still used for local transportation.

Only four occupations, therefore, are to-day beyond the reach of women in the United States. They cannot be Federal soldiers, Federal sailors, Federal marines or municipal firemen. Everywhere else they have knocked and they have been admitted.

The total number of women engaged in gainful occupations in 1900 was 5,319,397. This was an enormous advance over the number of women similarly employed in 1890. If the same rate of progress has been maintained since 1900 there cannot be the slightest doubt that at the present time there are fully six million women at work in various trades and occupations in the United States of America.

What this means it is impossible to realize until the total number of women in the United States is taken into consideration. In the year 1900 there were some 28,000,000 American women over ten years of age. Many of these women were of course mere children. Many of them were so old as to be beyond the working age. Millions of them were engaged in

the task of keeping house, of bringing up their children, of providing homes for the present generation and of laying the foundations of the character and of the culture of the future. In other words they were discharging woman's historic mission. Yet with all these deductions there were in the year 1900 more than 5,300,000 women who were engaged not only in spending money, but in earning it; not only in managing the expenditure of wealth, which is the acknowledged function of women, but in creating it, which is supposed to be the duty of man.

In other words, in the year 1900 out of every five American women over ten years of age, there was one who was going outside of her family duties and who was taking part in the gainful work of the working world.

Just about 1,000,000 of America's 5,300,000 gainful women in 1900 were engaged in what the census calls agricultural pursuits. Among these 1,000,000 women agriculturists, there were 665,791 farm laborers and 307,788 farmers, planters and overseers. There were also 100 women lumbermen and raftsmen and 113 women woodchoppers.

In the professions women are accepted more as a matter of course than they are in agricultural pursuits. And among all the professions that of teaching is the most thoroughly feminized. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that in the United States in 1900 there were more than 325,000 teachers. It is decidedly surprising, however, to wake up to the fact that there were only 6,418 actresses. It is clear that it takes about 1,000 teachers to make as much stir and get as much space in the newspapers as one stage lady. And who would suppose from the relative amounts of comment made upon actresses and women clergymen that the latter are more than half as numerous as the former? Yet there were 3,405 women clergymen in the United States in 1900 and they were actively engaged in the religious life of many different denominations.

Engineering is properly regarded as the most difficult profession for women. The engineer has to do rough work in educating himself and he has to do

still rougher work when he begins to practice. Nevertheless, in 1900 there were forty women civil engineers, thirty women mechanical and electrical engineers, and three women mining engineers.

Incidentally, there were fourteen women veterinary surgeons.

And women should not forget that modern library science, with its intricate technique, is providing them with a new and expanding field of professional effort. In 1900 there were 3,125 women librarians in the United States.

There were also 2,086 women saloon keepers and 440 women bartenders.

Coming down from the professions of cataloguing books and of mixing drinks it is observable in a perusal of the census statistics that a man who wanted a new residence might conceivably have all the work done by the women who have gone into the mechanical trades. In 1900, besides the 100 women architects, who come more properly under the professions, there were 150 women builders and contractors in the United States, 167 women masons, 545 women carpenters, 45 women plasterers, 1,759 women painters, glaziers and varnishers, 126 women plumbers, 241 women paperhangers and two women slaters and roofers. A complete structure in honor of the sex might be erected by these representatives of its modern ingenuity and activity.

The most notable advance made by women in the decade from 1890 to 1900 was in stenography. In 1890 there were 21,270 stenographers and typewriters. In 1900 there were 86,118. This was an increase of more than 300 per cent.

The only occupations in which women are going backward compared with men are those in which they might be expected to go forward, namely, sewing, tailoring and dressmaking. There were fewer seamstresses, tailoresses and dressmakers in proportion to the number of men in these occupations in 1900 than there were in 1890. Work with the needle seems to be becoming too feminine for women.

On the whole, however, the increase in the number

of women in the trade and industry of America is not only satisfactory but more than satisfactory. It is alarming. While in 1890 there were 5,300,000 such women, in 1900 there were only about 4,000,000. The number of women at work increased 33 per cent, during the decade from 1890 to 1900. In that same period the total number of women in the United States increased only 22 per cent. In other words the number of women at work increased half again as fast as the total number of all the women in the country. Roughly speaking, it may be said that while in 1890 one woman in every six went to work, in 1900 the proportion had increased to one in every five.

Esther Kahn

By Arthur Symons

ESTHER KAHN was born in one of those dark, evil-smelling streets with strange corners which lie about the Docks. It was a quiet street, which seemed to lead nowhere, but to stand aside, for some not quite honest purpose of its own. The blinds of some of these houses were always drawn; shutters were nailed over some of the windows. Few people passed; there were never many children playing in the road; the women did not stand talking at their open doors. The doors opened and shut quietly; dark faces looked out from behind the windows; the Jews who lived there seemed always to be at work, bending over their tables, sewing and cutting, or else hurrying in and out with bundles of clothes under their arms, going and coming from the tailors for whom they worked. The Kahns all worked at tailoring; Esther's father and mother and grandmother, her elder brother and her two elder sisters. One did seaming, another button-holing, another sewed on buttons; and, on the poor pay they got for that, seven had to live.

As a child Esther had a strange terror of the street in which she lived. She was never sure whether something dreadful had just happened there, or whether it was just going to happen. But she was always in suspense. She was tormented with the fear of knowing what went on behind those nailed shutters. She made up stories about the houses, but the stories never satisfied her. She imagined some great, vague gesture; not an accident, but a gesture; and it hung in the air, suspended like a shadow. The gestures of the people always meant more to her than their words; they seemed to have a secret meaning of their own, which the words never quite interpreted. She was always unconsciously on the watch for their meaning.

At night, after supper, the others used to sit around the table, talking eagerly. Esther would get up and draw her chair into the corner by the door, and for a time she would watch them, as if she were looking on at something, something with which she had no concern, but which interested her for its outline and movement. She saw her father's keen profile, the great, hooked nose, the black, prominent, shifty eye, the tangled hair, straggling over the shirt-collar; her mother, large, placid, with masses of black, straight hair coiled low over her sallow cheeks; the two sisters, sharp and voluble, never at rest for a moment; the brother, with his air of insolent assurance, an immense self-satisfaction hooded under his beautifully curved eyelids; the grandmother, with her bent and mountainous shoulders, the vivid malice of her eyes, her hundreds of wrinkles. All these people, who had so many interests in common, who thought of the same things, cared for the same things, seemed so fond of one another in an instinctive way, with so much hostility for other people who were not belonging to them, sat there night after night in the same attitudes, always as eager for the events of to-day as they had been for the events of yesterday. Everything mattered to them immensely, and especially their part in things; and no one thing seemed to matter more than any other thing. Esther cared only to look on; nothing mattered to her; she

had no interest in their interests; she was not sure that she cared for them more than she would care for other people; they were what she supposed real life was, and that was a thing in which she had only a disinterested curiosity.

Sometimes when she had been watching them until they had all seemed to fade away and form again in a kind of vision more precise than the reality, she would lose sight of them altogether and sit and gaze straight before her, her eyes wide open, her lips parted. Her hand would make an unconscious movement, as if she were accompanying some grave words with an appropriate gesture; and Becky would generally see it, and burst into a mocking laugh, and ask her whom she was mimicking.

"Don't notice her," the mother said once; "she's not a human child, she's a monkey; she's clutching out after a soul, as they do. They look like little men, but they know they're not men, and they try to be; that's why they mimic us."

Esther was very angry; she said to herself that she would be more careful in future not to show anything that she was feeling.

At thirteen Esther looked a woman. She was large-boned, with very small hands and feet, and her body seemed to be generally asleep, in a kind of brooding lethargy. She had her mother's hair, masses of it, but softer, with a faint natural wave in it. Her face was oval, smooth in outline, with a nose just Jewish enough for the beauty of suave curves and unemphatic outlines. The lips were thick, red, strung like a bow. The whole face seemed to await, with an infinite patience, some moulding and awakening force, which might have its way with it. It wanted nothing, anticipated nothing; it waited. Only the eyes put life into the mask, and the eyes were the eyes of the tribe; they had no personal meaning in what seemed to be their mystery; they were ready to fascinate innocently, to be intolerably ambiguous without intention; they were fathomless with mere sleep, the unconscious dream which is in the eyes of animals.

Esther was neither clever nor stupid; she was inert. She did as little in the house as she could, but when she had to take her share in the stitching she stitched more neatly than any of the others, though very slowly. She hated it, in her languid, smouldering way, partly because it was work and partly because it made her prick her fingers, and the skin grew hard and ragged where the point of the needle had scratched it. She liked her skin to be quite smooth, but all the glycerine she rubbed into it at night would not take out the mark of the needle. It seemed to her like the badge of her slavery.

She would rather not have been a Jewess; that, too, was a kind of badge, marking her out from other people. She wanted to be let alone, to have her own way without other people's help or hinderance. She had no definite consciousness of what her own way was to be; she was only conscious, as yet, of the ways that would certainly not be hers.

She would not think only of making money, like her mother, nor of being thought clever, like Becky, nor of being admired because she had good looks and dressed smartly, like Mina. All these things required an effort, and Esther was lazy. She wanted to be admired, and to have money, of course, and she did not want people to think her stupid; but all this was to come to her, she knew, because of some fortunate quality in herself, as yet undiscovered. Then she would shake off everything that now clung to her, like a worn-out garment that one keeps only until one can replace it. She saw herself rolling away in a carriage towards the west; she would never come back. And it would be like a revenge on whatever it was that kept her stifling in this mean street; she wanted to be cruelly revenged.

As it was, her only very keen pleasure was in going to the theater with her brother or her sisters; she cared nothing for the music halls, and preferred staying at home to going with the others when they went to the Pavilion or the Foresters. But when there was a melodrama at the Standard, or at the Elephant

and Castle, she would wait and struggle outside the door and up the narrow winding stairs, for a place as near the front of the gallery as she could get. Once inside, she would never speak; but she would sit staring at the people on the stage as if they hypnotized her. She never criticised the play, as the others did; the play did not seem to matter; she lived in it without will or choice, merely because it was there and her eyes were on it.

But after it was over and they were home again, she would become suddenly voluble as she discussed the merits of the acting. She had no hesitations, was certain that she was always in the right, and became furious if anyone contradicted her. She saw each part as a whole and she blamed the actors for not being consistent with themselves. She could not understand how they could make a mistake. It was so simple, there were no two ways of doing anything. To go wrong was as if you said no when you meant yes; it must be willful.

"You ought to do it yourself, Esther," said her sisters, when they were tired of her criticisms. They meant to be satirical, but Esther said, seriously enough: "Yes, I could do it; but so could that woman if she would let herself alone. Why did she try to be something else all the time?"

Time went slowly with Esther; but when she was seventeen she was still sewing at home and still waiting. Nothing had come to her of all that she had expected. Two of her cousins, and a neighbor or two, had wanted to marry her; but she had refused them contemptuously. To her sluggish instinct, men seemed only good for making money, or perhaps children; they had not come to have any personal meaning for her. A little man called Joel, who had talked to her passionately about love, and had cried when she refused him, seemed to her an unintelligible and ridiculous kind of animal. When she dreamed of the future, there was never anyone of that sort making fine speeches to her.

But gradually, her own real purpose in life had become clear. She was to be an actress. She said nothing about it at home, but she began to go around to the managers of the small theaters in the neighborhood, asking for an engagement. After a long time a manager gave her a small part. The piece was called "The Wages of Sin," and she was to be the servant who opens the door in the first act to the man who is going to be the murderer in the second act, and then identifies him in the fourth act.

Esther went home quietly and said nothing until supper-time. Then she said to her mother: "I am going on the stage."

"That's very likely," said her mother, with a sarcastic smile; "and when do you go on, pray?"

"On Monday night," said Esther.

"You don't mean it!" said her mother.

"Indeed I mean it," said Esther, and I've got my part. I'm to be the servant in 'The Wages of Sin.'

Her brother laughed. "I know," he said, "she speaks two words twice."

"You are right," said Esther; "will you come on Monday, and hear how I say them?"

When Esther had made up her mind to do anything, they all knew that she always did it. Her father talked to her seriously. Her mother said: "You are much too lazy, Esther; you will never get on." They told her that she was taking the bread out of their mouths, and it was certain she would never put it back again.

"If I get on," said Esther, "I will pay you back exactly what I would have earned, as long as you keep me. Is that a bargain? I know I shall get on, and you won't repent of it. You had better let me do as I please. It will pay."

They shook their heads, looked at Esther, who sat there with her lips tight shut, and a queer, hard look in her eyes, which were trying not to seem exultant; they looked at one another, shook their heads again, and consented. The old grandmother mumbled something fiercely, but as it sounded like bad words, and they never knew what Old Testament language she

would use, they did not ask her what she was meaning.

On Monday Esther made her first appearance on the stage. Her mother said to her afterwards: "I thought nothing of you, Esther; you were just like any ordinary servant." Becky asked her if she had felt nervous. She shook her head; it had seemed quite natural to her, she said. She did not tell them that a great wave of triumph had swept over her as she felt the heat of the gas footlights come up into her eyes, and saw the floating cluster of white faces rising out of a solid mass of indistinguishable darkness. In that moment she drew into her nostrils the breath of life.

Esther had a small part to understudy, and before long she had the chance of playing it. The manager said nothing to her, but soon afterwards he told her to understudy a more important part. She never had the chance to play it, but when the next piece was put on at the theater, she was given a part of her own. She began to make a little money, and, as she had promised, she paid so much a week to her parents for keeping her. They gained by the bargain, so they did not ask her to come back to the stitching. Mrs. Kahn sometimes spoke of her daughter to the neighbors with a certain languid pride; Esther was making her way.

Esther made her way rapidly. One day the manager of a West End theater came down to see her; he engaged her at once to play a small, but difficult part in an ambitious kind of melodrama that he was bringing out. She did it well, satisfied the manager, was given a better part, did that well too, was engaged by another manager, and, in short, began to be looked upon as a promising actress. The papers praised her with moderation; some of the younger critics who admired her type, praised her more than she deserved. She was making money; she had come to live in rooms of her own, off the Strand; at twenty-one she had done, in a measure, what she wanted to do; but she was not satisfied with herself. She had always known that she could act, but how well could she act? Would she never be able to act any better than this? She had drifted into the life of the stage as naturally as if she had never known anything else; she was at home, comfortable, able to do what many others could not do. But she wanted to be a great actress.

An old actor, a Jew, Nathan Quellen, who had taken a kind of paternal interest in her, and who helped her with all the good advice that he had never taken to himself, was fond of saying that the remedy was in her own hands.

"My dear Esther," he would tell her, smoothing his long grey hair down over his forehead, "you must take a lover; you must fall in love; there's no other way. You think you can act and you have never felt anything worse than a cut finger. Why, it's an absurdity! Wait till you know the only thing worth knowing; till then you're in short frocks and a pinafore."

He cited examples, he condensed the biographies of the great actresses for her benefit. He found one lesson in them all, and he was sincere in his reading of history as he saw it. He talked, argued, protested; the matter seriously troubled him. He felt he was giving Esther good advice; he wanted her to be the thing she wanted to be. Esther knew it and thanked him, without smiling; she sat brooding over his words; she never argued against them. She believed much of what he said; but, was the remedy, as he said, in her own hands? It did not seem so.

As yet no man had spoken to her blood. She had the sluggish blood of a really profound animal nature. She saw men calmly, as calmly as when little Joel had cried because she would not marry him. Joel still came to see her sometimes, with the same entreaty in his eyes, not daring to speak it. Other men, very different men, had made love to her in very different ways. They had seemed to be trying to drive a hard bargain, to get the better of her in a matter of business; and her native cunning had kept her easily on

the better side of the bargain. She was resolved to be a business woman in the old trade of the affections; no one should buy or sell of her except at her own price, and she set the price vastly high.

Yet Quellen's words set her thinking. Was there, after all, but one way to study for the stage? All the examples pointed to it, and, what was worse, she felt it might be true. She saw exactly where her acting stopped short.

She looked around her with practical eyes, not seeming to herself to be doing anything unusual or unlikely to succeed in its purpose. She thought deliberately over all men she knew; but who was there whom it would be possible to take seriously? She could think of only one man: Phillip Haygarth.

Phillip Haygarth was a man of five-and-thirty, who had been writing plays and having them acted, with only a moderate success for nearly ten years. He was one of the accepted men, a man whose plays were treated respectfully, and he had the reputation of being much cleverer than his plays. He was short, dark, neat, very worldly-looking, with thin lips and reflective, not quite honest, eyes. His manner was cold, restrained, with a mingling of insolence and diffidence. He was a hard worker and a somewhat deliberately hard liver. He avoided society and preferred to find his relaxation among people with whom one did not need to keep up appearances, to talk sentiment, to pay afternoon calls. He admired Esther Kahn as an actress, though with many reservations; and he admired her as a woman, more than he had ever admired anybody else. She appealed to all his tastes; she ended by absorbing almost the whole of those interests and those hours which he set apart, in his carefully arranged life, for such matters.

He made love to Esther much more skillfully than any of her other lovers, and, though she saw through his plans as clearly as he wished her to see through them, she was grateful to him for a certain finesse in his manner of approach. He never mentioned the word "love" except to jest at it; he concealed even the extent to which he was really disturbed by her presence; his words spoke only of friendship and of general topics. And yet there could never be any doubt as to his meaning; his whole attitude was a patient waiting. He interested her; frankly, he interested her; here, then, was the man for her purpose. With his admirable tact, he spared her the least difficulty in making her meaning clear. He congratulated himself on a prize; she congratulated herself on the accomplishment of a duty.

Days and weeks passed, and Esther scrutinized herself with a distinct sense of disappointment. She had no moral feeling in the matter; she was her own property, it had always seemed to her, free to dispose of as she pleased. The business element in her nature persisted. This bargain, this infinitely important bargain, had been concluded, with open eyes and a full sense of responsibility, for a purpose, the purpose for which she lived. What was the result?

She could see no result. The world had in no sense changed for her, as she had been supposing it would change; a new excitement had come into her life, and that was all. She wondered what it was that a woman was expected to feel under the circumstances, and why she had not felt it. How different had been her feeling when she walked across the stage for the first time! That had really been a new life, or the very beginning of life. But this was no more than a delightful episode, hardly to be disentangled from the visit to Paris which had accompanied it. She had, so to speak, fallen into a new habit, which was so agreeable, and seemed so natural, that she could not understand why she had not fallen into it before; it was a habit she would certainly persist in, for its own sake. The world remained just the same.

And her art; she had learned nothing. No new thrill came into the words she spoke; her eyes, as they looked across the footlights, remembered nothing, had nothing new to tell.

And so she turned, with all the more interest, an

interest almost impersonal, to Phillip Haygarth, when he talked to her about acting and the drama, when he elaborated his theories which, she was aware, occupied him more than she occupied him. He was one of those creative critics who can do every man's work but their own. When he sat down to write his own plays something dry and hard came into his words, the life ebbed out of those imaginary people who had been so real to him, whom he had made so real to others as he talked. He constructed admirably and was an unerring judge of the construction of plays. And he had a sense of acting which was like the sense that a fine actor might have, if he could be himself and also some one looking on at himself. He not only knew what should be done, but exactly why it should be done. Little suspecting that he had been chosen for the purpose, though in so different a manner, he set himself to teach her art to Esther.

He made her go through the great parts with him; she was *Juliet*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Cleopatra*; he taught her how to speak verse and how to feel the accent of speech in verse, another kind of speech than prose speech; he trained her voice to take hold of the harmonies that lie in words themselves; and she caught them, by ear, as one born to speak many languages catches a foreign language. She went through Ibsen as she had gone through Shakespeare; and Haygarth showed her how to take hold of this very different subject-matter, so definite and so elusive. And they studied good acting-plays together, worthless plays that gave the actress opportunities to create something out of nothing. Together they saw Duse and Sarah Bernhardt; and they had seen Rejane in Paris, in crudely tragic parts; and they studied the English stage, to find out why it maintained itself at so stiff a distance from nature. She went on acting all the time, always acting with more certainty; and at last she attempted more serious parts, which she learned with Haygarth at her elbow.

She had to be taught her part as a child is taught its lesson; word by word, intonation by intonation. She read it over, not really knowing what it was about; she learned it by heart mechanically, getting the words into her memory first. Then the meaning had to be explained to her, scene by scene, and had to say the words over until she had found the right accent. Once found, she never forgot it; she could repeat it identically at any moment; there were no variations to allow for. Until that moment she was reaching out blindly in the dark, feeling about her with uncertain fingers.

And with her, the understanding came with the power of expression, sometimes seeming really to proceed from the sound to the sense, from the gesture inward. Show her how it should be done, and she knew why it should be done; sound the right note in her ears, arrest her at the moment when the note came right, and she understood, by a backward process, why the note should sound thus. Her mind worked, but it worked under suggestion, as the hypnotist says: the idea had to come to her through the instinct, or it would never come.

As Esther found herself, almost unconsciously, becoming what she had dreamed of becoming, what she had longed to become, and, after all, through Phillip Haygarth, a more personal feeling began to grow up in her heart towards this lover who had found his way to her, not through the senses, but through the mind. A kind of domesticity had crept into their relations, and this drew Esther nearer to him. She began to feel that he belonged to her. He had never, she knew, been wholly absorbed in her, and she had delighted him by showing no jealousy, no anxiety to keep him. As long as she remained so, he felt that she had a sure hold on him. But now she began to change, to concern herself more with his doings, to assert her right to him, as she had never hitherto cared to do. He chafed a little at what seemed an unnecessary devotion.

Love with Esther had come slowly, taking his time on the journey; but he came to take possession. To work at her art was to please Phillip Haygarth;

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she worked now with a double purpose. And she made surprising advances as an actress. People began to speculate; had she genius, or was this only an astonishingly developed talent, which could go so far and no farther?

For, in this finished method, which seemed so spontaneous and yet at the same time so deliberate, there seemed still to be something, some slight, essential thing, almost unaccountably lacking. What was it? Was it a fundamental lack, that could never be supplied? Or, would that slight, essential thing, as her admirers prophesied, one day be supplied? They waited.

Esther was not really happy, for the first time in her life; as she looked back over those years, in the street by the Docks, when she had lived alone in the midst of her family, and since then, when she had lived alone, working, not finding the time long, nor wishing it to go more slowly, she felt a kind of surprise at herself. How could she have gone through it all? She had not even been bored. She had had a purpose, and now that she was achieving that purpose, the thing itself seemed hardly to matter. Her art kept pace with her life; she was giving up nothing in return for happiness; but she had come to prize the happiness; her love, beyond all things.

She knew that Haygarth was proud of her, that he looked upon her talent, genius, whatever it was, as partly the work of his hands. It pleased her that this should be so; it seemed to bind him to her more tightly.

In this she was mistaken, as most women are mistaken when they ask themselves what it is in them that holds their lovers. The actress interested Haygarth greatly, but the actress interested him as a problem, as something quite apart from his feelings as a man, as a lover. He had been attracted by the woman, by what was sombre and unexplained in her eyes, by the sleepy grace of her movements, by the magnetism that seemed to drowse in her. He had made

love to her precisely as he would have made love to an ignorant, beautiful creature who walked on in some corner of a Drury Lane melodrama. On principle, he did not like clever women. Esther, it is true was not clever, in the ordinary, tiresome, sense; and her startling intuitions, in matters of acting, had not repelled him, as an exhibition of the capabilities of a woman, while they preoccupied him for a long time in that part of his brain which worked critically upon any interesting material. But nothing that she could do as an artist made the least difference to his feeling about her as a woman; his pride in her was like his pride in a play that he had written finely, and put aside; to be glanced at from time to time, with cool satisfaction. He had his own very deliberate theory of values, and one value was never allowed to interfere with another. A devoted, discreet, admirer of woman, he appreciated women really for their own sakes, with an unflattering simplicity. And for a time Esther absorbed him almost wholly.

He had been quite content with their relations as they were before she fell seriously in love with him, and this new profound feeling, which he had never even dreaded, somewhat disturbed him. She was adopting almost the attitude of a wife, and he had no ambition to play the part of a husband. The affections were always rather a strain upon him; he liked something a little less serious and a little more exciting.

Esther understood nothing that was going on in Phillip Haygarth's mind, and when he began to seem colder to her, when she saw less of him, and then less, it seemed to her that she could still appeal to him by her art and still touch him by her devotion. As her warmth seemed more and more to threaten his liberty, the impulse to tug at his chain became harder to resist. His continued, unvarying interest in her acting, his patience in helping her, in working with her, kept her for some time from realizing how little was left now of the more personal feeling. It was with sharp pride, as well as with a blinding rage, that

she discovered one day, beyond possibility of mistake, that she had a rival, that Haygarth was only doling out to her the time left over from her rival.

It was an Italian, a young girl who had come over to London with an organ-grinder, and who posed for sculptors, when she could get a sitting. It was a girl who could barely read and write, an insignificant creature, a peasant from the Campagna, who had nothing but her good looks and the distinction of her attitudes. Esther was beside herself with rage, jealousy, mortification; she loved, and she could not pardon. There was a scene of unmeasured violence. Haygarth was cruel, almost with intention; and they parted, Esther feeling as if her life had been broken sharply in two.

She was at the last rehearsals of a new play by Haygarth, a play in which he had tried for once to be tragic in the bare, straightforward way of the things that really happen. She went through the rehearsals absent-mindedly, repeating her words, which he had taught her how to say, but scarcely attending to their meaning. Another thought was at work behind this mechanical speech, a continual throb of remembrance, going on monotonously. Her mind was full of other words, which she heard as if an inner voice were repeating them; her mind made up pictures, which seemed to pass slowly before her eyes; Haygarth and the other woman. At the last rehearsal, Quellen came round to her, and, ironically as she thought, complimented her on her performance. She meant when the night came, not to fail; that was all.

When the night came, she said to herself that she was calm, that she would be able to concentrate herself on her acting and act just as usual. But, as she stood in the wings, waiting for her moment to appear, her eyes went straight to the eyes of the other woman, the Italian model, the organ-grinder's girl, who sat, smiling contentedly, in the front of a box, turning her head sometimes to speak to some one behind her, hidden by the curtain. She was dressed

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in black, with a rose in her hair; you could have taken her for a lady; she was triumphantly beautiful. Esther shuddered as if she had been struck; the blood rushed into her forehead and swelled and beat against her eyes. Then, with an immense effort, she cleared her mind of everything but the task before her. Every nerve in her body lived with a separate life as she opened the door at the back of the stage, and stood, waiting for the applause to subside, motionless under the eyes of the audience. There was something in the manner of her entrance that seemed to strike the fatal note of the play. She had never been more restrained, more effortless; she seemed scarcely to be acting; only, a magnetic current seemed to have been set in motion between her and those who were watching her. They held their breaths, as if they were assisting at a real tragedy, as if, at any moment, this acting might give place to some horrible, naked passion of mere nature. The curtain rose and rose again at the end of the first act; and she stood there, bowing gravely, in what seemed a deliberate continuation, into that interval, of the sentiment of the piece. Her dresses were taken off and put on her, for each act, as if she had been a lay-figure. Once in the second act she looked up at the box; the Italian woman was smiling emptily, but Haygarth taking no notice of her, was leaning forward with his eyes fixed on the stage. After the third act he sent to Esther's dressing-room a fervent note, begging to be allowed to see her. She had made his play, he said, and she had made herself a great actress. She crumpled the note fiercely, put it carefully into her jewel-box, and refused to see him. In the last act she had to die, after the manner of the Lady of Camellias, waiting for the lover, who, in this case, never came. The pathos of her acting was almost unbearable, and, still, it seemed not like acting at all. The curtain went down on a great actress.

Esther went home stunned, only partly realizing

what she had done, or how she had done it. She read over the note from Haygarth, unforgivingly; and the long letter that came from him in the morning. As reflection returned, through all the confusion, suffering and excitement, to her deliberate, automatic nature, in which a great shock had brought about a kind of release, she realized that all she had wanted during most of her life, had at last come about. The note had been struck, she had responded to it, as she responded to every suggestion, faultlessly; she knew that she could repeat the note, whenever she wished, now that she had once found it. There would be no variation to allow for, the actress was made at last. She might take back her lover, or never see him again, it would make no difference. It would make no difference, she repeated, over and over again, weeping uncontrollable tears.

Both

By Roberto Bracco

COUNTRESS FAUSTA is alone in her dressing-room, making her toilet. Her maid knocks at the door.

"Signora Contessa, Signora Bernini is here."

FAUSTA (with a movement of annoyance) "Oh, Antonietta, is it you! A moment! I am just dressing."

ANTONIETTA (outside). "What of it? Do you object to dressing before me?"

FAUSTA—"Object, no. Come in if you like." (In great haste, continues her toilette.)

ANTONIETTA (comes in and kisses her.) "What perfume is that? Why, yes; it is my perfume."

FAUSTA—"It is my perfumed rice powder."

ANTONIETTA (looking at the box.) "The same that I use. Precisely!"

FAUSTA—"There is nothing to be astonished at."

ANTONIETTA—"Pardon me, it is the first time that I have noticed this perfume on you."

FAUSTA—"It is quite probable."

ANTONIETTA—"It is certain, I tell you. My nose—has a good memory."

FAUSTA—"I don't doubt it."

FAUSTA (trying to hurry, is wholly intent on finishing her toilet, and does not attempt to protect herself from her friend's indiscreet glances.)

ANTONIETTA—"You have grown stouter!"

FAUSTA—"A trifle."

ANTONIETTA—"But it becomes you."

FAUSTA—"Do you think so?"

ANTONIETTA—"Yes. You are *en beauté*."

FAUSTA—"You are complimentary."

ANTONIETTA—"Can you imagine why I have come?"

FAUSTA—"No, really."

ANTONIETTA—"To take you with me."

FAUSTA—"Where?"

ANTONIETTA—"To the Sarasate concert. I had an extra ticket and thought of you."

FAUSTA—"I am much obliged to you, but I will not accept."

ANTONIETTA—"Do you not like Sarasate?"

FAUSTA—"I hate violinists. I execrate classic music."

ANTONIETTA—"You used to be an enthusiast over it."

FAUSTA—"I no longer am."

ANTONIETTA—"It is curious."

FAUSTA—"Either change or die!"

ANTONIETTA—"Too bad! All Naples will be there."

FAUSTA—"It is perfectly useless for you to insist. I am not coming."

ANTONIETTA—"To please me—"

FAUSTA—"I cannot."

ANTONIETTA—"You are unkind."

(A pause.)

FAUSTA—"What are you looking at so attentively?"

ANTONIETTA—"Your stockings."

FAUSTA—"Aren't they pretty?"

ANTONIETTA—"Very. But it is strange."

FAUSTA—"What?"

ANTONIETTA—"They are like what I used to wear and do still. Would you like to see?"

FAUSTA—"Do not inconvenience yourself. I am convinced."

ANTONIETTA—"But one never finds such delicate shades here in Naples. I have always sent to Paris for mine."

FAUSTA—"Exactly."

ANTONIETTA—"To Berard?"

FAUSTA—"To Berard."

ANTONIETTA—"Who told you of this firm?"

FAUSTA—"No one."

ANTONIETTA—"An inspiration?"

FAUSTA—"An inspiration."

ANTONIETTA—"I notice that you take much pains with your toilet. You are becoming coquettish."

FAUSTA—"As regards hose, that is coquetry that is unseen."

ANTONIETTA—"And for that very reason counts the more."

FAUSTA—"For the matter of that, you too—"

ANTONIETTA—"There is an excuse for me. I have a husband whom I wish to please."

FAUSTA—"And have not I, too, a husband?"

ANTONIETTA—"Yours is different. He is nearly sixty years old."

FAUSTA—"All the more reason."

ANTONIETTA—"You are beginning rather late."

FAUSTA—"Better late than never."

ANTONIETTA—"And who made those shoes of yours?"

FAUSTA—"Are they also like yours?"

ANTONIETTA—"I have three pairs of those identical shoes. I swear it. I no longer wear them, for to tell the truth, they are not and never have been to my taste. But until two months ago—"

FAUSTA—"Listen, Antonietta, do not distract me. I am late! At this time I should have already left the house—"

ANTONIETTA—"I will be silent."

FAUSTA—"Where is my corset? You see, you confuse me. Ah! you are sitting on it."

ANTONIETTA—"Take it."

FAUSTA—"Thanks."

ANTONIETTA—"Good heavens!"

FAUSTA—"What else strikes you?"

ANTONIETTA—"Even the corset!"

FAUSTA—"Like yours?"

ANTONIETTA—"It is incredible! For more than a year you have worn a long one."

FAUSTA—"I have given it up."

ANTONIETTA—"Frankly, I do not approve. The other made you look slighter."

FAUSTA—"And why do you not wear it?"

ANTONIETTA—"I do not need to look slighter. I am much thinner than you."

FAUSTA—"I remember very well that you used to wear it."

ANTONIETTA—"When they first came in fashion. But I gave it up almost immediately."

FAUSTA—"And I have given it up now. What do I care about appearing slighter? Not at all! A woman should be sincere—"

ANTONIETTA—"From head to foot!"

FAUSTA—"I was about to say from head to foot. And then, besides, that other is a corset highly—"

ANTONIETTA—"Un-æsthetic!"

FAUSTA—"Precisely; un-æsthetic!"

ANTONIETTA—"Exactly!"

FAUSTA—"It makes a woman look as though she had just come from—"

ANTONIETTA—"An orthopedic hospital!"

FAUSTA—"Quite so! An orthopedic hospital."

ANTONIETTA—"I seem to guess your thoughts."

FAUSTA—"And my words."

ANTONIETTA—"I guess nothing. (With emphasis.) It is a repertoire that I learned by heart before you."

FAUSTA—"I do not understand you."

(A long, embarrassing silence.)

ANTONIETTA (with tears in her eyes.) "So you will not come to the concert?"

FAUSTA—"No."

ANTONIETTA—"Then I am going. I wish to arrive in time for the first number."

FAUSTA—"I hope you will be entertained."

ANTONIETTA—"The same to you! And if you should chance to see Ugo Silvani, remember me to him."

FAUSTA—"How should I see him? He will doubtless be at the concert."

ANTONIETTA—"No, no! He will not."

FAUSTA—"How do you know?"

ANTONIETTA—"He hates violinists, and execrates classic music. Like you, he prefers drawing-room romances. And he is right. Once I, too, preferred them."

The Heartaches of Childhood

By Ernest McGaffey

SOME one has said that the bitterness of death is not confined to the moment when we die; that some men and women die again and again in their journey through life. Yet as men and women emerge from childhood, they grow more stoical, more callous, more able to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is not the sorrows of mature years that crush the spirit, for in most instances these serve but as springs to greater endeavor, and firmer resolution to overcome them. But for the heartaches of children—and I speak only of the timid and sensitive-souled among them—there is a scar left forever on the soul. No matter how many years may elapse, the recollection of some childish grief still has power to make the cheek burn, and the eye suffuse with tears.

It is odd, but true, that in early years the loss of a childish sweetheart may leave a poignant sorrow in the heart. You will not be able to imagine a keener agony than that of the sensitive little boy whose flame has been won from him by a boy who can give her costlier gifts than he. His poverty and his pride combine to rack him, and even when he has grown old enough to laugh at the recollection of it, there is a dull shame blended with the memory. To come suddenly on his faithless lady-love, talking animatedly with his rival, and perhaps eating some bright-colored candy, and tossing her head coquettishly as he approaches, this is to know the bite of the worm that never dies. There is only one step lower down in the scale of anguish, and that is to offer wager of battle to the successful aspirant and get thrashed, in addition to losing the deceitful fair.

It would be hard to imagine the feelings of a little girl who has been whipped by her father, and whose playmates know of her disgrace. To be chastised by her mother is not a matter which will weigh on her heart, but to be punished by her father is something which will wear indelibly. It is true that such things do not often happen. But when they do, the sense of degradation that a shrinking little girl feels is something which cannot be put into words. That night she draws the covers over her head when she goes to bed, to shut out the picture of her father's upraised arm, and her pillow is wet with passionate outbursts of grief. Her dreams are filled with terror, and she wakes at night crying out for mercy. Every child she sees for months will seem to her overwrought imagination as looking at her curiously. When she sees two children together she imagines they are talking about her. She scarcely dares look her teacher in the face. As for her father, she writhes inwardly at his presence. There is a scar on her heart. Time will smooth out the trace somewhat, but the red line where it grew will never be effaced.

A crisis in a boy's life which turns the world black, is when he is discharged from a position which he has held with great circumstance and pomp. Especial-

ly is this true if his discharge has been unjust. Remember, I am speaking always of the children whose minds are sensitive, whose spirits are proud, and whose emotions are easily reached. Imagine the feelings of such a boy. Particularly if his little pittance is an aid to a struggling family. He will be too stubborn to break down in the presence of his employer. But his way home will be walked in a fever of despair. The questions of his father and mother, the loss of his position as a member of society, the covert sneers or jokes of other boys who worked with or near him, the wondering looks of his little sisters or brothers, how these do corrode a proud boy's heart! And when he thinks of applying for work elsewhere he knows the first question asked will be as to where he has worked before, and if they will recommend him. It is a veritable crisis in the child's life, and he has not yet become calloused enough to throw off the incubus. Let him become as successful as may be in after-life, and somewhere in his memory, if memory should turn to that event, will be found a burning resentment at the injustice of his discharge, and a vivid recollection of the pangs he suffered in consequence.

Among the crushing experiences of childhood, a veritable blight on sensitive children, is where separations take place between parents, and children are haled to court to make a choice between father and mother, in all the glare and heartlessness of curious publicity. Around them are friends and relations who once made the home a place of light and beauty. Now home is a mockery and love is sweet bells jangled, and out of tune. The poor child is thrust forward in an agony of apprehension and dread, and asked which she or he will go with, and as often as not, bursts into tears and says: "I want to go with both of them." There is not enough happiness in the world for that child to wipe out the stain of such a day's misery. No! Not children of their own, not years of perfect joy shall ever cancel that debt to fate.

But perhaps as bitter an experience as can come to a child, and one which will etch lines of grief that will last while life lasts, is that of the high-strung, sensitive, and ambitious girl who breaks down on the last day of school while attempting to deliver her essay. The matchless art of an Edwin Booth, or a Cushman, the pathos of a Jefferson is mere shallow mimicry to this tragedy. I have seen death in many terrible forms which did not seem a tithe as terrible as such a happening.

You must realize that here is a child whose ambition has been to excel in her studies. There is keen rivalry in the school, and she is selected among a very few to represent the school on the last day. She goes home in a perfect trance of delight and anticipation. All the neighbors know of it. Her father is told of the honor conferred the instant he reaches home. He naturally tells his friends and associates. The mother is triumphantly proud of her girl's success. Her less fortunate schoolmates envy her. She selects a subject and wastes the midnight oil in writing an essay. The girls principally representing the school are to learn their essays by heart and give them without using their written pages.

Now this child learns her essay by heart. She dreams it, sleeps it, eats and drinks it. For the time being, the childish heart and soul are simply wrapped and submerged in that essay. And a horrible fear begins to take possession of her that she may forget it when she takes her place on the platform. The poor little soul artlessly gets on her knees the night before the last day of school and prays that she may be helped to remember her piece. And as the immense hall is filled, where all the rooms have gathered to hear the exercises, waves of apprehension tingle in her veins and she tries to smile bravely and keep her wits about her. Her father and mother, her little sisters and brother are on a front seat, the mother leaning forward, open-mouthed, spent with anxiety, the children beside her, scared and uncomfortable. The father is anxious too, but more confident. Some of her staunch friends have brought flowers to be

sent up to her at the triumphant conclusion of her essay.

After two essays have been delivered without a tremor by a girl and boy, our little lady approaches the front of the platform with a strained smile and is greeted with much applause. She begins bravely, poor child, with occasionally one of those elocutionary pump-handle gestures taught in the schools. It is something about the value of education, high ideals, all the usual hopes and aspirations, when suddenly a spasm of fright has clutched at the swift-beating little heart, and she stumbles in her discourse.

Someone kindly prompts her and she struggles ahead a little further; then stammers, halts, put her hands up wildly over her head, blushes a fierce crimson, wavers, turns, is caught and led out a side entrance amid a low murmur from the audience.

Do you say she will ever forget that day? It is good to grow old and tough and heartless. Good to be able to say truthfully, "I am strong, I can dispense with happiness." Good to be able to dispense with everything but pride and strength and determination. Good to be able to cut the Gordian knot of existence if need be with one's own hand, thus making yourself independent of either God, man or devil. But to be scourged with whips of scorpions, to be stretched on the racks of the days, to be tortured with lingering dread and agony, it is only necessary to be a sensitive and fearful child, groping along through the labyrinths of time, with nerves keyed to concert pitch, played on by fate like a harp and not half understood by those about you.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Dream

By Margaret Baillie-Saunders

THE broad noon blazed athwart the street,
Adown the vulgar way;
I met myself that used to be
In this unblest to-day.

Pity for those who meet the dead,
Avenging wrongs of yore;
But Christ have pity on him who meets
Himself that is no more.

His face was as the morning star,
His eyes were full of light;
Singing he went—of holy songs
That rest not, day or night.

The same old visions of dead things
Hung round him like a prayer;
A pack of dreams was on his back
And a halo in his hair.

He wore his rags so well, so well,
His step was angel gay;
As one whose clouds of glory trail
About him day by day.

I met him where the four roads meet,
Hard by the money mart;
He turned and gazed into my eyes
And pierced into my heart.

"So, fool, I know you well," I said,
The words fell swift and hot.
Sternly he spoke "So fool," he said,
"So, fool—I know you not."

He passed, that self that is no more,
Adown the drift of years;
And left a silence on the street
And a passion of vain tears.

—From "Saints in Society."

Spoiled-in-the-Making-Tommy

By Emily Grant Hutchings

UNCLE BRENT insisted that Theodora Minerva otherwise "Tommy," had been spoiled in the making; that such native qualities and attributes as had developed, in the case of her five elder sisters, into womanliness, poise and discretion, had been rendered of no avail by over-indulgence and lack of stern discipline.

Certain it was that this omega gift of the Harwood stork had been presented when the family slippers and straps were worn to tatters, as well as when the family fortunes had reached a stage compatible with butler, coachman and nursery governess. The actual truth of the matter was, as Tommy once informed her proper and shockable mother, "I never was wanted, no how!"

That Mrs. Harwood had greeted any of her numerous progeny with a chilly welcome, her Christian spirit prompted her to deny with vehemence. Nevertheless it was anything but convenient to have a baby on hand, with three marriageable daughters to be put on the market, and two others at the music-lessons, dancing-class, matinee stage of their unfoldment. So it came about that Tommy was turned over to an imported Breton nurse girl. Everything in the Harwood *menage* bore the custom house tag in a conspicuous place.

When it was discovered by sheer accident—Lily's French violin teacher chanced to be passing the open door of the nursery on his way to the music room—that the child was learning to chirp "*mon dieu*" and "*ciel sacrament*" in barbarous Breton instead of the pure Parisian, the maid was summarily dismissed. Yet the seeds of four years' planting had germinated, and the Tommy of after years was, to some extent, at least, the creature of her fashioning.

Tommy never believed in anything but her own ability to get what she wanted. When she was three years old she exploded the Santa Claus myth by a stroke of logic that delighted Uncle Brent as much as it distressed the rest of the family. In the confirmation class her iconoclasm was so infectious that the assistant rector found it expedient to put her in a class by herself. To the first question in the catechism, "Who made you?" she responded, with a toss of her fascinating little head: "I hate to blame God for it, because everybody says it was a mighty poor job."

And that was Tommy, by far the best looking, the cleverest, the most interesting of the Harwood girls, yet without doubt, as Uncle Brent maintained, spoiled in the making. In addition to all the other untoward circumstances, her father, the only one who had ever pretended to control her, departed this life just when she was rounding into womanhood, leaving her to the capricious discipline of Uncle Brent and five brothers-in-law.

Mrs. Harwood, after the advent of her first daughter, stoutly maintained that a mother had done her full duty in the upbringing of a family when she handed her squirming offspring over to the doctor and the nurse. Her further—and wholly gratuitous—interest extended to the selection of gowns and husbands. By intuition a match-maker, she had married off all the tractable Harwood girls without a hitch in the original programme.

Then came the launching of Tommy in society, Tommy who created a furor, had half the men in town, married and single, in love with her before the season was spent, Tommy who flirted here and

coquetted there letting her victim down with a playful jolt that sent him away laughing. When all the eligibles had proposed and had been transformed, by the girl's inscrutable alchemy, into "the very best of friends," Mrs. Harwood called a council of the family, daughters and sons-in-law, presided over by Uncle Brent, to determine upon a definite course of coercion.

"It's my opinion," the dean of the son-in-law contingent began, "that we ought to take drastic measures with her. She'll be twenty-four in October. She's been out four seasons and nothing done yet. It's outrageous!"

"Aw, let the child have her fling. She'll settle down soon enough," Uncle Brent exploded.

"Yes, when there's no one left worth settling down with." This from the dean. "I have just the man for her, and I have the plan laid out." The dean was an engineer, accustomed to drawing plans and having them executed. "There is Silas Westover, a man of influence and character, worth two millions, according to *Bradstreet's*, a man with force enough to hold her in check. And the best part of it is, he really loves her."

"But he's a widower and bald headed," Lily pleaded. "Tommy never would—"

"Tommy'll have to!" the dean thundered. "Mr. Westover is the man for her, and as I was saying, he has been in love with her—"

"Ever since her first season, which was two years before his wife died," Lily flung back triumphantly.

Mrs. Harwood looked properly shocked. But then, Mr. Westover was *so very eligible*. There must be extenuating circumstances in his case. The dean came to the rescue.

"Mrs. Westover was a peevish invalid for a year or more before her death, and we all know the depressing effect of a fretful wife." The "or more" was superfluous, contrary to fact, and hence rendered the argument of no avail, yet not even Lily attacked the logic of the explanation. The end of the conference was that Mrs. Harwood was to take a cottage for the summer at Beach Point, in the vicinity of Silas Westover's splendid country estate. There was nothing, absolutely nothing at Beach Point but sand, the deep bass music of the ocean and—Silas Westover.

Alas for "the best laid plans of mice and men." It transpired that there was something else at Beach Point; a colony of tents back in the wood, with flaunting banners of black and orange that fluttered in the brisk sea breeze to the rousing yells for old Princeton. And there was Remington Aldice, last year's center rush, director of the glee club, holder of the broadsword championship and owner of the best yacht at the Point.

Given two men, one woman and one insurmountable obstacle, and you have the material for a romance. The romance began the third day, when Tommy flopped over precipitously in the water, emitted a ghastly counterfeit of a feminine scream of terror and went to the bottom of four feet of surf. Rem did the heroic rescue act, and that was all the introduction there ever was. After that they sailed together, fished together, played tennis and golf together, read novels and sang college songs together, until it began to look to everyone except Mrs. Harwood as if Silas Westover would have to hurry if he hoped to be anywhere near even the fag end of the procession. Clara, the eldest sister, took in the situation the first time she ran down for a week-end visit.

"But, my dear child," her mother cried in horror, "you don't take Theodora for an idiot! The boy is

only twenty-two, has another year at college and hasn't a dollar to his name except what his tyrannical old uncle gives him and he's already engaged to this uncle's ward, an heiress of fifteen."

"Hm, I didn't know it was as serious as that. I didn't know he was tied, too," Clara commented enigmatically.

No sooner had she reported the state of affairs to her lord and master, the dean of the brother-in-law contingent, than a none too tactful prod was applied to the leisurely lover of Tommy, a bald suggestion, to match his *tete chauve*, that Remington Aldice and Theodora were getting altogether too deeply interested in each other for Theodora's well-being.

Like flint-spark to tinder-heap, the remark fired Silas Westover's slumbering passion. He would propose without delay! He began that very night, as soon as he got back from the city, by sending Mrs. Harwood a carefully worded request for the hand of her daughter, Theodora, in marriage, ending with the statement that he would call the following afternoon promptly at two o'clock to address the young lady of his choice on the subject nearest his heart.

During Tommy's first season this same Silas Westover knew well enough how to whisper sweet nothings in the debutante's ear. They were the choicest of stolen sweets and the middle-aged Benedick seemed an artist in their concoction. Like most men of his temperament and condition, he had degenerated, after the death of his wife, into a thoroughly proper person, to whom no prospective mother-in-law however austere, could offer the slightest objection.

At five minutes before two, when the Westover automobile was seen to leave the garage, down the long beach road, Tommy slipped down the back stairway and out across the lawn. She was arrayed in white yachting togs, with just a touch of pink to send a glow over her piquant face that looked out apprehensively from beneath her wide, floppy hat. Mrs. Harwood, from the sitting-room window, caught sight of her and fairly screamed, as if the trapped mouse were about to escape.

"Theodora, come back here this instant. Go straight upstairs and put on that Paris muslin frock. You know Mr. Westover is coming to afternoon tea."

"Humph! What does that old stiff want with tea? Beer would be more to my taste on a hot afternoon like this. Say, mumsie, you entertain him this time, won't you?" Something in the habitually negative maternal eye told her that it was the occasion for cajolery, not defiance. "Truly, mumsie, he's more than half way in love with you, and if you go about it right, there's no reason why you shouldn't land him before the summer's over."

"What? You impudent, irreverent, ungrateful child!" Mrs. Harwood always wound up her tirade with "ungrateful," to the ever-recurring perplexity of Tommy. "How dare you suggest such a—a blasphemous thing, with your dear father hardly cold in his grave, and Mr. Westover fully twelve years younger than I am!"

"Must take daddy a long time to cool off," the girl muttered, scanning the beach uneasily. "As for the twelve years, at your time of life, mumsie, that oughtn't to count. Rem is twenty-one months younger than I am and—"

The discussion came to an abrupt end. Mr. Westover was at the door. Putting her two fingers between her teeth Tommy uttered a shrill whistle. It was her danger signal to Remington Aldice. Two minutes later she deposited her floppy hat on the hall rack and entered the library. Mrs. Harwood retired to the adjoining room, taking care to place a sound-proof bamboosed screen before the open door.

Remington, not quite sure of the interpretation of Tommy's distress-signal, deposited himself in the hammock outside the library window to await developments.

"Miss Theodora," Silas Westover began in much the same tone he would have employed in the initial stages of an important transaction in gilt edged securities, "I have come here this afternoon to talk over an important matter with you."

"Yes, I know what you mean," Tommy broke in abruptly. "Indeed, it was all my fault. And really, Mr. Westover, there were only two lobsters in the pots. You told mother that at least a dozen had been stolen; but I was there when they were opened, and there were just two. You mustn't blame anyone but me for it. I was simply frantic for some broiled lobster, and we didn't have any and—you must admit that the boys wouldn't have known where to go if I had not directed them."

"You? You saucy little rogue! To think it was you, when I have been blaming those miserable Princeton chaps and threatening to have them arrested. The next time you feel a craving for lobster, just come to me."

"So kind of you to offer yourself," Tommy said demurely.

"Yes, I came here this afternoon, as I began to tell you a moment ago, to inform you that I have long cherished the warmest affection for you, that I have long desired—"

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say it. And you truly love me better than you do Clara and Frances and Helen and Lily and Edith? I can't tell you how delighted I am. It will be deucedly convenient to have you love me right from the start."

That was getting on much better than he had expected, but it somehow took the wind out of his sails. Before he could catch his breath she ran on,—

"Now, mamma fancies that it matters because she is twelve years older than you. I tell her that is no rational obstacle at all, and I have done enough for you this very afternoon to merit your tenderest affection. Truly I have. She had the old-fashioned idea that—well, that the age has anything to do with it, which, of course, is utterly silly. Now, I am going to marry Mr. Aldice and he is almost two years younger than I am."

"Marry that cad, that silly school-boy, that—"

"I know it's tragic," she shook her head sadly, "but there is no way out of it. You see, it happened like this. We went out for a sail in his yacht yesterday afternoon and as the tide came in we were caught by a dreadful breaker and the boat capsized and—and the next thing I knew we were sitting astride the keel of the yacht, in imminent peril of our lives, expecting death to swallow us up the next instant. Then it was that he reached out and folded me to his bosom and defied the waves and the world to take me from him. And, Mr. Westover, three of the Princeton fellows stood on the beach and saw the whole performance, and now we couldn't get out of it if we wanted to."

"Scandalous!" the man ejaculated. Tommy rushed on:

"And you know, as my step-father, you will have to intercede with mamma for me, so that she won't disinherit me, because Rem's heartless uncle will surely cast him off, and I'll simply have to see him through his senior year, for, you know we're going to be married before the fall term opens."

There were sudden stirrings in the sitting-room and in the hammock outside the library window with smothered ejaculations of "Trump," "Bully for Tommy," "Infamous little liar," and other not smothered

ejaculations of, "Theodora Harwood, how dare you?" "What will Mr. Westover think of me?"

Before anyone could lay a hand on her; could challenge her statements and summon her to an accounting, the mouse was out of the trap, away up stairs and secure behind her own locked door, leaving her mother and her somewhat ruffled lover confronting each other. Rem tarried long enough to hear Silas Westover inquire, in a voice husky with doubt,—

"My dear madame, did I convey the impression in my note that it was your hand I was asking for?"

Then Remington Aldice dug out for the quiet cove and a chance to think. Was he in love with Tommy? Did he want to marry her? If he should take her up on her daring proposition to be married while the flirtation was yet at fever heat, would she leave him any time or energy for his arduous senior work? In the end he decided in favor of Tommy. It was starry dusk when he sounded the customary distress signal beneath her window.

There had been a scene. The atmosphere of the cottage was still blue and sulphurous as the girl answered the summons. She was in the best of fighting trim, and was ready to battle it out with the only man she had ever wanted. Would he upbraid her? She had her line of defense mapped out. Would he scorn her? For that the most irresistible of pleading was prepared.

"My poor little girl, I understand the whole distressing situation and I can easily forgive you for all those ingenious fibs you told about me, and I have come to assure you that I am more than willing to do my part in the fulfillment of—"

Tommy wrenched herself free from the embracing arms, all her tense little frame quivering with wrath.

"I'm not your 'poor little girl,' and I haven't asked to be forgiven, and there isn't any part for you to fulfill and—and, Remington Aldice, you're just as stupid as all the rest of them!"

Before the astonished Rem could get his metaphorical mouth above water she was gone leaving him with one more "eternal feminine" problem unsolved. Secure in her room, Tommy took refuge in the stormiest of tears. She was in no frame of mind to philosophize about the unexpected denouement. She could not even analyze her own feelings. She could only mutter with recurring disgust:

"Imbecile, idiot! It's just like you, Tommy Harwood! But what else could I say. How could any self-respecting girl marry a man who would cringe to her like that? Bah, he's only a boy, after all, dressed up in imitation of a man. He looks strong enough to—to beat me if he wanted to." Then, out of the scattered fragments of her summer's feast she took to herself one crumb of comfort,

"At least, I'm rid of Silas Westover!"

Mr. Sato, of the Japanese Peace Commission, was told that in St. Louis the summer weather was quite unbearable.

"We have hot summers in Japan," said Mr. Sato. "We have hot-weather stories there, too. A philanthropic Japanese rode through the streets one scorching day, when a beggar-woman accosted him, holding a baby in her arms.

"Kind sir," she said, 'will you not give a copper coin to your servant, who is in sore need?'

"Yes, gladly," said the gentleman, and he took out a handful of small change.

"But just as he was about to give this to the woman, he chanced to look closely at her baby, and behold, it was only a great doll.

"Why," he cried, 'that baby is a fraud, a sham.'

"Yes, your honor," said the woman humbly. 'It was so hot I left the real one home to-day.'

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Some Defects in the Constitution of the United States

By the Honorable Walter Clark, Chief Justice of North Carolina

An Address to the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, Delivered on April 27th, 1906

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Two Conventions

IN Philadelphia on 4 July, 1776, was proclaimed "Liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." And here, too, eleven years later, was another notable event, when on 17 September, 1787, was issued to the world the Constitution of these United States. It is of the latter—"its defects and the necessity for its revision"—that I shall speak here.

Just here it is well to call to mind the radical difference between these two Conventions. That which met in 1776 was frankly democratic. Success in its great and perilous undertaking was only possible with the support of the people. The Great Declaration was an appeal to the masses. It declared that all men were "created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights—among them life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—to secure which rights governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that when government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government, in such form as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." Never was the right of revolution more clearly asserted or that government existed for the sole benefit of the people, who were declared to be equal and endowed with their right to change their government at will when it did not subserve their welfare or obey their wishes. Not a word about property. Everything was about the people. The man was more than the dollar then. And the Convention was in earnest. Every member signed the Declaration, which was unanimously voted. As Dr. Franklin pertinently observed, it behooved them "to hang together or they would hang separately."

The Convention which met in 1787 was as reactionary as the other had been revolutionary and democratic. It had its beginning in commercial negotiations between the States. Wearied with a long war, enthusiasm for liberty somewhat relaxed by the pressing need to earn the comforts and necessities of life whose stores had been diminished, and oppressed by the ban upon prosperity caused by the uncertainties and impotence of the existing government of the Confederacy, the Convention of 1787 came together. Ignoring the maxim that government should exist only by the consent of the government, it sat with closed doors, that no breath of the popular will should affect their decisions. To free the members from all responsibility, members were prohibited to make copies of any resolution or to correspond with constituents or others about matters pending before the convention. Any record of Yeas and Nays was forbidden, but one was kept without the knowledge of the Convention. The journal was kept secret, a vote to destroy it fortunately failed, and Mr. Madison's copy was published only after the lapse of forty-nine years, when every member had passed beyond human accountability. Only 12 States were ever represented, and one of these withdrew before the final result was reached. Of its 65 members only 55 ever attended, and so far from being unanimous,

only 39 signed the Constitution, and some actively opposed its ratification by their own States.

✧

Hamilton vs. Jefferson.

That the Constitution thus framed was reactionary was a matter of course. There was, as we know, some talk of a royal government with Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George the Third, as King. Hamilton, whose subsequent great services as Secretary of the Treasury have crowned him with a halo, and whose tragic death has obliterated the memory of his faults, declared himself in favor of the English form of government with its hereditary Executive and its House of Lords, which he denominated "a most noble institution." Failing in that, he advocated an Executive elected by Congress for life, Senators and Judges for life, and Governors of States to be appointed by the President. Of these he secured, as it has proved, the most important from his standpoint, the creation of Judges for life. The Convention was aware that a Constitution on Hamilton's lines could not secure ratification by the several States. But the Constitution adopted was made as undemocratic as possible, and was very far from responding to the condition, laid down in the Declaration of 1776, that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Hamilton, in a speech to the Convention, stated that the members were agreed that "we need to be rescued from the democracy." They were rescued. Thomas Jefferson unfortunately was absent as our Minister to France and took no part in the Convention, though we owe largely to him the compromise by which the first ten amendments were agreed to be adopted in exchange for ratification by several States which otherwise would have been withheld.

✧

Concessions to the States

In truth, the consent of the governed was not to be asked. In the new government the will of the people was not to control and was little to be consulted. Of the three great departments of the government—Legislative, Executive and Judiciary—the people were entrusted with the election only of the House of Representatives, to-wit, only one-sixth of the government, even if that House had been made equal in authority and power with the Senate, which was very far from being the case. The Declaration of 1776 was concerned with the rights of man. The Convention of 1787 entirely ignored them. There was no Bill of Rights and the guarantees of the great rights of freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of religion, liberty of the people to assemble, and right of petition, the right to bear arms, exemption from soldiers being quartered upon the people, exemption from general warrants, the right of trial by jury and a grand jury, protection of the law of the land and protection from seizure of private property for other than public use, and then only upon just compensation; the prohibition of excessive bail or cruel and unusual punishment, and the reservation to the people and the States of all rights not granted by the Constitution—all these matters of the utmost importance to the rights of the people were omitted,

and were inserted by the first ten amendments only because it was necessary to give assurances that such amendments would be adopted in order to secure the ratification of the Constitution by the several States.

✧

Difficulties of Ratification

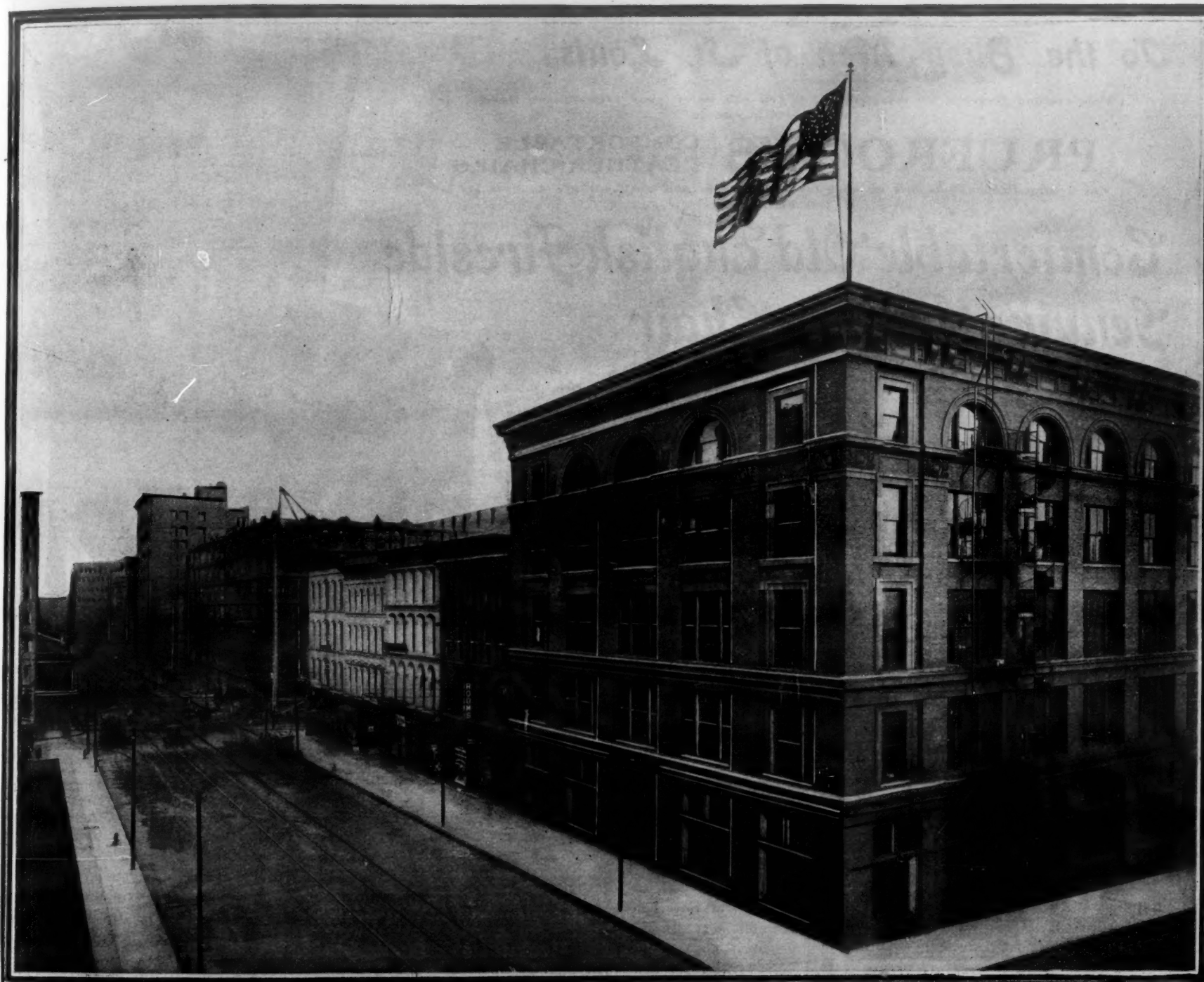
The Constitution was so far from being deemed satisfactory, even to the people and in the circumstances of the time for which it was framed, that, as already stated, only 11 States voted for its adoption by the Convention and only 39 members out of 55 attending signed it, some members subsequently opposing its ratification. Its ratification by the conventions in the several States was carried with the greatest difficulty, and in no State was it submitted to a vote of the people themselves. Massachusetts ratified only after a close vote and with a demand for amendments, South Carolina and New Hampshire also demanded amendments, as also did Virginia and New York, both of which voted ratification by the narrowest majorities and reserving to themselves the right to withdraw, and two States rejected the Constitution and subsequently ratified only after Washington had been elected and inaugurated—matters in which they had no share.

George Washington was President of the Convention, it is true, but as such was debarred from sharing in the debates. His services, great as they were, had been military not civil, and he left no impress upon the instrument of union so far as known. Yet it was admitted that but for his popularity and influence the Constitution would have failed of ratification by the several States, especially in Virginia. Indeed, but for his great influence the Convention would have adjourned without putting its final hand to the Constitution, as it came very near doing. Even his great influence would not have availed but for the overwhelming necessity for some form of government as a substitute for the rickety "Articles of Confederation," which were utterly inefficient and whose longer retention threatened civil war.

✧

Early Recognition of Defects

An instrument so framed, adopted with such difficulty and ratified after such efforts, and by such narrow margins, could not have been a fair and full expression of the consent of the governed. The men that made it did not deem it perfect. Its friends agreed to sundry amendments, ten in number, which were adopted by the first Congress that met. The assumption by the new Supreme Court of a power not contemplated, even by the framers of the Constitution, to drag a State before it as defendant in an action by a citizen of another State, caused the enactment of the Eleventh Amendment. The unfortunate method prescribed for the election of President nearly caused a civil war in 1801 and forced the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment, and three others were brought about as the result of the great Civil War. The Convention of 1787 recognized itself that the defects innate in the Constitution and which would be developed by experience and the lapse of time, would require amendments, and that instrument pre-



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scribed two different methods by which amendments could be made.

Our Federal Constitution was adopted 119 years ago. In that time every State has radically revised its Constitution, and most of them several times. Indeed, the Constitution of New York requires that the question of a Constitutional Convention shall be submitted to its people at least once every twenty years. The object is that the organic law shall keep abreast of the needs and wants of the people and shall represent the will and progress of to-day, and shall not, as is the case with the Federal Constitution, be hampered by provisions deemed best by the divided councils of a small handful of men, in providing for the wants of the government of nearly a century and a quarter ago. Had those men been gifted with divine foresight and created a Constitution fit for this day and its development, it would have been unsuited for the needs of the times in which it was fashioned.

Conditions Changed by Progress

When the Constitution was adopted in 1787 it was intended for 3,000,000 of people, scattered along the Atlantic slope, from Massachusetts to the southern boundary of Georgia. We are now trying to make it do duty for very nearly 100,000,000, from Maine to Manila, from Panama and Porto Rico to the Pole. Then our population was mostly rural, for three years later, at the first Census in 1790, we had but five towns in the whole Union which had as many as 6,500 inhabitants each, and only two others had over 4,000. Now we have the second largest city on the globe, with over 4,000,000 of inhabitants, and many that have passed the half million mark, some of them of over a million population. Three years later in 1790, we had 75 post-offices with \$37,444 annual post-office

expenditures. Now we have 75,000 post-offices, 35,000 rural delivery routes and a post-office appropriation of near \$200,000,000.

During the first ten years the total expenditures of the Federal Government, including payments on the Revolutionary debts, and including even the pensions averaged \$10,000,000 annually. Now the expenditures are seventy-five times as much. When the Constitution was adopted Virginia was easily the first State in influence, population and wealth, having one-fourth the population of the entire Union. North Carolina was third, and New York, which then stood fifth, now has double the population of the whole country at that date, and several other States have now a population greater than the original Union, whose very names were then unheard and over whose soil the savage and the buffalo roamed unmolested. Steamboats, railroads, gas, electricity (except as a toy in Franklin's hands), coal mines, petroleum, and a thousand other things which are a part of our lives to-day were undiscovered.

Corporations, which now control the country and its government, were then so few that not till four years later, in 1791, was the first bank incorporated (in New York), and the charter for the second bank was only obtained by the subtlety of Aaron Burr, who concealed the banking privileges in an act incorporating a water company—and corporations have had an affinity for water ever since.

Had the Constitution been perfectly adapted to the needs and wishes of the people of that day, we would still have outgrown it. Time has revealed flaws in the original instrument, and it was, as might be expected, wholly without safeguards against that enormous growth of corporations, and even of individuals,

in wealth and power, which has subverted the control of the government.

✱

Not Democratic

The glaring defect in the Constitution was that it was not democratic. It gave, as already pointed out, to the people—to the governed—the selection of only one-sixth of the government, to-wit, one-half—by far the weaker half—of the Legislative Department. The other half, the Senate, was made elective at second hand by the State Legislatures, and the Senators were given not only longer terms, but greater power, for all Presidential appointments, and treaties, were subjected to confirmation by the Senate.

The President was intended to be elected at a still further remove from the people, by being chosen by electors, who, it was expected, would be selected by the State Legislatures. The President thus was to be selected at third hand, as it were. In fact, down till after the memorable contest between Adams, Clay, Crawford and Jackson, in 1824, in the majority of the States the Presidential electors were chosen by the State Legislatures and they were so chosen by South Carolina till after the Civil War, and, in fact, by Colorado in 1876. The intention was that the electors should make independent choice, but public opinion forced the transfer of the choice of electors from the Legislatures to the ballot-box, and then made of them mere figure-heads, with no power but to voice the will of the people, who thus captured the Executive Department. That Department, with the House of Representatives, mark to-day the extent of the share of the people in this government.

The Judiciary were placed a step still further removed from the popular choice. The Judges were to be selected at fourth hand by a President (intended

to be selected at third hand and subject to confirmation by a Senate chosen at second hand.) And to make the Judiciary absolutely impervious to any consideration of the "consent of the governed," they are appointed for life.

✦ *Domination by Interests*

It will be seen at a glance that a Constitution so devised was intended not to express, but to suppress, or at least disregard, the wishes and the consent of the governed. It was admirably adapted for what has come to pass—the absolute domination of the government by the "business interests" which, controlling vast amounts of capital and intent on more, can secure the election of Senators by the small constituencies, the Legislatures which elect them, and can dictate the appointment of the Judges, and if they fail in that, the Senate, chosen under their auspices, can defeat the nomination. Should the President favor legislation and the House of Representatives pass the bill, the Senate, with its majority chosen by corporation influences, can defeat it; and if by any chance it shall yield to the popular will and pass the bill, as was the case with the income tax, there remains the Judiciary, who have assumed, without any warrant, express or implied, in the Constitution the power to declare any act unconstitutional at their own will and without responsibility to any one.

The people's part in the government in the choice of the House of Representatives, even when reinforced by the Executive, whose election they have captured, is an absolute nullity in the face of the Senate and the Judiciary, in whose selection the people have no voice. This, therefore, is the government of the United States—a government by Senate and Judges—that is to say, frankly, by whatever power can control the selection of Senators and Judges. What is that power? We know that it is not the American people.

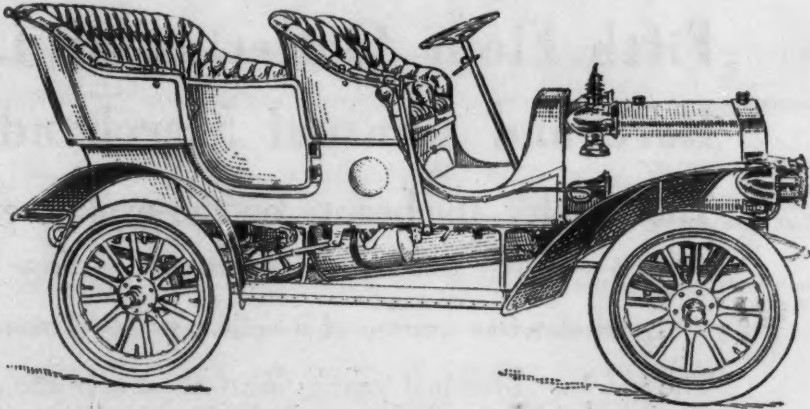
✦ *Form not Substance.*

Let us not be deceived by forms, but look at the substance. Government rests not upon forms, but upon a true reply to the question. "Where does the government power reside?" The Roman legions bore to the last day of the empire upon their standards the words, "The Senate and the Roman People," long centuries after the real power had passed from the curia and the comitia to the barracks of the Pretorian Guards, and when there was no will in Rome save that of their master. There were still Tribunes of the People, and Consuls, and a Senate, and the title of a Republic; but the real share of the people in the Roman government was the donation to them of "bread and circuses" by their tyrants.

Years after the victor of Marengo had been crowned Emperor and the sword of Austerlitz had become the one power in France, the French coins and official documents still bore the inscription of "French Republic"—"Republique Francaise."

In England to-day there is a monarchy in form, but we know that in truth the real government of England is vested in a single House of Parliament, elected by the people, under a restricted suffrage; that the real Executive is not the King, but the Prime Minister and his cabinet, practically elected by the House of Commons and holding office at the will of the majority in that House; that the King has not even the veto power, except nominally, since it has not been exercised in a single instance for more than 200 years, and that the sole function of the House of Lords—a club of rich men representing great vested interests—is in the exercise of a suspensive veto (of which the King has been deprived), which is exercised only till the Commons make up their mind the bill shall pass

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—when the House of Lords always gives way, as the condition upon which their continued existence rests. So in this country, we retain the forms of a Republic. We still choose our President and the House of Representatives by the people; but the real power does not reside in them or in the people. It rests with those great "interests" which select the majority of the Senate and the Judges.

✦

Back to the People

This being the situation, the sole remedy possible

is by amendment of the Constitution to make it democratic, and place the selection of these preponderating bodies in the hands of the people.

First, the election of Senators should be given to the people. Even then consolidated wealth will secure some of the Senators; but it would not be able, as now, at all times to count with absolute certainty upon a majority of the Senate as its creatures. Five times has a bill, proposing such amendment to the Constitution, passed the House of Representatives by a practically unanimous vote, and each time it has

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been lost in the Senate; but never by a direct vote. It has always been disposed of by the chloroform process of referring the bill to a committee, which never reports it back, and never will. It is too much to expect that the great corporations which control a majority of the Senate will ever voluntarily transfer to the people their profitable and secure hold upon supreme power by permitting the passage of an amendment to elect Senators by the people. The only hope is in the alternative plan of amendment, authorized by the Constitution, to-wit: the call of a Constitutional Convention upon the application of two-thirds of the States, to-wit: thirty States. More than that number have already instructed in favor of an amendment to elect Senators by the people.

It may be recalled here that in the Convention of

1787 Pennsylvania did vote for the election of Senators by the people. A strong argument used against this was that the farming interest, being the largest, would control the House and that the Senate could only be given to the commercial interests by making its members elective by the Legislatures—which was prophetic—though the deciding influence was the fear of the small States that if the Senate was elected by the people its membership would be based on population.

❖

A Constitutional Convention

It is high time that we had a Constitutional Convention, after the lapse of near a century and a score of years. The same reasons which have time and again caused the individual States to amend their

Constitutions imperatively require a Convention to adjust the Constitution of the Union to the changed conditions of the times and to transfer to the people themselves that control of the government which is now exercised for the profit and benefit of the "interests." Those interests, with all the power of their money and the large part of the press which they own or control, will resist the call of such a convention. They will be aided, doubtless, by some of the smaller States who may fear a loss of their equal representation in the Senate. But in truth and justice it may be that there might be some modification now in that respect without injury to the smaller States. There is no longer any reason why Delaware, or Nevada, or Rhode Island should have as many Senators as New York, or Pennsylvania, or Illinois. It would be enough to

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grant to every State having a million of inhabitants or less, one Senator, and to allot to each State having over one million of inhabitants an additional Senator for every million above one million and for a fractional part if over three-quarters of a million. This, while not putting the Senate frankly on the basis of population, would remove the dissatisfaction with the present unjust ratio and would quiet the opposition to the admission of new States whose area and development entitle them to self-government, but whose population does not entitle them to two Senators.

✧

The Presidency for Two or Three States

The election of President is now made by the people, who have captured it, though the Constitution did not intend the people should have any choice in naming the Executive. The dangerous and unsafe plan adopted in 1787 was changed in consequence of the narrowly-averted disaster in 1801. But the method in force still leaves much to be desired. It readily lends itself to the choice of a minority candidate. It is an anomaly that 1,100 votes in New York (as in 1884) should swing 70 electoral votes (35 from one candidate to the other) and thus decide the result. The consequence is that while, nominally, any citizen of the Republic is eligible to the Presidency, only citizens of two or three of the larger States, with doubtful electoral votes, are in fact eligible. All others are barred. For proof of this, look at the history of our Presidential elections. For the first forty years of the Union the Presidents came from two States—Virginia and Massachusetts. Then there followed a period when the growing West requiring recognition, Tennessee, Ohio and New York commanded the situation for the next sixteen years. The Mexican War gave us a soldier who practically represented no State, and was succeeded by a New Yorker. Then for the only time in our history "off States" had a showing, and Pennsylvania and New Hampshire had their innings. Since then the successful candidates have been again strictly limited to "pivotal States"—New York in the East and Illinois, Indiana and Ohio in the West.

This condition is unsatisfactory. The magnetic Blaine from Maine was defeated, as was Bryan from Nebraska. Had the former hailed from New York and the latter from Illinois, the electoral votes and influence of those States would have secured their election.

To Give the Smaller States a Chance

It would be dangerous, and almost a certain provocation of civil war, to change the election of President to a per capita vote by the whole of the Union. Then a charge of a fraudulent vote at any precinct or voting place, however remote, might affect the result; and as frauds would most likely occur in those States where the majorities are largest—as in Pennsylvania or Texas, Ohio or Georgia—a contest would always be certain. Whereas, now, frauds in States giving large majorities, unless of great enough magnitude to change the electoral vote of the whole State, can have no effect. The remedy is, preserving the electoral vote system as now, and giving the smaller States, as now, the advantage of electoral votes to represent their Senators to divide the electoral votes of each State according to the popular vote for each candidate, giving each his pro rata of the electoral vote on that basis, the odd elector being apportioned to the candidate having the largest fraction. Thus in New York, Mr. Blaine would have gotten 17 electoral votes and Mr. Cleveland 18. Other States would have also divided, more or less evenly; but the result would be that the choice of President would no longer be restricted to two or three States, as in our past history, and is likely to be always the case as long as the whole electoral vote of two or three large pivotal States must swing to one side or other and determine the result. This change would avoid the present evil of large sums being spent to carry the solid electoral vote of "pivotal" States, for there would cease to be "pivotal" States. At the same time this would avoid the open gulf into which a per capita ballot by the whole Union would lead us. While the electoral vote of a State should be divided, pro rata, according to the popular vote for each candidate, it is essential that each State should vote as one district, since its boundaries are unchangeable. To permit the Legislature of each State to divide it into electoral districts would simply open up competition in the art of gerrymandering.

✧

Give the President Six Years

By the Convention of 1787 the term of the President was originally fixed at seven years and he was made ineligible for re-election. This was reduced to four years by a compromise that he could be re-elected without limitation. This was done in the interest of

those who favored a strong government and a long tenure. Washington imposed a limitation by his example which will not always be binding. An amendment making the term six years and the President ineligible to re-election has long been desired by a large portion of the public. Indeed, when the Constitutional Convention of the Union shall assemble, as it must do some day, to remodel our Constitution to fit it to face the dangers and conform to the views of the people of this age, with the aid of our experience, in the past, it is more than probable that the powers of the Executive will be more restricted. His powers are now greater than those of any sovereign in Europe. The real restrictions upon Executive power at present are not in Constitutional provisions, but in the Senate and Judiciary, which often negate the popular will, which he represents more accurately than they.

✧

Abolish Life Judiciary

And now we come to the most important of the changes necessary to place the government of the Union in the hands of the people. By far the most serious defect and danger in the Constitution is the appointment of Judges for life, subject to confirmation by the Senate. It is a far more serious matter than it was when the Convention of 1787 framed the Constitution. A proposition was made in the Convention—as we now know from Mr. Madison's Journal—that the Judges should pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress. This was defeated 5 June, receiving the vote of only two States. It was renewed no less than three times, *i. e.*, on 6 June, 21 July, and finally again for the fourth time on 15 August; and though it had the powerful support of Mr. Madison and Mr. James Wilson, at no time did it receive the votes of more than three States. On this last occasion (15 August) Mr. Mercer thus summed up the thought of the Convention: "He disapproved of the doctrine, that the Judges, as expositors of the Constitution, should have authority to declare a law void. He thought laws ought to be well and cautiously made, and then to be incontrovertible."

Prior to the Convention, the courts of four States—New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia and North Carolina—had expressed an opinion that they could hold acts of the Legislature unconstitutional. This was a new doctrine never held before (nor in any

other country since) and met with strong disapproval. In Rhode Island the movement to remove the offending judges was stopped only on a suggestion that they could be "dropped" by the Legislature at the annual election, which was done. The decisions of these four State courts were recent and well known to the Convention. Mr. Madison and Mr. Wilson favored the new doctrine of the paramount judiciary, doubtless deeming it a safe check upon legislation to be operated only by lawyers. They attempted to get it into the Federal Constitution in its least objectionable shape—the judicial veto *before* final passage of an act, which would thus save time and besides would enable the Legislature to avoid the objections raised. But even in this diluted form, and though four times presented by these two very able and influential members, this suggestion of a judicial veto at no time received the votes of more than one-fourth of the States.

The subsequent action of the Supreme Court in assuming the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional was without a line in the Constitution to authorize it, either expressly or by implication. The Constitution recited carefully and fully the matters over which the courts should have jurisdiction, and there is nothing, and after the above vote four times refusing jurisdiction there could be nothing, indicating any power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional and void.

Congress and Supreme Court

Had the Convention given such power to the courts, it certainly would not have left its exercise final and unreviewable. It gave the Congress power to override the veto of the President, though that veto was expressly given, thus showing that in the last analysis the will of the people, speaking through the legislative power, should govern. Had the Convention supposed the courts would assume such power, it would certainly have given Congress some review over judicial action and certainly would not have placed the Judges irretrievably beyond "the consent of the governed" and regardless of the popular will by making them appointive, and further clothing them with the undemocratic prerogative of tenure for life.

Such power does not exist in any other country and never has. It is therefore not essential to our security. It is not conferred by the Constitution, but, on the contrary, the Convention, as we have seen, after the fullest debate, four times, on four several days, refused by a decisive vote to confer such power. The Judges not only have never exercised such power in England, where there is no written Constitution, but they do not exercise it in France, Germany, Austria, Denmark, or in any other country like them that has a written Constitution.

Personal Factors in Court Decisions

A more complete denial of popular control of this government could not have been conceived than the placing such unreviewable power in the hands of men not elected by the people, and holding office for life. The legal-tender act, the financial policy of the government, was invalidated by one court and then validated by another, after a change in its *personnel*. Then the income tax, which had been held constitutional by the court for an hundred years, was again so held, and then by a sudden change of vote by one Judge it was held unconstitutional, nullified and set at naught, though it had passed by a nearly unanimous vote both Houses of Congress, containing many lawyers who were the equals if not the superiors of the vacillating Judge, and had been approved by the President and voiced the will of the people. This was all negated

(without any warrant in the Constitution for the Court to set aside an act of Congress) by the vote of one Judge; and thus one hundred million dollars, and more, of annual taxation, was transferred from those most able to bear it and placed upon the backs of those who already carried more than their fair share of burdens of government. Under an untrue assumption of authority given by thirty-nine dead men one man nullified the action of Congress and the President and the will of seventy-five millions of living people, and in the thirteen years since has taxed the property and labor of the country, by his sole vote, \$1,300,000,000, which Congress, in compliance with the public will and relying on previous decisions of the Court, had decreed should be paid out of the excessive incomes of the rich.

In England one-third of the revenue is derived from the superfluities of the very wealthy, by the levy of a graduated income tax, and a graduated inheritance tax, increasing the per cent with the size of the income. The same system is in force in all other civilized countries. In not one of them would the hereditary monarchs venture to veto or declare null such a tax. In this country alone, the people, speaking through their Congress, and with the approval of their Executive, cannot put in force a single measure of any nature whatever with assurance that it shall meet with the approval of the courts; and its failure to receive such approval is fatal, for, unlike the veto of the Executive, the unanimous vote of Congress (and the income tax came near receiving such vote) cannot avail against it. Of what avail shall it be if Congress shall conform to the popular demand and enact a "Rate Regulation" bill and the President shall approve it, if five lawyers, holding office for life and not elected by the people, shall see fit to destroy it, as they did the income tax law? Is such a government a reasonable one, and can it be longer tolerated after 120 years of experience have demonstrated the capacity of the people for self-government? If five lawyers can negative the will of 100,000,000 of men, then the art of government is reduced to the selection of those five lawyers.

Repeal the Fourteenth Amendment

A power without limit, except in the shifting views of the court, lies in the construction placed upon the Fourteenth Amendment, which passed, as every one knows, solely to prevent discrimination against the colored race, has been construed by the Court to confer upon it jurisdiction to hold any provision of any statute whatever "not due process of law." This draws the whole body of the reserved rights of the States into the maelstrom of the Federal Courts, subject only to such forbearance as the Federal Supreme Court of the day, or in any particular case, may see fit to exercise. The limits between State and Federal jurisdiction depend upon the views of five men at any given time; and we have a government of men and not a government of laws, prescribed beforehand.

At first the Court generously exempted from its veto, the Police Power of the several States. But since then it has proceeded to set aside an act of the Legislature of New York restricting excessive hours of labor, which act had been sustained by the highest court in that great State. Thus labor can obtain no benefit from the growing humanity of the age, expressed by the popular will in any State, if such statute does not meet the views of five elderly lawyers, selected by influences naturally antagonistic to the laboring classes and whose training and daily associations certainly cannot incline them in favor of restrictions upon the power of the employer.

The preservation of the autonomy of the several

States and of local self-government is essential to the maintenance of our liberties, which would expire in the grasp of a consolidated despotism. Nothing can save us from this centripetal force but the speedy repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment or a recasting of its language in such terms that no future court can misinterpret it.

Judicial Veto on the People

The vast political power now asserted and exercised by the court to set aside public policies, after their full determination by Congress, cannot safely be left in the hands of any body of men without supervision or control by any other authority whatever. If the President errs, his mandate expires in four years, and his party as well as himself is accountable to the people at the ballot-box for his stewardship. If members of Congress err, they, too, must account to their constituents. But the Federal Judiciary hold for life, and though popular sentiment should change the entire *personnel* of the other two great departments of government, a whole generation must pass away before the people could get control of the Judiciary, which possesses an irresponsible and unrestricted veto upon the action of the other departments—irresponsible because impeachment has become impossible, and if it were possible it could not be invoked as to erroneous decisions, unless corruption were shown.

The control of the policy of government is thus not in the hands of the people, but in the power of a small body of men not chosen by the people, and holding for life. In many cases which might be mentioned, had the Court been elective, men not biased in favor of colossal wealth would have filled more seats upon the bench, and if there had been such decisions as in the income tax case, long ere this, under the tenure of a term of years, new incumbents would have been chosen, who, returning to the former line of decisions, would have upheld the right of Congress to control the financial policy of the government in accordance with the will of the people of this day and age, and not according to the shifting views which the Court has imputed to language used by the majority of the fifty-five men who met in Philadelphia in 1787. Such methods of controlling the policy of a government are no whit more tolerable than the conduct of the augurs of old who gave the permission for peace or war, for battle or other public movements, by declaring from the flight of birds, the inspection of the entrails of fowls, or other equally wise devices, that the omens were lucky or unlucky—the rules of such divination being in their own breasts and hence their decisions beyond remedy.

Make the Judiciary Elective

It may be that this power in the courts, however illegally grasped originally, has been too long acquiesced in to be now questioned. If so, the only remedy which can be applied is to make the Judges elective, and for a term of years, for no people can permit its will to be denied, and its destinies shaped, by men it did not choose and over whose conduct it has no control, by reason of its having no power to change them and select other agents at the close of a fixed term.

Every Federal Judgeship below the Supreme Court can be abolished by an act of Congress, since the power which creates a Federal district or circuit can abolish it at will. If Congress can abolish one, it can abolish all. Several districts have from time to time been abolished, notably two in 1801; and we know that the sixteen Circuit Judges created by the Judiciary Act of 1801 were abolished eighteen months later.

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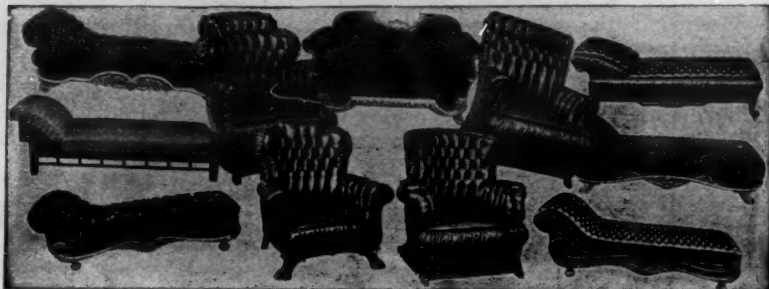
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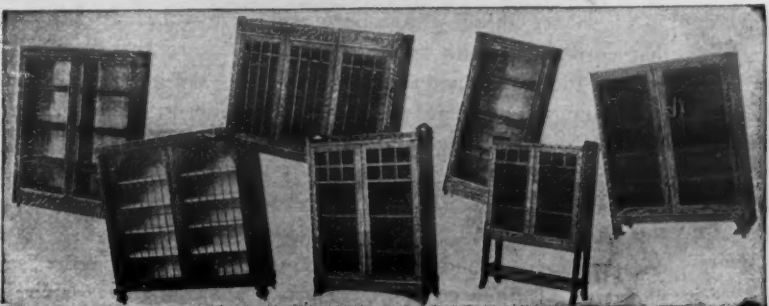
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It is true that under the stress of a great public sentiment every United States District and Circuit Judge can be legislated out of office by a simple act of Congress, and a new system recreated with new Judges. It is also true, as has been pointed out by distinguished lawyers, that while the Supreme Court cannot be thus abolished, it exercises its appellate functions "with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress shall make" (Const., Art. III, Sec. 2), and as Congress enacted the Judiciary Act of 1789, it has often amended it, and can repeal it. Judge Marshall recognized this in *Marbury v. Madison*, in which case in an *obiter* opinion he had asserted the power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, for he wound up by refusing the logical result, the issuing of the mandamus sought, because Congress had not conferred jurisdiction upon the Supreme Court to issue it.

In 1831 the attempt was made to repeal Section 25 of the Judiciary Act of 1789, by virtue of which writs of error lay to the State Supreme Courts in certain cases. Though the section was not repealed, the repeal was supported and voted for by both Henry Clay, James K. Polk, and other leaders of both of the great parties of that day. But what is needed is not the exercise of these powers which Congress undoubtedly possesses and in an emergency will exercise, but a constitutional revision by which the Federal Judges, like other public servants, shall be chosen by the people for a term of years.

Danger to Property Rights

It may be said that the Federal Judges are now in office for life and it would be unjust to dispossess them. So it was with the State Judges in each State when it changed from life Judges to Judges elected by the people; but that did not stay the hand of a much-needed reform.

It must be remembered that when our Federal Constitution was adopted in 1787, in only one State was the Governor elected by the people, and the Judges in none, and that in most, if not all, the States the Legislature, especially the Senate branch was chosen by a restricted suffrage. The school master was not abroad in the land, the masses were illiterate and government by the people was a new experiment and property-holders were afraid of it. The danger to property rights did not come then, as now, from the other direction—from the corporations and others holding vast accumulations of capital and by their power crushing or threatening to crush out all those owning modest estates.

In the State governments the conditions existing in 1787 have long since been changed. In all the States the Governor and the members of both branches of the Legislature have long since been made elective by manhood suffrage. In all the forty-five States save four (Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island), the Judges now hold for a term of years, and in three of these they are removable (as in England) upon a majority vote of the Legislature, thus preserving a supervision of their conduct which is utterly lacking as to the Federal Judiciary. In Rhode Island the Judges were thus dropped summarily, once, when they had held an act of the Legislature invalid. In thirty-three States the Judges are elected by the people, in five States by the Legislature and in seven States they are appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate. Even in England the Judges hold office subject to removal upon the vote of a bare majority in Parliament—though there the Judges have never asserted any power to set aside an act of Parliament. There the will of the people, when expressed through their representatives

in Parliament, is final. The King cannot veto it, and no Judge has ever dreamed he had power to set it aside.

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Influences of Plutocracy

There are those who believe and have asserted that corporate wealth can exert such influence that even if Judges are not actually selected by the great corporations, no Judge can take his seat upon the Federal bench if his nomination and confirmation are opposed by the allied plutocracy. It has never been charged that such Judges are corruptly influenced. But the passage of a Judge from the bar to the bench does not necessarily destroy his prejudices or his predilections. If they go upon the bench knowing that this potent influence if not used for them, at least withheld its opposition to their appointment, or their confirmation, and usually with a natural and perhaps unconscious bias from having spent their lives at the bar in advocacy of corporate claims, this will unconsciously, but effectively, be reflected in the decisions they make. Having attempted as lawyers to persuade courts to view debated questions from the standpoint of aggregated wealth, they often end by believ-

ing sincerely in the correctness of such views, and not unnaturally put them in force when in turn they themselves ascend the bench. This trend in Federal decisions has been pronounced. Then, too, incumbents of seats upon the Federal Circuit and District bench cannot be oblivious to the influence which procures promotion; and how fatal to confirmation by the plutocratic majority in the Senate will be the expression of any judicial views not in accordance with the "safe, sane and sound" predominance of wealth.

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Judges Re-Write the Constitution

As far back as 1820, Mr. Jefferson had discovered the "sapping and mining," as he termed it, of the lifetime, appointive Federal Judiciary, owing no gratitude to the people for their appointment and fearing no inconvenience from their conduct, however arbitrary, in the discharge of such office. In short, they possess the autocratic power of absolute irresponsibility. "Step by step, one goes very far," says the French proverb. This is true of the Federal Judiciary. Compare their jurisdiction in 1801, when Marshall ascended the bench, and their jurisdiction in 1906. The Constitution has been remade and rewritten by



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the judicial glosses put upon it. Had it been understood in 1787 to mean what it is construed to mean to-day, it is safe to say that not a single State would have ratified it.

An elective Judiciary is less partisan for in many States half the Judges are habitually taken from each party, and very often in other States the same men are nominated by both parties, as notably the recent selection by a Republican convention of a Democratic successor to Judge Parker. The organs of plutocracy have asserted that in one State the elective Judges are selected by the party boss. But they forget that if that is true, he must in such a condition of affairs name the Governor, too, and through the Governor he would select the appointive Judges. If the people are to be trusted to select the Executive and the Legislature, they are fit to select the Judges. The people are wiser than the appointing power which, viewing Judgeships as patronage, has with scarcely an exception filled the Federal bench with appointees of its own party. Public opinion, which is the corner-stone of free government, has no place in the selection or supervision of the judicial augurs who assume power to set aside the will of the people when declared by Congress and the Executive. Whatever their method of divination, equally with the augurs of old they are a law to themselves and control events.

As was said by a great lawyer lately deceased, Judge Seymour D. Thompson, in 1891 (25 Am. Law Review, 288): "If the proposition to make the Federal Judiciary elective instead of appointive is once seriously discussed before the people, *nothing can stay the growth of that sentiment*, and it is almost certain that every session of the Federal Supreme Court will furnish material to stimulate that growth."

Great aggregations of wealth know their own interests, and it is very certain that there is no reform and no constitutional amendment that they will oppose more bitterly than this. What, then, is the interest of all others in regard to it?



Restrict President's Appointive Power

Another undemocratic feature of the Constitution is that which requires all Federal officials to be appointed by the President or heads of departments. This is a great evil. Overwhelming necessity has compelled the enactment of the civil service law, which has protected many thousands of minor officials. But there has been no relief as to the 75,000 postmasters. When the Constitution was adopted there were only 75 postmasters, and it was contemplated that the President or Postmaster-General would really appoint. But this constitutional provision is a dead letter. The selection of this army of 75,000 postmasters, in a large majority of cases, is made by neither, but in the unconstitutional mode of selection by Senator, Member of the House, or a political boss. There is no reason why Congress should not be empowered by amendment to authorize the Department to lay off the territory patronizing each post-office as a district in which an election shall be held once in four years, at the time a member of Congress is chosen, and by the same machinery, the officer giving bond and being subject to the same supervision as now. Thus the people of each locality will get the postmaster they prefer, irrespective of the general result in the Union, relieving the Department at Washington of much call upon its time, which can be used for the public interest in some better way; and, besides, it will remove from the election of President and Members of Congress considerations of public patronage. Elections will then more largely turn upon the great issues as to matters of public policy.



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No Hang-Over Congress After Election

Another obstruction to the effective operation of the popular will is the fact that though Congressmen are elected in November, they do not take their seats (unless there is a called session) for thirteen months, and in the meantime the old Congress, whose policy may have been repudiated at the polls, sits and legislates in any event till 4 March following. This surely needs amendment, which fortunately can be done by statute. In England, France and other countries the old Parliament ceases before the election, and the new Assembly meets at once and puts the popular will into law.



The Cure for Democracy—More Democracy

In thus discussing the defects of the Federal Constitution I have but exercised the right of the humblest citizen. Few will deny that defects exist. I have indicated what, in my opinion, are the remedies. As to this, many will differ. If better can be found, let us adopt them.

For my part I believe in popular government. The remedy for the halting, halfway popular government which we have is more democracy. When some one observed to Mr. Gladstone that the "people are not always right," he replied, "No; but they are rarely wrong." When they are wrong, their intelligence and their interests combine to make them correct the wrong. But when rulers, whether Kings, or life Judges, or great corporations, commit an error against

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the interest of the masses, there is no such certainty of correction.

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*"But what avail the plow or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?"*

The government and the destinies of a great people should always be kept in their own hands.

Better Than Cakes and Ale

By Chester H. Krum

I SHALL stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse."

Thus, in part, concludes the Gentle Isaak in his preface, which I have so often read in a volume given by one "contemplative man" to another, in memory of the "most remarkable piscatorial bumbel on record." Heighho! nearly four months to wait; the wind wails through shrub and tree with the dirge-like sound that stern Winter loves; no birds give joyous note to welcome nature's blest awakening; no shy or lowly flowers of sweetest smell bedeck the face of Mother Earth; the visitings upon us are not "compunctious" forsooth, but wait we must. "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it."

Having, not many moons ago, descanted somewhat upon backyard shortcomings and possibilities and not having thereby provoked unmeasured oburgations upon the descanter, I feel encouraged to farther inflict in the same direction. Simon Peter said, I go a gardening, and they said, we also go with thee. This was not exactly what Simon Peter said, but he could have said it and not indicated a purpose of wrongdoing;—they would have joined him quite as readily had either of them ever grown a flower, or pulled a weed.

Now, let us see. To be artistic, the discourse must be divided into heads, not to hit, but to discuss. Therefore, first, of the place. The space one needs is not great, much can be done with little. The exposure need not be closely scrutinized—whether North or South—provided there is abundant sunlight. By the way, the sun is not merely garish in these matters. Your town gardener cannot be in love with night, lest his complexion be not the shadow'd livery of the burnished sun, which is the distinguishing badge of the true gardener. To flowers, the great color-giver, in conjunction with well rolled bovine fertilizer, is that same sun which provoked *Juliet* to feminine reluctance to let her *Romeo* go—so loving jealous of his liberty. There have been all sorts of disquisitions upon this center of the solar system and the mainstay of the town gardener. "Upon the whole," said John Phoenix in his celebrated lectures on astronomy, "the sun is a glorious creation; pleasing to look upon, (through smoked glass), elevating to think upon and exceedingly comfortable to every created being on a cold day." In the language of grave arguments before learned Courts, thus is it the trend of modern authority that for gardening purposes we must have plenty of sun.

Then soil must be considered, and seriously, because a flower bed of ashes, or mere clay or one preponderating in macadam will not produce plants which your neighbors' chickens would dignify with even a passing scratch-up. One need not be a florist to appreciate that flowers cannot be much in the floral way which your neighbors' chickens would not even scratch up! I use the word *neighbors* not editorially, but as the abhorrent fact, when they keep chickens, or rather when they do not—at least, at home. A great Englishman said there never was a bad man that had ability for good service. And so it is with soils for flowerbeds. Therefore, prepare your beds before you begin. This seems to be a sort of Hibernicism, but, really, one should do it. Even a vegetable gardener does this much. One cannot ram a delphinium into the barren ground with a "there, now, will you be good" and expect the poor thing to do else than swear in a most original kind of floral profanity. Study

your soil. This I did not do and I have been in the vocative, in consequence, ever since the eventful early day of my beginnings, when I planted my hyacinths upside down—evidently unwittingly prompted by a philanthropic desire to furnish China, rather than Missouri, with the blooms of the wonderful "named varieties." If your soil is merely clay, there will be some annoying labor in the preparation of the beds, but you can succeed, if you will only try. It is strange how one, in this pursuit, becomes learned on the absorbing topic—fertilization. It is also remarkable how attractive become the "lowing herd" and "close shorn sheep." A town gardener looks at a cow, as a mining expert estimates the value of a mine—finding so much ore in sight, because internally there is so much blocked out! Now, if your soil is of the quality usually met with in St. Louis yards, which have not been mere burying grounds for stovepipes, brick-bats and junk—that is, ground with a fair sod and top-soil—turn it up, digging say a foot and a half deep, add some sand and mix in fully a third of old, well-rotted manure. Details like these, remind one somewhat of recipes in cook-books for young housekeepers and may seem ludicrous as coming from an adolescent lawyer, but my motives are good, if my suggestions are not instructive. The suggestions would be accepted as mandatory, if I could insert here a print of myself in a lean-to, with a spade in one hand and a watering-pot in the other, potting a hollyhock—after the fashion of Boyle-Roche writing with a pistol in one hand and a bowie knife in the other. Such illustrations make one's utterances authoritative—in gardening treatises of the most approved type.

Doubtless these observations will suffice, in a general way, for beds intended for ordinary flowers, whether annuals, biennials or perennials. But if one has the temerity to "tackle" roses, the treatment must be widely different. Yea, verily, have I sinned and humbly do I apologize to the "Queen of Flowers." True it is, that it is folly to seek roses in December and if there was "a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream" the grower thereof had exceedingly good luck, but the word "tackle" is inapplicable to the rose, its use unparliamentary, disloyal, unbecoming a town gardener. Yet what an evasive, elusive, will-o'-the-wisp sort of a thing *she* is—out of doors in St. Louis. Oh my! How we—editorially now—have tried to invent expletives with which appropriately to express our "pheelinks" when "*Ulrich Brunner*" gave up the ghost under conditions which should have made him flourish and "*Caroline Testout*" incontinently shed all of her leaves and stood shivering, naked and forlorn. Yet I have lovely neighbors who have fairly *squealed* with the delight with which a real woman takes to her bosom her only rival—a rose—when I have given them what they declared were perfect specimens, but which I knew were not—I who had sweated, (one does not perspire thus conditioned), dug, sprayed and been on the verge of even swearing for lo! almost a decade and have grown one perfect rose—a "*Baroness Rothchild*," too beautiful to cut, or give to even the loveliest of my lovely neighbors. Reluctant as I am to give advice, except upon retainer, I yet would say to those who propose to embark upon rose-growing out of doors in St. Louis, as *Punch* said to young persons contemplating matrimony—Don't! It is said, that one should seek virtue for its own sake, without being led by fear, hope, or any external influence. So should it be with the culture of roses out of doors in St. Louis. Let those, who so wish, try, uninfluenced, unadvised, but let them beware lest in mid-season, their revelry have only this ghastly refrain:

A cup to the dead already,

Hurrah for the next that dies!

For roses, out of doors in St. Louis, will die, but whether from mere "peskiness," I cannot say. I can, however, say, with the immortal Henry; that in this regard "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past." Yet if one will grow roses, let him not acquire the plants at some hardware store—budded Holland roses—and then stick each plant in a hole, dug in the sod of the lawn, with the *bud* two inches *above* the ground. Such roses are poor enough to die under the best conditions, but thus planted they should die in mere spite—"bad in the best, though excellent in neither."

Let us, however, as Greeley said about specie payments, resume. Thirdly—a point which will be conceded to be well taken. We all know something about flowers. Each of us who has learned anything in the necessary direction, has begun in his own way perhaps, and accomplished at least something. City flower-growers, who have heretofore been in the yard to some purpose, may regard this screed as a report of progress in committee of the whole, but those who have heretofore done nothing, may find something of stimulant to energies now merely unaroused. To them, I say: try. No man can lose what he never had. One can, however, grow flowers in some shape and do well, though he never saw even a burdock.

She hath a way,

Ann Hathaway,

To be heaven's self, Ann hath a way.

The last aforesaid is, I believe, attributed to Shakespeare. Unless there is a cipher in it, Francis Verulam did not write it, because there is no evidence that he knew Ann. You can have perennials, almost galore, in a patch of ground no bigger than the southern corner of the little country churchyard, that Burke would rather have slept in than in the tomb of the Capulets.

Phlox, lychnis, delphinium, dictamnus, oriental poppies, daisies, columbines, hollyhocks, sunflowers, veronica, gaillardie, hardy asters and chrysanthemums, rockets *et* almost *ad infinitum*—these can you have, in a blaze of glory, from April to October. Don't bother about schemes of color. Young expressed the noble thought—"the course of nature is the art of God." The gentlewomen of the city garden, in the very confusion of color of their flower beds, voice an inspiration which human art can only flatter by imitation. I heard a dealer in millinery say, that a fortune was obtainable by anyone who could reproduce, artificially, the colors of the humble annual, portulacca—*genus* chickweed. Think of the *mess* of color from the artistic, *dilettanti* standpoint, in a bed when the blooms are on—but find an incongruity in the massing if you can. Look at a bed of snap-dragons, however small it may be, and combinations of color will be found that would give even an impressionist the "colly wobbles," but it's the Lord's, not "Stonewall Jackson's way." It is incomparable. If there is room, separation into distinctive beds is well, no doubt, because one can weed and cultivate with less difficulty, but with space quite limited, plant after wild garden fashion. Anything is better than cluttering rubbish, or noisome garbage. As with perennials, so with biennials and annuals—fox-gloves, pansies, asters, sunflowers—the globe, especially; such a complete sun in fervent glow—balsams, snap dragons, verbenas, stocks, cockscombs—well; what's the use to try to name half you can have? Try them—some at least. Small patches may rival large tracts in wealth of color and bloom. The difference may be only in degree of space. It is all so well worth the trying. Flowers after all, however humble, express faith and hope and truth far better and more nearly to the satisfaction of human hearts

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St. Louis, Mo.

and heads, than all of your quibbling, hair-splitting creeds. They tell their wondrous story, they teach, as nothing else teaches, they symbolize whatever there is of kindness, honor, reverence and humility in all mankind—with all of their beauty, perfume and perfection of color, whether in the nooks and corners of some small garden, or in stately ornamentation of public grounds.

So let us say amen to Gray's playful raillery—"You have a garden of your own and you plant and transplant and are dirty and amused!" There is more than mere amusement. There is more and better than all of your cakes and ale. "There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic."

A dissertation of this kind, if it may be so dignified, tends to flow on forever. One finds himself as diffuse and garrulous as Montaigne. How easy it would be to overlook the asinine jealousy of the Moor, had he been given to say:

*Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the roses I had rais'd,
And I loved her, that she did care for them.*

Had he done the State some service in a backyard garden, (declined though he may have been in the vale of years), and therein acquired some appreciation of statistics, he would have known that when he plucked the rose, he could not give it vital growth again by either foaming at the mouth, or stifling "the sweetest innocent that e'er did lift up eye." Why is it that so little proceeds from the great minds and wits of literature upon flowers, their influences and lessons, from what might be called the field of personal experience or contact? What pity, for instance, that Francois Rabelais—"laughing in his easy chair"—had not from actual culture thereof given us upon the teach-

ings of the most lowly flowers something as lofty in tone and wise in precept as *Gargantua's* speech to the vanquished? Flowers, no less than human consciousness, teach, that "a noble action of liberality, done to a man of reason, doth grow continuously by his generous thinking of it and remembering it." We read that the specific gravity of morals is obviously greater in the child than in the adult, and that it is antagonized by pride, ambition, selfishness, egotism and the association of all these qualities. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." The world cannot be all flowers, but the peace of the garden, the beauty of its marvelous colors, the sweetness of the Divine perfume, the sense inevitable of human finiteness in the presence of the inscrutable omnipotence of Infinity—these have their beneficent, irradicable influences upon all, young or old, who are brought or bring themselves into the ennobling presence and the vitalizing contact.

*Ah! full of purest influence
On human mind and mood,
Of holiest joy to human sense
Are river, field, and wood;
And better must all childhood be
That knows a garden and a tree."*

O'Hare's Status

THE Rev. Samuel McCoomb told a story of one of the choicest Irish bulls on record recently. An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, stopped to inquire of an Irishman who lived in a certain house they were just passing:

The Irishman replied: "That is Mr. O'Hare's house, and if he had lived until to-morrow he would be one week dead."—*Boston Record*.

The Unwritten Law

By Tubman K. Hedrick

HIS friend had betrayed, his wife dishonored him. The bald fact confronted Weston in hideous, unimpeachable nakedness. He held the evidence in his hands, and sat stupidly staring at the document that had made a mockery of his life's endeavor, seeking to find some flaw in it that he might have overlooked, though every line of it was already seared upon his brain. He could close his eyes and yet decipher each word, even to the ill-printed professional card in the upper, left-hand corner: "John W. Chilton, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Leesburg."

With a curious sub-sense of resentment against himself for considering the absurd detail in the face of the gigantic fact that should have dominated his every faculty, he wondered why Chilton, State Senator Chilton, had chosen to use his personal stationery instead of that of the Senate chamber. And Leesburg was a hundred miles away; this was Brixton, the capital. Leesburg—why, he and Laura and John—Senator Chilton had grown up together in Leesburg. What would the people there say, when—

With a muttered oath at his own intellectual impotency he turned to the note again.

"Dear Laura," it ran, "I have an engagement with the Governor this evening. You know what that means. I shall not be able to see you before eleven, but will call then. We can both afford to strain the proprieties a little considering what it means to us. Besides, Mrs. Grundy's prying eyes will be closed in slumber at that hour, and no one will know."

Poor old Tom! He does not even suspect what is going on. Look for me at eleven—I know I will be a welcome visitor.

JACK CHILTON.

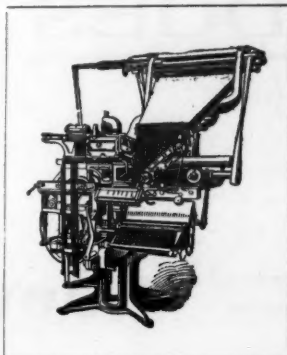
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So this explained Chilton's professed renewal of friendship; a friendship that had been strained somewhat ten years before, when in the face of Chilton's ardent rivalry, he had won Laura for his wife. What a fool he had been not to have understood before! Still, this conspiracy could not have been in being long. With torturing slowness he mentally plodded over the details that bore upon the present incident. After his marriage he had taken Laura to the city, where he had secured a foothold upon the ladder of fortune as a reporter for one of the big papers. But somehow he could not climb above that station, and after nine years of lean living upon the slim salary he received—years that but for Laura's devotion and unflinching trust must have made him despair—he had welcomed the offer of a position as night editor on the little morning paper published at the capital. The salary was small, but expenses were less than in the city, and there were "opportunities."

In all these years they had seen nothing of Chilton. Of his election to the State Senate they had heard, of course, and upon their advent in the capital it was but natural that Chilton should call upon them. They had met his cordial protestations of friendship more than half way, and the three often laughed at the bitter rivalry of other days.

Chilton became a frequent visitor to their home during sessions of the Legislature, and had established himself as an intimate friend of the family's. Yes, quite so!

And Weston had not suspected. God! how he had trusted them. Now, as he indulged in this retrospection, there came to his mind many little incidents of very recent occurrence that should have awakened his suspicion. Once or twice he had come upon the couple talking together most confidentially. They had shown embarrassment, too, though he thought

nothing of it at the time, and had always begun some new topic of conversation with him. He had been dull indeed. And had not the old woman next door once hinted in pretended jest that Chilton found more delight in Mrs. Weston's beauty than in Tom's conversation? He had spoken of her as a "meddling old fool." He had wronged the old woman. She had known, and had sought to put him on guard.

And Laura? He remembered that latterly she had begun to indulge in little household luxuries that they could never before afford. He had marvelled at her ability to do so much with so little money, but had credited her with being a good manager. Oh yes, she was a fine manager. He laughed mirthlessly at the thought. Blind, blind fool that he had been! It had taken the note to open his eyes. Odd that he had found that note! And very careless of Laura to leave it undestroyed—sinners were usually more cautious. Laura was away—had gone, after giving him his breakfast (it was her dinner, he having slept late) saying that she would spend an hour with a friend, down the street, who was ill. Weston, left to his own devices prowled about the house, rummaging in drawers after the manner of men left alone, and in the cabinet of the chiffonier he had discovered this note. He had glanced at it in idle curiosity, and then his eye had been caught by his own name, and he read it—read the hateful knowledge that drove peace from his mind forevermore.

For the first time he thought of the children. Little Robert, the eldest, was six years old; Bertha was four. They were playing even now in the back yard with his neighbors' children. Poor little innocents! They, too, must suffer. The stigma of their mother's dishonor would pass to them. Perhaps after all, for their sakes, he should forego his vengeance—

And then came to him a tidal flood of recollections of what this woman had been to him in all the years of their married life—years of worry and work and disappointment. She had been his friend and counselor, faithful in the face of all discouragement and disaster, when all the fates seemed arrayed against him. She had endured poverty, humiliation, actual want and physical as well as mental suffering for his sake. These memories pleaded for her against the accusing sin that said her love and his should count for naught.

Again, the unprejudiced, judicial view that his work as a metropolitan reporter had led him to take of similar cases that had occurred under his observation, demanded application to his own case. Did such a sin demand blood atonement? Would it make him the less dishonored to add the stain of murder to his soul? Was such a woman worth it? After all, Laura and Chilton were but a man and woman. Suppose his and Chilton's positions had been reversed? But he refused to meet the issue of this thought. It was an impossible hypothesis. And besides, should he refrain from avenging this wrong, he would be disgraced forever in the eyes of his kind. He would lose friends, position—all. Should he? But no; the code of the South would permit no such thing. Justice must be done. He had been dishonored, and there was but one course to pursue; he must kill his betrayer. To this unwritten law the pre-natal influence of generations of Southern ancestors and his own life-long training made it imperative that he adhere. The betrayer must atone with his life; the woman expiate her sin in public and lasting shame. To avoid this issue were to connive at his own shame, and to stain the name that had been handed down to him untarnished. He had no choice in the matter. He could not go on living with the woman, and a separation



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would only reveal its cause, and brand him coward. Chilton must die.

From his own particular drawer of the chiffonier Weston took the revolver that he had given up carrying years before. He took it into the kitchen, and patiently cleansed it of rust. Then he oiled and loaded it.

Through the kitchen window he could see his children at play, and he groaned in agony as he thought of what the loss of a mother would mean to them. But she was unworthy. The thing must be done.

At once? At first he thought so—planned to go in search of his enemy and shoot him down on sight. But no, he would have every proof; he would wait and slay the despoiler of his home within the walls he had defiled.

Calming himself by an exertion of will, he called to the children and bade them good-night.

"Aren't you going to wait for mamma?" asked Robert.

"No," answered Weston, "I'll not wait—must get to work. Be good children. Your mother will be home in time to put you to bed." Then he passed out of the house and made his way to the office.

His uncertain gait and haggard face caught the attention of the editor who was just leaving. "What's the matter, Tom?" he asked sympathetically, "You look sick."

"I'm afraid I am," he answered, "Have to ask you to let me off to-night, I guess. I'll send for Billy to help out."

"Sure!" Better go home now. I'll hold things down awhile."

"No, I'll work until Billy comes. I'm well enough for that."

Mechanically he fell to work, finding a certain relief in his labor. "Billy," the "extra man," was not

at his home, and it was ten o'clock before the messenger found him. He came at once, and once more Weston sought the streets. He entered a saloon and had many drinks—how many he did not know. Then he found himself on his way home. "Home," what mockery! He was calm now, and his nerves were steady. The effects of the shock were passing, and everything seemed more clear. He was glad that his calmer judgment sustained his first resolve. Really he was no longer enraged; his attitude was judicial. He was to be an executioner, not a murderer. This was a "moral obligation" resting upon him, and he must fulfill it. He would do his duty. And he knew that any jury would acquit him. "Justifiable homicide" would be the verdict; it is always so—in the South.

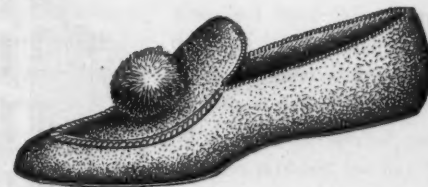
Looking at his watch, Weston saw that it was nearly eleven. He was now in sight of his "home," and was surprised to observe a bright light in the parlor; marveling at the boldness of the woman who was his wife—the wife he had so loved.

He entered by the back gate, and stole softly up the back steps and through the rear hall. Then the parlor door opened and Chilton came out, pausing to shake hands effusively with Mrs. Weston. The man lurking in the shadow shuddered.

"Well, good-night, Laura," said Chilton, "I'm sure you are no more delighted than I am, and to-morrow—"

"There will be no to-morrow for you, you devil! You die now!" cried Weston, and the report of the revolver blended with Laura's screams as she sprang forward to protest. She was too late. Again and again the revolver spoke, for Weston, standing over Chilton's prostrate body, emptied every chamber into it, and then knelt to see that his work was well done.

"Tom, Tom! in God's name why have you done



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this?" shrieked the woman and then reeled and fell unconscious upon Chilton's body.

Weston wheeled without a word, or a glance behind him, and still holding his weapon, turned his steps toward the jail. He found the City Marshal and told what he had done.

"Chilton ruined my home, and I killed him," he said.

"Amen!" answered the Marshal, "So be it always.

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And the woman?

Neighbors had heard the shots, and Weston had barely closed the gate behind him before the house was thronged with half-clad men and women, chattering excitedly every manner of foolishness.

They found Laura sitting beside the dead man, and babbling incoherently: Yes, Tom had shot him; why, she didn't know. It was very foolish of Tom. Now he would be charged with murder. No, not murder, either. You see Tom had come home and found them together, talking—they were saying good-night. But it was very late, and Tom had shot him. He had not stopped to ask for explanations.

But she was innocent. God knew it. She knew it. Who could possibly doubt her? Yet Tom had. And all the while they had only been planning a glorious surprise for Tom. Chilton had been working to have Tom appointed to a Coal-oil Inspectorship, and at last the Governor had consented. Chilton had brought a formal note to Tom from the Governor asking him if he would accept. She was to have given it to him on the morrow. It would have been fine for all of them. But now, foolish Tom had spoiled it all—"

And, so she babbled on. Women looked at her askance, and men smiled incredulously. Handsome bachelors like Chilton did not call upon beautiful married women at unseemly hours for benevolent purposes. Chilton lay dead upon the threshold of the home he had invaded. The husband knew what he was about. It was as it should be. Poor Tom!

An old woman, kinder or wiser than the rest, led Laura away from the crowd, and persuaded her to lie down with the children who had been awakened by the noise, and were huddled together in alarm. She,

the old lady, would stay until daylight, when there would be a coroner's inquest.

Then the hours passed like slow years, and at last it was day again. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that "John Walter Chilton had come to his death from wounds inflicted by means of a revolver in the hands of Thomas Weston."

In the hall Laura and Tom came face to face, and with an inarticulate cry she stretched out her arms to him, but he turned from her with a shudder, and passed out with Johnson, his lawyer.

Then it was all over, and Laura was left alone with her children. She would be suffered to keep them for the present—until Tom's trial at least.

What need of a trial? thought the people. Public opinion had already acquitted Weston, and condemned the woman. Public opinion is very hasty.

Still, there must be a trial, as a matter of form, and it had been set for the next term of court, which would convene in another month. And people began to talk of other things.

Then the still, small voice of justice began to make itself heard. People remembered that the Governor's note had actually been found, and the Governor himself had confirmed what Mrs. Weston had said. He did not know Mrs. Weston, nor her husband, but Chilton had been his dearest friend, and upon his recommendation he had consented to make the appointment.

Chilton had been immensely popular, and his friends began to clamor for vengeance. Again the popular mind was excited to fury, but now against the slayer. Every man became a defender of Mrs. Weston, and women did not hesitate to call upon her. They were not received. Mrs. Weston was in a

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state of physical collapse, and could see no one. She kept her own counsel.

Weston, of course, was the last man to hear of the revulsion in public sentiment. He kept much to himself, and his associates in the office—he had resumed his work—were all his partisans. It was his lawyer who first told him of the change.

"It's beginning to look pretty black for us, Weston," he said in conclusion, "I'm afraid we will have some difficulty in proving infidelity."

Weston stood erect, a strange smile of growing joy illuminating his features. "Man, man!" he exclaimed,

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"Do you mean to tell me that my wife is innocent? God grant that it may be so!"

"Fool!" retorted Johnson, "Don't you realize what that will mean for you? If she is innocent, nothing will save you from being imprisoned for life—you may be hanged."

"What do I care?" said Weston. "Let me make sure of my wife's innocence, and I will go to the gallows as joyously as I went to my marriage bed. Let my life be forfeited for the life I took—but a dozen lives, a dozen deaths would never atone for the wrong I did Laura—if she be innocent."

Then his brow darkened again. "No, it cannot be," he said, "The case was too black against her. I thought it all out carefully, many times, and a hundred times since. Still—Go to her, Johnson, and hear her story from her own lips. If she says she is innocent I will believe her."

And Johnson went. He was not a bad man, was Johnson—merely a good lawyer. His first duty, as he saw it was to "make a case" for his client. His own reputation was at stake.

With an air of frankness he told Laura what Tom had said. "You see, Mrs. Weston," he continued, "Tom prizes your honor above his own life. Public opinion is strongly in your favor now, and against him. Public opinion always decides such cases as this—no matter what the statute books may say—and the trial is near at hand. Chilton's friends are very active, and are moving heaven and earth to secure a conviction, with the maximum punishment. As for myself, I say, let the law take its course. If you are innocent—and there seems to be no doubt of that—why, let the law take its course, as I said before. Of course, it would be hard to see such a terrible example

made of Tom, but the law must be vindicated; justice must be superior to mercy."

"And they would—would punish him to the full extent of the law, do you think?" asked Laura.

"I am sure of it!" answered Johnson, emphatically.

Then the woman sat silent for a long time, the lawyer waiting with the patience of his craft.

Slowly the status of the case shaped itself in her mind, and the problem presented itself clearly to her vision. Should she proclaim and establish her innocence, as she could easily do, an inflamed public opinion would demand her husband's life. On the other hand, should she admit, or profess the guilt that was not hers, Tom would be vindicated and his acquittal assured. But she would forfeit all that was dear to her in life, her husband's love, the companionship of her children, and the respect of the world. And she was innocent, merciful God, she was innocent! Was there no other way? No, the situation was inexorable. It demanded a sacrifice.

Her brain whirled under the shock of conflicting emotions and a dull physical agony racked her body. The color forsook her face, and the lines thereof deepened with the counterfeit of old age. Innocent! Yes, Innocent! Her very soul cried out for vindication against the black and awful charge that had been brought against her. And yet—Tom must be saved. How she loved him! And he doubted her; would go on doubting; yes, he convinced of her guilt, should she make this sacrifice to save him. Her children would be made to forget her. Her name would become a byword and a reproach, the synonym of dishonor. Women who had called her "friend" would draw their skirts aside when she passed, lest her touch defile them. She would be branded as a scarlet woman, she

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the pure and loving wife, and mother. And wherever she should go, her shame would go with her.

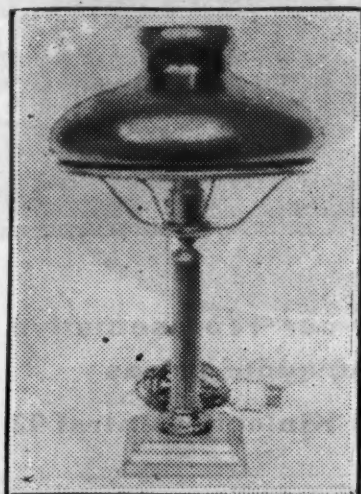
But they would slay her husband. The man she loved more than all else on earth. He was dearer to her than her own life.

Slowly she raised her head until her leveled glance met that of the waiting attorney. Then, in a hard, dry even tone, she said:

"Mr. Johnson, need I tell you that I have just passed through a bitter struggle of truth and conscience against the desire to be revenged? But truth has prevailed. Listen! I loved Jack Chilton with all

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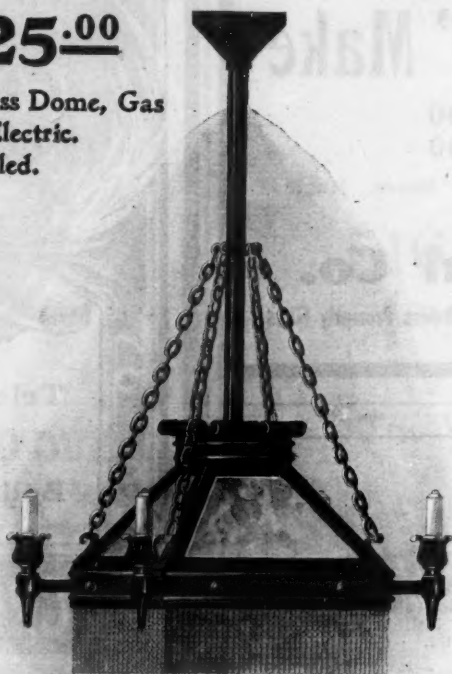
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my heart, and would rejoice to see his slayer punished. But I fear—yes, even I, fear the divine wrath. It has been visited upon me once, and it will surely come again if I transgress again. I have been guilty of what my husband believed—he had ample provocation. I loved Chilton, yes, we had been intimate. My husband did not suspect. That appointment we secured for him would have kept him away much of the time, and we could have been together. You see—” she laughed a dull, hard laugh that ended in a sob, “You see we had planned beautifully, but God would not countenance our sin. And I have repented. Tell Tom that I have repented and beg that he will forgive me. That is all; ask him to forgive me.”

In an hour the world knew the result of that interview. Laura confirmed it in every detail when doubting friends came to protest, friends who departed with a virtuous horror of this woman in their hearts.

Again “public opinion” changed, and vented its venom upon the wife who had confessed her shame. Indignant and virtuous matrons assembled, talked, resolved and finally came in a body to take Laura’s children away from her “contaminating influence.” Dry-eyed—her grief had exhausted the fount of tears—she watched them go. Then, when night fell she gathered together her few valuables and passed out of her home—the home she had briefly made a terrestrial heaven—forever.

Weston was acquitted. A dozen reputable witnesses would have testified that they had heard his wife confess her guilt. They were not even called to the stand. Weston told his story, one or two witnesses were heard, the State’s Attorney made a perfunctory show of prosecution that Johnson easily overthrew, and the jury returned a verdict of “justifiable homi-

cide” without leaving the box. Even Chilton’s late friends gathered about the acquitted man, and expressed their sympathy, and congratulations—he seemed to be entitled to both. The Governor gave him a position in a distant part of the State, and Laura’s children grew up in the belief that she had died “long ago.”

No one ever knew positively what became of her. There was a rumor that she had obtained employment in the city as a housekeeper.

Whereat Brixton sniffed. “Housekeeper indeed!” it said.

Blue Jay’s Chatter

My Jennie:

FIRST blow-out of the Woman’s Club the other night, Jane. I don’t mean, of course, that it was the first given there this winter, for that club house is getting to be the whole candy and must be paying double dividends right this minute; but it was the first time this year that the club members sent out bids to fathers, sons and male relatives, and the first time they had a feed in the cafe, which was on the free lunch order. Very scrumptious, Jane, the whole thing, but slow—my goodness gracious, it was that slow—a Quaker meeting would seem positively frivolous by comparison. The evening was called “An Hour with Kitty Cheatham,” and mebbe Kitty didn’t. Kitty is a sweet little ingenue about—oh, well, why enumerate—time will pass—and Kitty still dresses the part, with a high-necked sash under her clavicle—now, for heaven’s sake, Jane, don’t tell me you haven’t the faintest idea where her clavicle is, for I couldn’t begin to tell you if my life depended on’t—besides, it isn’t polite to

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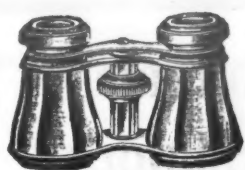
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have arms and legs and scapulas and clavicles any more—anyway, not in our crowd. Having thus apologized for myself, I will proceed. Kitty was made up for the youthful one, all right, and made up good and plenty—she sings in a sweet little voice and does a lot of child’s play, like monologues, while somebody pulled sneaky music out of the piano. And her child’s dialect and innocence-at-home is good. The nursery rhyme stuff, and then some way-down South nigger songs also caught the crowd—those jump-up



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tunes, you know. Kitty has entertained crowned heads, Jane. Say, wouldn't it be fun to see how seriously the kingly bunch take their fun, Jane, if they ever do take any. Let me know if you see King Leopold having a real good time some day and cable instantly.

The elderly crowd are going to run the club this winter judging from the outpouring to hear K'tty. Mrs. Joe Miller was chief cook and bottle-washer. She trailed round in a stunning blue gown manufactured in your adopted city by the Seine, and saw to it that everybody had a seat, and that Kitty was properly hand-clapped at stated intervals. Some other people helped, but I missed Salees Kennard's genial self awfully much, likewise Mrs. Max Kotany and Mrs. Frank Hammar and some more. Those girls certain sure do give snap to things they do. Mrs. W. H. Scudder—Amelia Cupples, you know—showed up in the most gorgeously gorgeous gown I ever saw—it was covered with gold and silver, and looked the expensive garment to perfection—it also fitted well, and wasn't too glaring, despite my description, which sounds—er—lucrative, don't it? Mrs. Scudder is wearing a lot of lively color this winter—she runs to bright blues and gold-trimmed cloths—but Martha must have changed her dressmaker, Jane, for she has left off wearing all those *Revue de la Mode* and *L'Art de Parer* getups that during her *debutante* winter, which was last, used to throw me into a cold perspiration, followed by a hot chill, every time I saw her.

The other night, at the interminable and everlasting "Everyman"—however the Choral Symphony came to pick that juicy pippin out'n the bunch is beyond my ken. Jane, it was a bird—a dismal croaker—and that's flat. Nearly everybody flunked. Never saw so many boxes empty, and I guess the folks were dead glad, the next day, they stayed "to hum," when

they heard how many people were carried out and brought slowly back to life about carriage-call time. Charlie Galloway knows how to lead that chorus, though, and if they'd only had some respectably genial kind of a cawntatah, mebbe—but I was speaking of Martha Scudder's pretty white satin at the Choral Symphony concert. She was in full evening dress because the Sam Davises—bress de Lawd—have done give a ball that night, and she went afterwards with Billy Haarstick, who's come back to earth, so it seems.

With "Baron" Billy again in the social waters—deep tho' they may be—and Lewis Tune back in town, it only remains for Tom Francis and Henry T. Kent to announce their engagements to some of those opulent—no, I did *not* say corpulent—widows out at the Buckingham, for us to enter upon a thoroughly successful holiday season, Jane.

But mercy me, I do wish some of our men had more small talk in their mouths and ready to spout it when the occasion demands. It's pitiful, that's what it is, to see a chatty, and bright, talkative girl trying to get the expression of half an idea from some of these bob-up boys that go everywhere they're invited—the good Lord only knows why—I mean why they are invited—except that there's no choice. I saw Minnie Scott who is a very clever and sparkling converser, trying with all her pleasant might, to extract some faint glimmers of intelligence from a weary-looking youth one night lately—it was at the Tower ball and Jane, it's only the hard labor that we girls have to do all the blooming time—and then, about once a month somebody gets up on his rear pedestals and shouts out a lot of, driveling idiocy about the Girl of the Period, and how much nonsense she talks. I tell you, *cher amie*, that if we girls do talk foolishness it's because the men can't or won't talk anything else. Granted, my dear, that a ballroom is no place for serious discussions of the higher math-

ematics, but there is a limit, and a very distinct line between utter vapidty and bright and witty nonsense intermingled with a little common sense.

The news runs mainly to Christmas trees and the home-from college set. A Yale gathering the day after Christmas, with Mrs. Joseph Holliday,—mother of that nice John Holliday who looks as if he had a small pippin tucked away in each cheek, and without whom no deally upty-up church wedding is complete—will give a ball for the debutantes, and the glee club follows.

By the way, Adele Hart is engaged to a certain Arthur Barret, brother of J. V. S. Barret, and rather an important person, though not quite so imposingly important *looking* as the aforesaid "Jim," I hear, cares nothing for society, but will make a good provider. He's a "free bridger" from the old house, full of civic spirit, a hustler, and, I'm told, a prospective candidate for the Mayoralty on a reform ticket. His uncle I believe, was elected Mayor and lived only a few weeks. And Adele's papa has some, you know, so they are not going to live in "Penrose Heights," nor will Adele do all her own laundry work and bake the bread. Adele Hart is a mighty genuine girl, sweet mannered, with a charming smile and no affectations. She's just the partner for a good fellow who has good sense, and is a "live one" in the matter of being a citizen of no mean city.

The Manleys are going to throw a few, and show what nice girls they own down on "de Sout' Side," see? I don't know the Manleys, but I guess they must be at least half-the ice-creamery, for their photographs in large letters were in all the papers last Sunday.

The Saunders Norvell *Salon de Marsellaise*, which I mentioned last week, Jane, came off with *grandisse-*

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ment and *recherche eclat*, so Mrs. Dave Calhoun tells me. She poured the *chocolat menier*, and everybody said her accent was perfect. It takes a mighty good accent to pour chocolate, you know, dearest; but then Mrs. Calhoun's first name is Marie, and she can even sing and dance in French. Dave is so French, too, don't you think—they use the language on their table every night for dinner, so I hear. It is truly wonderful what strides French has made in the last two weeks in this town. Nearly everybody I met at the Fuller-Morrison's tea on Monday was hurrying forward with some *passe* remarks, and tossing aside a *bete noir* occasionally, and all because of this Norvell starter. Cherie—can't you just see our proficiency by the first of April—"French perfected in ten weeks," or "what will the harvest be?"

Do you remember the Will Thompsons? There is a new Mrs. Will, she was a Miss Dustin, who married first Elroy Platt, deceased by his own hand, two years ago—and now is looking very fine and daisy, having married the debonnaire and wealthy Will. They are not our violet-luncheon and pale green tea kind of people, Jane, but they are the right sort, just the same. Saw them at Mansfield Monday night. Also saw the Cupples' in a box and the Calhouns. Sam Thomson and Mrs. Sam are not showing up much this winter, and, my land sakes, where's the plump and luscious Mrs. Chouteau Scott? It can't be, Jane, that there are any interesting Christmas presents expected in that family—can it—like the young Amadee Reyburns who are confidently hoping these days?

The Barracks ball came off duly, and was rather nice, so some of the buds think—but a bud, my dear

—and brass buttons in close proximity—the seventh heaven of rapture! The Funstons were the pieces of resistance, literally, that night—they showed up all right, and went through the motions, but Freddy Funston just won't be socially lionized. They tried it out at the Presidio some time ago, and ran into snags of the snaggiest kind, and Mrs. Freddy is sweetly domesticated, and doesn't give a hairpin whether she is invited to tea fights or not, so that this little spurt won't last long. Army officers who shine splendidly in the ball-room don't—er—shine in the field, so I've heard. Captain Evans is the heavy swell down there just now. He married a Miss Green a good many years ago—she lived here—and has been a widower for some time. He is beaming the pretty widows round in great shape—saw him at the Woman's Club with Mrs. Frank O'Fallon.

Oh, lud, Jane, what new wrinkle in women's clubs do you think is on the tape measure right now? I'm most afraid to break the news to you just at this glad-tidings, Christmas season, for you've probably had enough surprises to last you for a spell, but it's causing so much excessive excitement that I "jes has tuh," as our darkey cook likes to say. It's the—now don't bust your featherbone, dearest, but breathe slow, relax facial muscles, and above all things keep cam, honey, keep cam—It's the Pocahontas Memorial Society, and that's the sober truth. Now, ain't you glad you're so far and not so near? It is highly patriotic at least, that's what I hear. Pokey was democratic in her views, my dear, as you may remember, and so this new society is expected to take in all those whose family record is fairly clean and shiny and who's patriotism goes back, even if

their ancestry doesn't. I confess that the "raisin' date" of the P. M. Association; yes, dearest, they will always meet in the afternoon—it is considered more patriotic nowadays—oh, shucks, don't you dast to ask me—I only go to these nice new ones. Mother pays the dues, and father says the deuce is usually to pay later. I can't be expected to dip down underneath the outer crust and hunt after all your poky old reasons for things—don't stir up trouble, Jane, them's my sentiments—and let the Indian Chief and John Smith and all the others that have become historic since George Ade's time, have their fling, just as of old, when tomahawks whizzed occasionally.

But to hark back to the Pocahontas Memorial Society—why iss it? Well, both men and women are invited to join if they've got a decent Indian in the family—if not, any old Indian will do—and you'll be given the glad hand and the encouraging smile. Persons who have only a cosy corner conducted strictly on the Arrowhead, tepee, Navajo blankets principle, will be required to show same, as there must be a standard about these things Jane, if we wish them to be truly exclusively—and there's not everybody in this broad land, and this darling old town of ours that can boast of his Indian ancestry, Jane—just jot that down, will you?

But what strikes me as joyfully jubilant in all this Indian racket, Jane, is that those of us whose great grandfather seven times removed, and seventeen times isolated from the world of fame and fashion, dared to marry a dusky Indian maiden because there weren't any others handy-like, you know, not but what great grandfather meant well, oh, no indeed; but when you're chopping wood all day in the wilderness for the Pennsylvania Railroad to come along one hundred and fifty years afterward and use for ties, and life is

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but one grand, sweet song of simplicity and—er proximity, and, oh well, none of us were there to raise foolish objections; which wouldn't have counted anyhow, so great grandfather married the lovely Raven Wing and lo, the Memorial Society is the result. So, dearest, even the dead Indian gets her due in time—doesn't she?

Some of the most prominent people in the country are expected to belong to this society, Jane, so I hear. And now, that I come to think on't,—how passing strange it is, dearest, that the more you ponder on a new topic, the more active your brain works, and, you see—or think you see—clues and dove-tailing bits of inheritance and descendants or whatever they are, that, up to the previous and former time, which I have hitherto mentioned do not, or rather cannot; be expected nor anticipated to exist. I sound just like Frank Daniels' impromptu speech, Jane,—the one he gives us every year. No, he won't visit Paris this winter—but Marlowe and Sothern are going to invade that dark continent on which you linger, and may the Lord help 'em!

Again referring to fancied resemblances, hasn't it often struck you how much—well, you know that girl we both admire, except when she has a terrible fit of temper—the real slashy Sioux variety, I know now that's what it is, Jane. Don't these clubs do a lot of good, though, they help clear up deep mysteries. I wonder which side she gets it from—if you were I, Jane, would you ask her the next time we meet whether she has joined the "Pocahontas" or not? Mrs. Silas Wright-Heard is managing the St. Louis branch—fine job—wish somebody'd ask me to help. There are, I'm quite certain, many, many eligibles for it in St. Louis, despite our French tendencies. And then you remember that brass memorial tablet down in the Southern Hotel? It commemorates the memory of Pontiac, Black Hawk or mebbe

it was Red Eye—anyhow, one of those gentlemen with the sun-kissed complexion and hair-raising tendencies—and some dear girls—old and young—put up the tablet because they loved him so. He had his trail across the Southern—no, dearest, it was before the days of political Indians, and the Ed Butler tribe—and on that identical spot where the tablet now rests, on that spot, Jane, as I'm a living sinner and a member, (in prospect) of the P. M. S.'s; as I said, on that self-same and circumambient spot—well, that'll be about all for the spot. "Red Eye" was a notorious old white-man hater, you really must remember—he'd go out on a killing, and just kill any darned thing that came his way—but the tablet rests and his memory is still fresh and green in the minds of them as put it there. I think I shall be a charter member of the "Pocahontas." Will report from time to time as we have a powwow, and—oh, Jane, do you think they will actually make us all smoke a pipe, even a peaceful one?

I'm sending you a batch of St. Louis papers. Cause why? You always *did* admire Russ Gardner. The papers are full of him—full length portraits. Russ is advertising himself to his loving friends. Queer cuss, this Russ. But the kindest man. He says his hardest job is spending his money. And in the matter of pictures in the papers, he has backed Dave Francis off the boards. It all helps the buggy business, so Russ isn't as buggy as you might think. But you don't know Russ till you hear some of his seven hundred employes talk about him, his justice, his kindness, his goodness. The town smiles broadly at his pictures, but it likes Russ, as his employes love him. And some day the town will make him Mayor or the State Governor, as Massachusetts did the other widely pictured man, Douglas, the "three-dollar shoe" genius.

The fad is to give your wife an automobile. I see Mrs. Ferd Kaiser has one, and Mrs. Whitfield Russell. You should know Mrs. Russell, dark, dressing with Herrick's "sweet disorder in her dress," and with the most charmingly withdrawing manners. She's a writer. You've seen some of her stuff in the MIRROR, racy, even *risque*, at times—under her nom, Bessie L. Russell. Her hubby is one of the shoe millionaires and deucedly and justifiably proud of her who will sure look fine in her new Packard. Speaking of automobiles reminds me of Harry Turner, the Pope-Toledo man. He's been giving society a great rattle lately, showing around his brother, Campbell, over here on a visit from Paris. Oh, the automobile man is "in it" socially I tell you. There are the Rayburns, the Capens, Fred Halsey and the others. The automobile man has to be in sassiety, just like the wine agent. Must belong to the clubs and know everybody and be a good mixer generally.

I send a clipping, too, about Mrs. Tom Anderson's hat. She went to a reception and got too near a lighted candle, and her hat caught fire and was burned right off her pretty head. They do say that she wasn't a bit excited, though everybody else was. Pretty woman is Mrs. Tom. She was Gertrude Ballard, you know.

Wish you could a been here to see the mystification of the audience over Mansfield's "Peer Gynt." I do believe that Mr. and Mrs. Dan Taylor were the only folks that really had a glimmer of what was going on behind the footlights; but no, I think that Byron Nugent and Mrs. Nugent and Charlie Stix—my, what a *flancur* and *roi faineant* Charlie is getting to be of late—and, of course, the George Tanseys were "onto" the dramatic diddings. But for the rest of "the large and representative awjence"—them for the Ham Tree with its uproarious obviousness.

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Of course the Mary Institute girls are boycotting Mansfield this year. He treated them so brusquely when he lectured to them the last time he was here. Speaking of Mansfield—there was a real sensation about the middle of the evening, Monday. Bud Dozier butted into the Cupples and Walter Cerre Taylor box—without Dave. A regular *Peter Schlemihl*—only more so. *Peter*, you know, lost his shadow. Here was the shadow that had lost its substance.

Minnie Busch Scharrer is coming o'er the salty sea to spend Christmas in Busch place. There will be doings in high Germandom, I tell you, when she gets here. Everybody'll turn out, not only 'cause they like Minnie and adore her romance, but because they like the Busch's *pere* and *mere*, and Gussie and Mrs. Gussie, and all of 'em. Papa Adolphus made a big hit by coming out in an interview for a lower tariff and an income tax. Adolphus is the sort of millionaire who thinks that he couldn't have made his millions without the help of the rest of us. Bye the bye, I wonder when that wedding of Dewey Hickey and the Anheuser girl is to come off. Dewey's "bit" out of the Hot Time Minstrel "rake off" ought to be enough to enable them to start housekeeping on in Hortense place or some other modest reservation. Speaking of Hot Timers—the marvel is that Steve Martin remains uncaught by some belle, with his sweet voice and his even sweeter manners.

Agnes Delafield, daughter of the Wallace Delafields of Westminster place, is to marry one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine Niedringhauses—all good—count 'em. This one's name is Albert, son of Wm. F., a foolisher about automobiles and a calorific person every way. Nice girl, Agnes. Wedding about Valentine Day.

I am due at seven college receptions, two bud luncheons, and then some, this afternoon, so no more for this time, Janey, with a merry Christmas, and many of 'em to you.

BLUE JAY.

Of modern philosophy

Here is a peep:

Beauty is oftentimes

Only clothes deep!

—N. Y. Life.

A Case From the News

By Charles B. Oldham

NOWADAYS when writers of both sexes, the pulpit and the press are so vigorously discussing the marriage question from all points of view, it may not be amiss to look about us for incidents bearing on this important subject. Within the past few days the St. Louis papers have had much to say concerning one Thomas L. Hammond, and his wife, Rosa Lee Hammond, who until last October, were quiet residents out in the 3600 block on Olive street, this city.

About the time stated there was an upheaval in the family circle. Mr. Hammond, who, the newspaper reporters say, is a mild-spoken man, with little strenuousness coursing through his veins, informed his wife that he would not do up a lot of ladies' white waists, nor would he scrub the front steps. For two years, he averred, he patiently discharged the duties of a hired girl, but he would not undertake to wash, starch and iron ladies' white waists, nor would he bend his proud knee to scrub the front steps. He was willing to do the cooking, wash the dishes, dress the children and get them off to school, and stand nagging about the biscuits not being "anything like the kind father used to make," but the worm became a viper when washing white waists and scrubbing the front steps were added to his other duties. In his anger and pride he packed his little grip and sought other fields, leaving his wife and two children to look after the cooking and household duties as best they could.

It is true that the testimony showed that the wife, Rosa Lee, was the bread-winner of the family, and that they were all getting along nicely, after a married life of about twelve years, until some of Mr. Hammond's female relatives paid them a visit. Whether the latter regarded Mr. Hammond as a failure in the line of supplanting a hired girl, or objected to his cooking, was not brought out in the evidence. At all events, Mrs. Hammond stated, under oath, that she believed Mr. Hammond's female relatives were the

direct cause of him becoming obstreperous, and, like Ajax, defying the lightning, bristling up and becoming defiant, when she suggested some additional duties that he should perform. Be these matters as they may, it remains a fact that Mr. Hammond did rebel against his wife's orders, and that he not only left home, but, later, sought to take one of the children with him.

At this point, his wife got in the game again, and after arousing the police of St. Louis and Jefferson City, she regained custody of the child, and besides, told the court just what kind of husband she had married and so much of the married life of this couple is already spread upon the records of the court. Mrs. Hammond said that her husband, as an insurance solicitor, could barely make enough to pay his car fare, and, meantime, she was making the living. Then there came a day when the hired girl "served notice" that she was "going to quit," and the husband proudly stepped forward and said he would perform her duties, which he did for a long time, and until shortly following the visit of his female relatives.

Now this case presents some features worthy of more than passing thought. It is not so long ago since Mrs. Clara Hoffman declared that married women were "nothing but door mats," or something to that effect. Mrs. Hoffman should study this case well and see if her former statement does not require modification. And the old maids and old bachelors who write for the Sunday papers about various features of the marriage relation, should take a few pointers from this couple.

It is quite probable that Mrs. Hammond was the Speaker of the House. And in the face of the evidence, is it equally true that she earned this point of vantage by her thrifty habits and untiring industry. Conceding this much, the responsibilities of outside parties for disturbing cordial relations must not be overlooked. Mrs. Hammond runs a dressmaking college and has made a decided success of her undertaking. It seems that she was perfectly satisfied to feed and clothe her husband in exchange for such duties

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as he could perform in the kitchen, and it was also well established in the evidence that he had plenty to eat and was well clothed, at least for a domestic. He had learned how to press dresses, and it is not assuming too much to add that, in the course of time, had the relations continued uninterrupted, he would also have been able to do plain sewing. He was too old, perhaps, to have learned fancy work, but the chances are that under a watchful eye, such as his wife undoubtedly possesses, he would presently have been able to have made a creditable showing with the needle. But in an evil hour he became dissatisfied and severed his domestic relations with his spouse.

So deep had been the intrigue which brought about a separation, that even the Reverend Dr. J. T. M. Johnson, of the Delmar Avenue Baptist Church, could not effect a reconciliation. Now the question is to discover whether the husband or wife was in the wrong? Old maids and old bachelors will do the public a service by keeping out of this controversy until more competent authorities can be heard.

The probationary marriage plan may here be suggested with some prospects of winning a point. It is fair to assume that Mrs. Hammond would not have married her husband had she known beforehand that he could not support her, for she was making a good living when he found and won her. On the other hand, it is highly probable that Mr. Hammond would not have married his wife had he understood that, after failing to provide for her and the children, she would "fire" the hired girl and put him in the kitchen.

It may be held that the wife was justified in her course, and there are those who will say that the husband did not overstep his prerogative in rebelling against additional duties being imposed upon him, and, following the example of the average hired girl, packing up his duds and leaving. He had presided over the kitchen so long that it is not to be wondered at that he absorbed some of the habits of a hired girl, and bristled up when more work was stacked upon him than he had bargained for.

Really, one who tries fairly to consider all the nice points this case presents, is soon bewildered in his own reasoning. That an industrious woman has the right to expect her healthy and able-bodied husband to do something for his board and keep, cannot be successfully disputed. This is a strong point in favor of Mrs. Hammond. It is equally clear that the husband who assumes the duties of a hired girl to his wife, and seemingly manages the household economically, and whose cooking does not send his wife and children to an early grave, has a right to protest when he is asked to do the laundry work for outsiders. It may also be said in Mr. Hammond's behalf, that the husband who can satisfactorily discharge the duties of a hired girl, ought to be worth a little more than his board and clothes. His wife, at least, ought to have allowed him to attend the Wednesday afternoon matinees and, occasionally, to have made him a present of a box of bonbons or some other little token of that kind.

Those who like to worry about other people's af-

fairs will here find a wide field in which to labor. The relations of husband and wife are presented in a matter-of-fact way. Was Thomas L. Hammond wrong in refusing to do up white waists and scrub the front steps? Was Rosa Lee Hammond wrong in imposing such duties upon her husband? Mrs. Clara Hoffman is "out at first base," and need not enter an appearance. But the advocates of probationary marriages, providing they have ever been married themselves, are entitled to the floor. Let them speak fully and freely, with the assurance that what they may have to say will not fall upon deaf ears. The future, the whole fate of Mere Man is involved in the issues here presented.

A Social Snub and the Cardinal's Hat

By Rev. David S. Phelan

OF a certainty Father Phelan of the *Sunday Watchman* would have something unique to say upon the subject of the Roosevelt-Storer dispute over the alleged endeavor of the President via the Ambassador to secure a cardinalate for Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul. He calls the whole affair "a tempest in the kitchen." He then goes on thus:

"The offense that brought about Mr. Storer's re-

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NOTHING MORE APPROPRIATE THAN AN

UMBRELLA,
PARASOL OR
CANE

DOES IT PAY
 TO BUY FROM
 FIRST
 HANDS?

WE MAKE THEM!

Namendoff's

TRY IT!

416 N. SIXTH STREET, Opp. Columbia Theater

call was not against the chief executive, but against his daughter. Mr. Roosevelt says that a man who refuses to answer the President's letters is unfit to represent the father in the court of Vienna.

"The papers are just getting at the facts. Miss Roosevelt is married to Mrs. Storer's nephew. The latter is the leader of the Longworth clan. After her engagement Miss Alice visited Cincinnati to get acquainted with her new relations. She was not well received. She found her kinsfolk all fled and their houses closed. When women's hands and feet are so active their tongues are generally not idle. Now, we are on the side of Alice and her father in this matter. The young girl may have been too lively, and even reckless at times, in the eyes of the stern old Puritans of Cincinnati. But she was better than most girls would be under the circumstances, and her lapses from traditional decorum were venial and should be overlooked. They should be overlooked by the people among whom she was to come to live. They should have been overlooked by Mrs. Longworth, the future mother-in-law, and Mrs. Storer, the future aunt. They were not. Alice was snubbed, and Alice's father took up the big stick to defend her. The husband of the woman who cut Alice did not remain long ambassador extraordinary at Vienna. We do not blame Mr. Roosevelt. As Alice did what most girls of her age would have done under the circumstances, Mr. Roosevelt has done what any fond father would do, if similarly tried. But we cannot so readily excuse the lugging in of Archbishop Ireland, and Archbishop Farley and Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Rampolla and the Pope of Rome into this kitchen war. They had absolutely nothing to do with the squabble, and were brought into it only to give it a color of dignity, and to take from it its character of triviality and feminine spitefulness.

"In the first place, the Roosevelts were as good

as the Longworths. The President may not belong to the most aristocratic branch of the Roosevelt family; but his ancestors were eminently respectable New Yorkers of the old Dutch stock. It was a foregone conclusion that Nicholas Longworth and Alice Roosevelt would wed. Then why did not all the women of both houses make the best of a foregone conclusion, and hold their confounded tongues? Well, it was because they were women. But why did not men let the women fight it out? It was because Theodore Roosevelt was a fond father, and had a big stick. But he should have acted like a man. He should have told the truth. He should not have said that he removed Ambassador Storer from Vienna because of his efforts to embroil him in an ecclesiastical cabal, when he knew that the Church matter had nothing to do with it. It was fatherly to protect his daughter even in the kitchen; but it was unmanly to drag dignified ecclesiastics into the battle of pots and pans.

"But we have no sympathy with Mrs. Storer. We know her to be one of the best women living—truthful, honorable, rigidly, unalterably devoted to the proprieties. Her family is proof of that. Her husband relies implicitly in her judgment and tact. But she should have remembered that both she and her husband were under deep obligations to Mr. Roosevelt. The honors they held, and so much prized, were the free gifts of his hand. They should have known that they could not continue to enjoy the friendship of the father after publicly affronting the daughter. We wonder that Mrs. Storer did not prevail upon her husband to resign when she felt that she could not welcome Miss Roosevelt into her family. Then the country would have been spared this terrible outbreak of official femininity and the awful spectacle of petticoats and cassocks scrambling for an exit from an embattled kitchen."

Unearned Increment

By Prof. Frank Parsons, Ph. D.

HENRY CLEWS, the famous author of "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," who has been for half a century one of the leading bankers and financiers of New York, and is, besides, one of the most delightful men in the country, recently told me of two remarkable illustrations of what our Single Tax friends call the "unearned increment."

A dozen years ago he bought some property on Thirty-fourth street near Fifth Avenue for \$250,000. The buildings were worth about \$100,000, so that the land (fifty feet front on Thirty-fourth and running through to Thirty-fifth, four lots 250 feet front by 200 feet deep) was valued at \$150,000.

Six months ago he sold this property for \$750,000, which was the value of the land, less the cost of removing the buildings, for the place was bought to tear down and rebuild.

Mr. Clews says he believes the land to-day is worth \$1,000,000. That is \$850,000 of "unearned increment" in a dozen years. Nearly 500 per cent increase in twelve years is good progress.

But that is not all of the story.

Just after the close of the Rebellion this same land was bought for \$48,000. So that \$952,000, or 95 per cent of the present value is unearned increment; and if we went still further back we should find that practically the whole \$1,000,000 value is due to the growth of New York and its relation to the commerce of the country.

Mr. Clews spoke of another case even more remarkable. The owner of a Southern plantation some forty years ago was ordered to go to the head waters

of the Mississippi for his health, so he sold his property for about \$150,000 and went West.

Stopping in Chicago on his way he found what seemed to him an excellent opportunity for investment in real estate. He telegraphed his doctor to ask if Chicago would not do for a residence. The reply was, "Don't stay in Chicago over night if you can help it."

So he went on, and, wishing to have his property where he was to live, he did not invest in the Chicago land, a fact his heirs most deeply regret, for that land in Chicago, which was offered to the planter for less than \$150,000, is worth to-day \$80,000,000—about 50,000 per cent increase in less than half a century.

If the planter had bought the land he could have gone away to California or to Europe, if he pleased, and the people of Chicago and other parts of the country who do the work and produce the business that goes through the city would have built his fortune while he slept or idled his years away.

What the planter did not do many others have done.

The writer is not a Single Taxer, neither is Mr. Clews, I think, but such cases make it very clear that there is an element in our land system which needs attention if we wish to have it harmonize with the principle that wealth should belong to those who create it.

Diplomacy

By Anne Thurber

I—PROGRESSION.

(From Tom Burling to James Stark.)

The Club, Town, Dec. 23rd.

Dear Jim:

SORRY that I cannot accept your bid to eat Christmas dinner at your sister's. I had already promised Sonsey to spend the entire holiday week at his place. A house party, and Sonsey holds out a New Woman—not a strong-minded one, but a Novelty to me—as his big drawing card. Name, Kathleen Erskine. Know her?

Yours,

TOM.

Sonsey Park, Dec. 29th.

Dear Jim:

Talk of girls—that Miss Erskine who is staying here is the only woman I've ever met worthy the name. I had spoken but two words to her when I was (figuratively) at her feet. She is about twenty-five, I should judge, though she may be older, and with the finest of brown eyes and red lips. She is so sympathetic, and has no end of intuition. Why, whenever the Sonseys—you know their idea of being honest before anything else, even when it comes to having tiffs before their guests—well, whenever they get ready to tear each other's eyes out, in the polite way of swells with their kind, Miss Erskine just smooths the whole thing over so nicely that before you know it our host and hostess are smiling, forgetful that they ever intended a quarrel. There would be no talk of "trial marriages" or divorces if a man were lucky enough to call Kitty Erskine wife. She'd hold his affections till her dying day. Why don't you run out here some day and meet her?

Yours,

TOM.

Sonsey Park, Jan. 3rd.

Well, Old Fellow!

I'm done for—brown eyes and red lips, in conjunction with New Year's eggnogg and mistletoe finished me. You mentioned in your last that I was only a short time ago enthusing over a certain little widow, and that she was inquiring where I'd gone. Well, all I can say is that I had forgotten the widow existed until you called back my memory. I didn't know Kitty then. All that rot we used to discuss about "taking time to study character" and "studying harmonies in disposition," and the signs of the Zodiac

is only evidence that neither you nor I had met the right kind of girl. Hang color combinations, character studies and disposition harmonies, say I. When you meet your fate you'll know it all right. Why, she's the prettiest, sweetest, tenderest, most sympathetic little thing and—what's the good of trying to write it? I'm in love, Jim, not a quarter, half or third, but a good, solid whole. All those other women that I used to know and have, perhaps, fancied I might like one well enough to marry some day, are nothing but shadows, ghostly shadows of what the real thing means. I'm shaking now with suspense. Will Kitty have me? Will wire you if she says yes.

TOM.

Sonsey Park, Jan. 4th.

(By wire.)

Congratulate me. I'm the happiest man alive.

TOM.

✱

II—RETROGRESSION.

Town, March 1.

Dear Jim:

I am sorry that I could not have spent more time with you during your stay in the city. If you were an engaged man, however, you would understand how difficult it is for me to make any plans apart from those in which Kitty figures. If she weren't such a dear little thing it would be a great bore, but when you are in love with a perfect woman, everything she asks you to do is a pleasure. I never thought I could dance attendance at pink teas and go on shopping excursions and look as if I liked it, but I do. I'm sorry you did not meet her, but your stay was so short that I couldn't arrange even a call. Next time it will be different.

TOM.

The Mountains, May 9th.

Dear Jim:

So I missed you again. It may have surprised you to learn that it was on the advice of a physician that I came up here to enjoy the early sporting season. He said I needed a complete change. It's grand to be here with Joe and Jerry and not a French heel or petticoat in sight. We wear our worstest togs and talk any old kind of dialect when we speak, which is rarely. My nerves were worn to a rag and I was on the verge of paresis from constant theater parties, calls, teas, and that sort of mush. By the way, Jim, when you get a moment, why can't you call on Kitty? Tell her you are my best friend and are going to stay awhile in the city, and she'll make you welcome. Poor little girl. I guess she's pretty lonesome.

Yours,

TOM.

Town, July 6th.

Dear Old Chap:

How are you? I made my trip a bit longer than I first intended, so, after all, missed seeing you when you came back from the South on your homeward way. By the way, Kitty has done nothing but talk about you since my return. If I were greenish-eyed, I'd be at white heat every time your name is mentioned, but I am honestly glad you liked my little fiancée and she liked you. She says for you to be sure and come and see her when you are in this neighborhood again.

TOM.

(Message from Burling to Miss Erskine.)

Dear Kitty:

I'm sorry that I have to work to-night and cannot take you to see "Carmen." But if it will not displease your Sweet Majesty, my friend Mr. Stark will call for you instead. He is here for a few days.

Your own,

TOM.

September 10th.

(Telephone from Burling to Stark.)

Hello, Jim. Say, will you do me a favor? I want to go to the club to finish that little game we began last night. Will you be a good friend and go in my place to the Erskines' and tell Kitty that I am sick, or any old excuse, and that I begged you to play for me at her bridge party? It's to-night. I'll send

some flowers, and a note. What? You'll send them yourself? All right. American Beauties? How did you know she liked them best? Never mind. I'd trust you anywhere. Thanks, very much. Bye-bye.

(Stark to Burling.)

The Club, Denver, October 21st.

Dear Tom:

Didn't get a chance to say good-bye to you. Am off for New York and probably Europe. Urgent business. Please express my regrets to the Erskines for not being able to see them before my departure. Address me at The Club, New York.

Yours,

STARK.

✱

III—DIGRESSION.

(From Miss Erskine to her Dearest Friend.)

Town, October 29th.

Dear, dear Edith:

What would you do if your hand were promised to one man and your heart belonged to another? I feel like turning off the gas. There's poor Tom—you know I did love him dearly, at least I thought I did. I wrote you all about how I met him at the Sonseys' house party last Christmas, and how we found out that we were kindred souls. Of course, one often fancies one has found the kindred soul, when one is thrown often together, and I think propinquity—perhaps the champagne the Sonseys serve so freely—helped our case along. Still, I must say I loved Tom passionately until I met his friend, Mr. James Stark. It was Tom who asked him to come and see me, too, that time when the poor boy was so ill and ordered to the mountains. Oh, girlie, how can I ever escape from this dreadful melancholy? Don't you ever get engaged, darling, unless you are sure of your feelings. It is say "yes" in haste and repent at leisure. Mr. Stark went away last week and I did not know it until he was in New York. He did not call or 'phone his farewells, but told Tom to express his regrets. Tom is getting so stout and rosy. I wonder what I ever saw in him to love. He is so unlike Jim—Tom calls Mr. Stark Jim. What shall I do, Edith?

Your sorrowful

KATHLEEN.

Town, November 26th.

Dearest Edith:

It went off just as you said. I wrote to Mr. Burling and asked him to call, and when I told him, just as you advised, that I feared we had made a mistake and were not soul mates, after all, and that I had mistaken my feeling for him and could never be his wife, I nearly repented, he looked so sad. After a long, mournful pause, he said perhaps I was right, and as for him, he could never be satisfied with a wife's half-love. He looked so heavenly when he said that, just like one of Crawford's perfect lovers, that I almost forgot poor Jim. But he bowed himself out, after kissing my hand—wasn't that courtly of him?—before I had an opportunity to tell him we'd better leave things as they were. But I'm not engaged any more, dearie. I sent back Tom's presents to-day, and the ring, his letters and telegrams and the forty-nine snap shots and other pictures I had of him. They made quite a fat parcel. I expect my pictures will arrive soon, and my letters, but I hope he won't think it necessary to send back my presents. What in the world could I do with a wagon load of cushions, table covers, bureau doilies and cigar cases? I might give them to the church for the fair, that's all.

Ever your own faithful

KATHLEEN.

(Burling to Stark.)

The Club, Town, December 1st.

My dear Jim:

Congratulate me or condole with me just as you wish. It isn't my fault, but I am no longer engaged. Kitty gave me my *conge* this week, or rather last, though she sent back the picture and the ring a few days later. Can't think why, can you? I never gave her any cause for jealousy or anything like that.



The
MacCarthy-Evans-Von Arx
New Cutaway-Frock Style.

To stand still is to go backwards. To be satisfied with stereotyped fashion plates is to stand still. No man ever gained an adequate idea of how a certain style would look on him through or by a fashion plate. No man was ever given even a glimmering of an idea of how any particular fabric would look upon him by or through a fashion plate.

Correct fashion plates have led to more dissatisfaction in the tailoring business than incorrect tailoring.

We here present photographs of finished garments displayed on living figures. The illustrations shown in this advertisement are not doctored drawings of impossibly "ideal" men. They are photographs of an actual man of average physique clad in the same caliber of garments that we turn out every day in the year. Inasmuch as it is impossible for it to catch the beauty of the fabric or the finer points of the tailoring, the camera can give you only a small idea of the beauties of our tailoring. There is a grace of draping, an exquisite modeling around shoulders and over chest, a dexterous definition of the waistline and a general air of snappy modeling about each garment that is exceedingly pleasing to each student of style—to each lover of good dress.

The styles are authoritative. Their absolute correctness is assured by our perfected system of obtaining weekly fashion reports from New York and London.

The ordinary tailor shows you the stereotyped fashion plates.

We show you the real garments on living models—having the duplicates of these photographed garments ready for your inspection at our tailoring establishment.

Which plan appeals to you as the best?

**MacCarthy-Evans-
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TAILORING CO.,

820 Olive St.

PHONES:

MAIN 5175; CENTRAL 244.

The P. O. is still "just opposite."

ICE

For Families

At 25 Cents

Per 100 Lbs.

We are prepared to make contracts
for family use at above
rates.

RATES ON OTHER QUANTITIES

\$2 00 Per Ton at plant.

2.50 " " in large quantities.

2.75 " " for quantities not quite so large.

3.00 " " to saloons, butchers, grocers,

druggists, restaurants and sim-

ilar trades.

Send Postal or Phone to

STAR ICE CO.

609 Century Building,

Bell 3294

Central 6443

Case of incompatibility of temperament, perhaps, and better discovered before than after marriage. Possibly Kitty's found another man who suits her better than

Yours truly,
THOMAS BURLING.

(Miss Erskine to her Dearest Friend.)
Sonsey Park, December 23rd.

Dear Edith:

Here I am at the Sonseys' again and getting ready for a most important event—the most eventful in any woman's life. You are to come on and be my maid of honor. Mrs. Sonsey will be delighted to have you stay here with me until we go up to town. I couldn't stand all the newspaper talk that followed my "jilting" of poor Tom. He took it so nobly, the dear fellow. But I am now the happiest girl alive. Just think, when Jim heard I was free—I wonder how news travels so fast?—he had his passage engaged for London, but he immediately threw up the whole trip and took the train westward. He came directly to our house in town, for he said he couldn't wait a minute before learning his fate. He said it seemed dreadful to step to his happiness over the grave of his friend's hopes (meaning Tom Burling), but he was selfish enough to do it anyway. And he told me that the odd thing about this is that when Tom became engaged, he used to talk so cynically to him, and decry marriage and love at first sight, and now here he is falling right into the same case himself. I feel so sorry for poor Tom, don't you, Edith? But everybody cannot be happy in this world, and it would never have been right for me to marry another when I love Jim.

Your foolish little expectant bride-friend,

KITTY.

IV—CONFESSION.

(Tom, to his Mirror, on his Friend's Wedding Day.)

I ought to be sent to Berlin or Vienna—or a barred country place nearer at hand. Astute diplomacy is my *metier*. Who else would have thought of such a charming way, strictly according to the code of a gentleman, to gain his freedom without disturbing his fiancée's peace of mind? A philanthropist, also, am I, worthy to rank with the immortal Peabody. Have I not made happy my bachelor friend? And now, to the wedding,—poor, jilted Tom Burling must look on while his dearest friend marries the girl who once promised to stand at the altar with himself. *Voilà!*

Growing Little Democrats

IF IT is hard for the rich man to get to Heaven, it is nothing like as hard as it is for him to bring up his children unspotted and unspoiled by his possessions. The children of the rich are frequently the most pitiable objects of luxury that our self-indulgent age has brought forth. What with servants and expensive toys, with improper food and exciting amusements, the child of ease who arrives at manhood or womanhood with an undistorted view of this life is a miracle. No matter how many indulgences and luxuries a man may consider proper for his own mature life, no sane person will deny that the simpler, more natural, the life of the child is, physically and morally, the greater will be his chances for success and happiness in any kind of world that he may grow up into. All that wealth can buy for a child is a certain amount of physical care and good food, a certain amount of education. It cannot buy real friends, or real interests, or sound appetites. Therefore, the best thing that a rich parent can do for his offspring in many cases is to banish him from his own house to some more Spartan habitat where the young can enjoy the primitive pleasures and hardships that make for health. To see a child sliding down the avenue in an automobile or shepherded to school and the theatre by governesses and tutors is enough to make the angels

THE MIRROR

weep. The purest democracy rests in the heart of a little child. To keep that heart unsnobbish, unselfish, unsated will take more than millions.—*The Saturday Evening Post*.

Pisidice

By Andrew Lang

[The incident is from the "Love Stories of Parthenius," who preserved fragments from a lost epic on the expedition of Achilles against Lesbos, an island allied with Troy.]

THE daughter of the Lesbian king
Within her bower she watched the war,
Far off she heard the arrows ring,
The smitten harness ring afar;
And, fighting from the foremost car,
Saw one that smote where all must flee;
More fair than the Immortals' are
He seemed to fair Pisidice!

She saw, she loved him, and her heart
Before Achilles, Peleus' son,
Threw all its guarded gates apart—
A maiden fortress lightly won!
And, ere that day of fight was done,
No more of land or faith recked she,
But joyed in her new life begun—
Her life of love, Pisidice!

She took a gift into her hand,
As one that had a boon to crave;
She stole across the ruined land
Where lay the dead without a grave,
And to Achilles' hand she gave
Her gift, the secret postern's key.
"To-morrow let me be thy slave!"
Moaned to her love, Pisidice!

Ere dawn the Argive's clarion call
Rang down Methymna's burning street;
They slew the sleeping warriors all,
They drove the women to the fleet,
Save one, that to Achilles' feet
Clung, but in sudden wrath cried he:
"For her no doom but death is meet."
And there men stoned Pisidice.

In havens of that haunted coast,
Amid the myrtles of the shore,
The moon sees many a maiden ghost—
Love's outcast now and ever more.
The silence hears the shades deplore
Their hour of dear-bought love; but thee
The waves lull, 'neath thine olives hoar,
To dreamless rest, Pisidice!

The Bell Founder of Florence

By Thomas Francis Meagher

Reprinted by Request.

IN the City of Florence, in the shadow of the mountains of Else, there lived, many generations back, a young workman, who was known in the Valley of Arno as Paolo, the young Campanaro.

His craft was beautiful and most noble; he cast bells for the towers of church and convent, and made the air of Italy, from Utruria to the Alps, musical with the harmonies he had wrought. But there were eight with silver tongues, which surpassed in purity and depth of tone all the others he had fashioned. This he dedicated to the Church of Our Lady, which, on a cliff, amidst myrtles, olive trees and vines, over-

looked the valley in which he lived and loved, and worked.

Divine almost was the inspiration which the sounds of these bells ever wrought within him; night and day, in breathless ecstasy, he drank in their music, until all about him there came the fragrance and vision of a land brighter than Italy.

Years pass. The church on the cliff is in ruins. The vines have been trampled and the white blossoms of the myrtle have been made red. There is no cottage now in the Valley of the Arno, in the shadow of the Mountains of Else. Morn, noon and sunset, the birds in the desolate valley miss the grand voices of the eight sisters in the tower. Mars has swept by in a chariot of fire, and with dripping hoofs his steeds have torn through and laid waste the cornfields and the gardens in the Valley of the Silver Bells; and the robber has seized upon the bells, and, as the jewels of the slain, he has borne them away.

The Campanaro, grown old, stands amid the wreck. His wife, the children of his loins, home, workshop and those glorious children of his handicraft are gone; but these latter are not dead; captives in a strange land, they are somewhere resonant upon earth.

He will seek them out. With way-worn feet and aching heart, he will journey till he finds them. Now he is on the shores of the Adriatic, listening for them there; now in the heart of Rome, worried with the tumultuous clangor of ten thousand tongues, he listens for the sounds which were the joy of his youth; and so through the cities of Castile he wends his weary way, wherever a tower or belfry exhilarates his hopes, or renovates his search; and so too, through the ancient Flemish towns; from the Cathedral where Rubens in the glory of his achievements sleeps, to the vault where the crown of Charlemagne still presses the fleshless brow, within which the dream of empire has been extinguished.

One evening he comes to anchor in the Shannon. It is an evening in Spring; not a ripple disturbs the pure water; not a speck above; the calmest smile that visits childhood's sweetest dream is not more serene. So serene, so calm, so grand the picture, the old man dreams it is Italy.

From out the smoke and mist of the old town of Limerick, the spires of St. Mary's, the Cathedral church, emerge. They expand, they grow more and more distinct. They seem to draw nigh the silent ship of the Campanaro. The old man rests with his gray head upon his breast, and Italy is his vision. Suddenly, from out these brown battlements, there issues a tumultuous peal of the richest melody through the heavens. The old man starts, clasps his hands in a delirium of joy, utters a short prayer, and then falls back. The sailors run to him—he is dead! But his eyes are still fixed on those brown battlements from which issued that glorious peal.

Dead on the bosom of an Irish river; and the bells which he had wrought in the Valley of the Arno, for the Church of Our Lady on the Cliff, announce that the young workman of Florence has joined his wife and children in a land far brighter even than Italy!

California Gallantry

"THEY told me the story of a well-known gentleman of San Francisco, who, charging through all the smoke and flames and litter on the first day of terror, came upon a fashionable lady of his acquaintance trudging along the middle of the street in her bedroom slippers with a window curtain thrown over her shoulders. He stopped his automobile to offer her his assistance, explaining at the same time that the auto was all he had saved out of the wreck and even that had been commandeered by the soldiery.

"I, too, have lost all," she sighed.

"All but your beauty," said he with a courtly bow.

"And you all but your gallantry," she retorted, smiling.—*Sunset Magazine*.

DAVID NICHOLSON GROCER CO.

SAINT LOUIS

IN ADDITION TO OUR REGULAR STOCK OF FANCY GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, WE HAVE A FINE ASSORTMENT OF HOLIDAY GOODS, CONSISTING IN PART, OF:

Extra Fancy Table Raisins. (Specially packed for us.)	Champagne (all kinds).
Fancy Boxes of Chocolate Creams Glaze Fruits.	1815 Vintage Port Wine.
French Prunes (in cans and jars).	Star and Garter Sherry.
Stuffed Prunes.	Imported Malaga Wines.
Fruit Cake.	Rhine and Moselle Wines.
English Breakfast Bacon.	Scotch and Irish Whiskies.
Pate De Foie Gras.	1834 Vintage French Brandy.
Lebkuchen,	Prunelle and Apricot Brandies.
Scotch Oat Cakes and Short Bread.	Liquors and Cordials.
Plum Pudding, Figs.	
Roquefort, Cheddar, Stilton, Gorgonzola and Camembert Cheese	

IN WHISKIES, NOTHING BETTER THAN NICHOLSON'S BOTTLING OF FINE OLD RYE OR BOURBON. WE ESPECIALLY RECOMMEND OUR "1843."

WE WOULD BE PLEASED TO HAVE YOU TELEPHONE OR CALL AND EXAMINE OUR GOODS.

TELEPHONE ORDERS WILL HAVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Bell, Main 3845.

Kinloch, Central 50.

DAVID NICHOLSON GROCER CO.
SIXTH STREET, NEAR CHESTNUT.

Special Exhibition of Paintings

From the Collection of Messrs. DURAND-RUEL,
Paris and New York, by the following Masters:

**Daubigny, Tryon, Diaz, Corot,
El Greco, Rubens, etc., etc.,**

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617 LOCUST STREET

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OPPOSITE
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STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant.
Unsurpassable in Cuisine and Service.
Choicest Imported Wines and Cigars.
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When in Doubt, Order

Bayle's ^{HIGH} GRADE Food Products

Guaranteed the Best that can be Produced.

SALTED PEANUTS
CHIP POTATOES
PICKLES

POTTED CHEESE
MINCE MEAT
MUSTARDS

LUNCH HERRING
NUT BUTTER
ETC.

BE PERSISTENT WITH YOUR GROCER.

Western Art in Forest Park

BY MAHLSTICK.

There is creditable art in the collections of paintings selected from Western studios for the Museum of Fine Arts and now installed as a special exhibition in the Park Art Building. Fifteen men are represented, four each from Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis and three from Indianapolis, are represented by about ten pictures each. There are one hundred and fifty-two numbers, with something over a hundred oils and the rest pastels, water colors and etchings.

It is safe to say that the pictures of Frank Duveneck will produce a lasting impression upon discriminating minds. The work of Mr. Duveneck illustrates a comprehensive grasp both of the subject treated and the technique adapted to its elucidation. With a vivid poetic insight impossible to the reproducer of realistic superficialities, while too analytical and too surely founded upon knowledge for an expression of the wayward genius of the mere artistic dreamer, the art of Duveneck is "worth while." It is too comprehensive to carry the label of any "school," for we see, now Italian warmth of color and feeling, and, again, discern Munich inspiration, while there is something of Rembrandt also. If it is the policy of the Art Museum to show the courage of its convictions by acquiring works shown in its own exhibitions, very likely "The Whistling Boy," in which we are glad to recognize the masterly rendition of a rather difficult and very American character theme, will remain in St. Louis.

Mr. Charles Francis Browne sees in

Nature a fairy gracefulness which he paints into his virile landscapes with idyllic delicacy. Among his ten pictures are some exceptional wood interiors. The figure painting of Frederick Warren Freer is creditable, as always. "Motherhood," and "Sympathy" are strong portrayals, finely decorative. Ralph Clarkson shows several good portraits and studies, all in his usual quiet vein, with a certain emphasis upon the textures. Behind the landscapes of Alexis Joseph Fournier we see a thorough training of a naturally capable artist. Behind the work of certain of the "Hoosier School" artists—present examples Messrs. Steele, Forsythe, Stark, and with a distinction, geographical, Mr. Meakin of Cincinnati—one seems to sense the expression of a fear that if they don't "hang together" they may not be able to "hang separately"—yet their work is valuable, and closer study discloses an individuality for each of these painters, struggling through their adherence to a common "school of expression," a "tonality" and an "interpretation of light." Steele remains the strongest of this group, with a virtuosity that keeps his freedom close to Nature. Two or three very convincing landscapes shown are certainly among the best of his production—and a similar commentary holds true in the case of Mr. Meakin. Mr. J. H. Sharp has a collection of his carefully studied Indian portraits, and Charles Salis Kaelin his usual pleasing if not vital drawing in pastel.

Of St. Louis men, Watson, Wuerpel and Wolf are represented by work which shows them all to be growing artists. A new man, Mr. Max Schroeter, exhibits interesting pictures—"Munich," and very German in conception of subject as well as technical treatment. Appreciators of Edmund Wuerpel recog-

nize a deeply poetic vein in his interpretations of the moods, rather than of the more obvious appearances, of Nature; but there seems to be more of Nature and less of Wuerpel—or of the Wuerpel of the Runes that we are familiar with—in this collection of his work than in any preceding, and his art as now seen is fuller and more expressive without losing any of its poetic quality. If Wuerpel is elegiac, Dawson Watson is a sonneteer. He looks at Nature with sunshiny eyes and apostrophizes her upon canvass with unblushing optimism. The art of Gustav Wolf is growing in power and will grow in public appreciation. He has strength of composition and a keen sense for proportion, both in drawing and use of color.

The current special exhibitions at the Park Art Building include also collections of work by Augustus Koopman and Sydney Richmond Burleigh.

The Old and the New

The old Planters Hotel, which stood on the site of its more modern successor, had a wide reputation for hospitality and general excellence of service, but the conduct of the present magnificent structure, with its several hundred rooms, spacious palatial dining, banquet and reception halls has earned a reputation that extends to every nook and corner of the globe, whence a traveler may come or whither one may go. Under the management of Tom J. Landrum the Planters has achieved the approval not only of the tourist and traveler, but of fashionable society as well. Everywhere about the splendid hostelry is an atmosphere of luxurious comfort, and of distinction in decoration. Its popularity with the fashionable set is attested by the repeated re-

quests received by Tom J. Landrum for reservations for banquets, receptions, weddings and theater parties. Thus far this year fifty-two banquets have been given at the Planters, among them the annual functions of the Tennessee, Mississippi and Kentucky societies, the St. Louis Elks and the Advertising Men's League.

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THE TERMINAL'S POSITION

The Terminal Association has had a great deal of public criticism leveled at it of late as to bridge charges, methods of business, etc., but still there is something that may be said in its favor if the situation is viewed unprejudicially. Regardless of the justice or injustice of the bridge arbitrary, or the advisability of its abolishment, there is scarcely any one will deny the feasibility of the concentration of facilities for handling passengers and freight. From an economic point of view at least it is generally conceded to be most practical. Travelers, and the public in general, are quite agreed as to that. They have seen the advantages of a common terminal for freight and passengers.

Even shippers generally acknowledge that the one Terminal plan is the ideal way of handling traffic, and all concede its practicability. But they don't always see the obstacle that may be confronting the Terminal Association in its efforts to better conditions which it admits needs improvement.

There are many persons who seem to think that the concentration of passenger traffic at one central station does not redound to the city's or public's welfare. They reason, and perhaps with some force, that the more terminal stations there are the greater will be the growth in area and population of a city. And they say that there is no danger of congestion or confusion, no matter what occasion may arise when all the traffic is not confined to one terminal.

All these things may or may not be true, but in the matter of passenger traffic the Terminal Association has shown its capacity to meet any emergency that may arise, and from all indications has provided facilities that are far in advance of the customary growth of a city, and superior to those of any city in the United States.

During the World's Fair, despite the fact that they were disappointed in an effort to secure legislation that would have facilitated the handling of the increased business, and in the face of the prophesy that Union Station would become a perfect bedlam and maelstrom of confusion, the Terminal was not only able to take care of the vast passenger, baggage and freight traffic that came in over its lines, but dispatched at without any apparent confusion, save what naturally results from many thousands of persons arriving and departing almost every minute.

The immense crowds that were handled with celerity and promptness, entering and leaving St. Louis, while it

may not dispose of the question that a central or union station is superior to a number of terminals in different parts of the city, does show that the Terminal Association even, as now equipped, will be well able for many years, to look after the hosts that are yet to pass in and out of the gates of St. Louis.

And yet the situation is not altogether favorable to the Terminal Association. Its position does not permit it the free expansion necessary to prevent congestion of freight traffic. But the Association makes no attempt to deny that its business suffers from congestion. It frankly admits it and has endeavored to alter this condition, but herein it has been confronted by an obstacle topographical, as well as financial—the realty problem. Where to get the ground necessary to enlarge the terminal facilities was the question. It wasn't as easy to acquire as, for instance, it might be across the river, in East St. Louis. The ground that would be useful to the Terminal would have to be adjacent to its present facilities, and the only ground available throughout the extent of the Terminal's right of way consisted of improved property, which, of course, was held at prohibitive prices once the Terminal Association sought options thereon.

The outlay of funds necessary to acquire enough of this property would have placed a heavy burden even upon the Terminal Association. However, the Association made efforts to correct the congestion by striving for legislative relief, but when it contemplated a diversion of traffic from the Eads bridge to the elevated, on the Levee, the hostility of the law-makers prevented the carrying out of the project. The Terminal has expended many thousands of dollars to give the traveling public as well as the shippers the best service, and though they may not have succeeded entirely, they have given some relief and have tried for more.

The advantages the traveling public now enjoys when it becomes the guest of the Terminal at Union Station are incomparable. The finest railroad depot in the world, architecturally, and in point of comforts, "welcomes the arriving and greets the departing guest." There is none anywhere that holds forth the comforts to be found under this immense roof. The tired traveler here finds the cleanest and best equipped lavatories, the very best of restaurants and lunch room, magnificent waiting rooms, well ventilated and cleanly, and for those who may desire the other pleas-

ures that the human body craves after a journey, such as wholesome rest or liquid refreshment, these, too, are provided. There is an excellent modern hotel within a few seconds' walk from the furthest tracks where everything the inner man craves, may be had. In short, about all the comforts a traveler can well expect on the road are to be enjoyed to the fullest extent at St. Louis.

The stranger within the gates seldom fails to appreciate the many other details in the conduct of this big station—the all important bureau of information where every imaginable question has its answer already waiting; the great switch tower by which the incoming and outgoing trains are guided into and out of the shed and yards, the train announcers and the places where many little necessities and luxuries of life on the rail may be supplied.

A diversity of terminal stations might prove successful, but it is doubtful if the masses who travel would ever quite leave off hankering for the comfort and pleasure and excitement of the Union Station, where all, or nearly all, roads arrive.

Union Station is much like a world wonder. Constant proximity to it may not create a lively estimate of its immensity or its beauty or of the many interesting scenes that are enacted within its ponderous walls every day. But the tourist and the inexperienced traveler stand awed at the majesty of its proportions, the economy of the plan and the general blending of utility and beauty that may be seen on all sides.

There isn't anything just like it in any other American city, and none superior to it in Europe. It is one of the city's greatest attractions. Travelers from all parts of the globe may be seen there any day in their native costumes. The Russian refugee, seeking a homestead, the outcast Boer from South Africa, the Finn, the Sicilian and son of Italy, and the swarthy Greeks and Turks, nearly always form picturesque groups about the waiting rooms or in the midway, and it does not require a very keen student of human nature to discern the tragedies and comedies that are constantly enacting before one's eyes in this immense structure.

More than a score of railroads—just 22 have their terminals at Union Station, and the number of passengers deposited and entrained each day by the several trains on each road would constitute a good working population for a city of the second or third class. The ease with which these great crowds of travelers, out and inbound, are handled by the hundreds of efficient and courteous employes of the Terminal Association scattered throughout the

great midway and on the train platforms proper, has provoked the admiration of many students of the transportation problem from all civilized lands. The rapidity with which trains deposit their human freight, and the almost magical and unobtrusive handling of the vast amount of baggage, especially during the vacation periods in the summer and fall months, are also indications of the well nigh perfect workings of a great system. Some years ago the baggage problem was a vexing one at Union Station, but since the new structure was completed in 1894 this department has received nearly as much attention as that devoted to the handling of freight, the object being to make the receipt and shipment of baggage interfere as little as possible with the comfortable arrival and departure of travelers.

No longer the truckman's cry of "gangway" is heard. The baggage is handled with a dexterity that approaches a science. The improved facilities are such that within a very few minutes after the arrival of trains, parcels, valises, packages of all kinds, and even bulky baggage, such as trunks, may be put on the way to delivery to the owners thereof. This prompt attention to the baggage problem can only be appreciated by the tired and travel-stained passenger, especially women, to whom the joys of comfortable wraps and clean linen and a myriad of other little comforts that are safely packed in their baggage, are of prompt necessity on arrival at their destination.

In the baggage room of a station even under ordinary conditions, one would naturally look for confusion and mistakes, but the system in vogue at Union Station, and its sensible application by the army of baggage handlers employed by the Terminal, quite puts such things as unusual delay or mistakes out of the question. And the result of this big improvement is great ease of mind to the constantly increasing army of travelers.

Even the uninformed foreigner, stopping over here en route to the far off scene of new efforts to woo fortune, finds Union Station not only a model railway terminal, where all his meager wants are supplied, but frequently it serves the purpose of home to him, and, perhaps, his little family.

No more democratic institution exists anywhere. Millionaire, middle class and pauper are frequently seen shoulder to shoulder on its Midway, in the waiting rooms, restaurants or lunch rooms. The part the Union Station plays in the upbuilding of St. Louis is daily evidenced. It serves as the first potent argument to prospective investors, who never fail to receive a favorable first impression of the city that has such a majestic, as well as useful, Terminal for passengers. Travelers scarcely ever fail in coming St. Louisward to stop over, and view the greatest Union Station in the world, and, incidentally, to take in the city's residential and commercial attractions that lie within easy access of it by the city's whole system of trolley lines converging at this busy point.

Dramatic

Peer Gynt.

Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" is, properly, no play; but an epic—a Northland epic, a modern saga. It is too much of an attenuated symbol to be, technically, a drama. Curiously it bears remarkable resemblance to the old "moralities" of the twelfth century, of which the best known is "Everyman."

All the time you read or look or listen you are seeking for implicit meanings. You find them, but not with that directness with which the meanings come to you in the work of the immortal tinker of Bedford gaol.

Realism is all mixed up in the symbolism of the first part. Symbolism is shot through the realism of the latter part. But the work if, at first, difficult, becomes towards the end lucid. You graduate from puzzlement to comprehension, and you take home the lesson with a certain glow of gladness.

Mr. Mansfield's production of the play at the Olympic this week is a great piece of work. Its excellence that first appeals is that of the stage manager. The drama is superbly staged. Mansfield is a second Irving for mastery of detail, animate and inanimate.

And here let me say that never before have I seen in Mansfield so pronouncedly that which all actors assert of him—the influence of Irving's manner. At times last Monday night the echo of the Irving personality or individuality was startling. The "grunt" was there, the creak of the gait even. Mansfield is stamped with Irving even as Sothorn is with Booth. Not that I would call it imitation, but certainly it is as if the shadow of the genius of Irving falls upon Mansfield without producing an occultation.

It must be confessed that Mansfield comes not brilliantly off in the first part of "Peer Gynt." Indeed, he is almost negligible. Nothing more lacking in spirit than his recital of the episode of the ride upon the stag along the precipice and the plunge into the mountain tarn comes to mind. This should reveal *Peer Gynt* to us as the poet, but it doesn't.

Through all the first part Mansfield is too much Mansfield, just as all the scenes are characterized by a lack of clarity and a profusion of confusion. There's a glint of fancy in *Peer's* talk to the cloud visions, but the scenes with the trolls and the Dovre king are little above the dialogue of a Black Crook show. All this stuff is well enough to read, with its secondary meanings cropping out, as in so much of the second part of "Faust," but in acting the underlying symbolism is woefully obscured. *Peer* seems, through most of it, the "simple" or the "natural," less than the ne'er-do-well, reckless dreamer. And the Mansfield stiffness, the Mansfield metallicism of voice, the Mansfield difficulty of gesture are much in evidence. Mansfield, and Mansfield evermore, with the recurring, queer staccato effect. In the death-scene of his mother it seems to this reviewer that Mansfield fails utterly. Granted that Ibsen does surround the majesty of death with deliberate trivialities, yet this is to heighten that majesty. No majesty does Richard give it. His driving of the mother behind imaginary horses has nothing of boyishness in it. When he turns and finds her dead, it is with no electric effect. You don't feel like saying of him, after this scene, as Kitty Clive said of Garrick: "Damn him, he could act a gridiron!"

My best respects, by the way, to Miss Emma Dunn, who portrayed *Peer's* mother. She did it with a fine sense of the contradictions in the part, of mingled shrewishness and tenderness, with a witch-likeness that melted into gentlest motherliness. Much more real she, than *Peer*.

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QUALITY CORNER

ON LOCUST STREET AT SIXTH.

When we come to the second part, ah, here we have Mansfield the Great! No sooner does he open his mouth as the successful, cynical slave trader bent upon world-domination than we find him the supreme master of that spiritual *bizarrie*, that demonic and angelic interchangeability or subtle identity of which we had the first glimpses, in years that the locust hath eaten, in *Baron Chevalier*. This man's blood is a biting acid. His heart is a stone. His soul is corrupt with the corruption of self. To himself he is enough, as he had agreed when he became a troll. Here is Mansfield escaped from himself into a creation of another. Here he makes us see in a backward glance

the meaning of all the fairy business of the first part of the play, but even as we do so, we realize that here is one void of any ideal. And as his words chill into us we seem to comprehend him as a type of this time's civilization; a soulless incarnation of self-gratification, with a sneering recognition, worse than outright blasphemy, of the spirit of brotherliness. He "sides with strength," despises weakness. He is the base "spirit which denies." He is a charnel of stifed and strangled sympathies. At once the audience, bored by the fritillaries of folk-lore scenes, awakens to interest that smiles and laughs at *Peer's* cynicism, but gradually begins to feel a chill of horror as the

debonnair devilishness of his satisfied selfishness begins to develop itself. You feel instinctively that here is the man our modern civilization makes quite logically—a man deliberately cutting himself off from love, from truth, from kinship with his kind. He makes for hot flushes and cold shivers of hatred in the beholder, and never so much as when, left by his companions, he calls, with snivelings from which the sneer does not quite die out, upon the Most High to let less important things go by and take care of his, *Peer's*, more important interests. Why not? God had deserted the slaves, whose black sweat *Peer* had coined into gold. *Peer* is a fair type of the sort of "Superman"

that our commercialism produces, a sniveler, a coward.

So, too, we despise him for his baseless aboard ship, for his hatred of his poor fellow voyagers solely for that they loved and were loved; for his seemingly motiveless malevolence, his loathing of a simple altruism he could not understand. Back home he comes, and there his forgotten sweetheart has awaited him.

It is when *Peer* is brought face to face with the one reality of life—Death—that our hatred for him begins to fall away. Out of the wreck of his life he begins to emerge with a pathetic dignity. He has lost everything. He has lost, above all things, his one illusion. He has never once been himself in all the years of wandering. Stripped of his pride and self sufficiency, he is brought to the melting pot. The Superman is brought down to the dull democracy of Death, to be mingled with the dust of Tom, Dick and Harry, then refashioned anew for a real life. And he has lost himself in his worship of himself. He has nothing to avouch to the *Button Molder* that he is he. He has lived a long lie.

Where has he been, he cries, with God's seal upon his brow? Comes the soft, sweet voice of the deserted *Solveig*—this Norse *Penelope* who has waited faithfully for this *Ulysses*—and tells him he has wandered away from himself who had always been with her, in her faith, in her hope, in her love. "Home is the sailor," you find yourself quoting, "home from the sea and the hunter home from the hill."

Back to the simple heart, to the ideals of the home place, to the ordinary decencies must come the Superman, the poet, the world compeller in any line, there to refresh and sweeten his own heart. There is no refuge from soul-deadness, from soul-depair, from the greater Death, but in Love. By what subtleties of gradual descent from towering selfishness does Mansfield's *Peer* come to this final surrender, no one can fully describe. He merges into a piteousness of pathos that glorifies him in his defeat as with a halo of victory. *Peer Gynt* gradually brought out of selfishness into the selflessness of another's love, becomes sinless by another's sacrifice. At last "the dew-drop slips into the shining sea," the Nirvana of all embracing, all-purifying Love.

Even so does the Mansfield art grow upon one, not with a sudden stroke, but by innumerable mutations of moods so elusive as to be indistinguishable until they have passed. You don't so much see something going on upon the stage. You feel something sweet and tender and suffusing growing and welling up in your own heart, and with this emanation, at his call, you clothe upon the actor your own dreams, even as you cast aside with him your own selfishness. Out of yourself you realize the democratizing mission of the *Button Molder* (Mr. Arthur Forrest, capable mimic that he is), and the spiritual sufficiency unto life of dear *Solveig*, as charity such as Paul conceived it in his golden-ringing epistle which came to mind often in Miss Novak's pretty voice.

And as the curtain falls come to mind the words of another spirit of the mystic north: "Love is more great than we conceive, and Death is the keeper of unknown redemptions."

"The Rogers Brothers In Ireland" will be the attraction at the Olympic next week, opening Sunday night. The piece has been here before and was a big hit with the army of admirers of the two German comedians. The piece is attractively staged.

The Ham Tree.

The troubles of *Alexander Hambletonian*, the country "nigger" who has been lured from a \$2 per week "sinecure" in-

to a calamitous adventure into minstrelsy and hungerland, are just as uproariously funny this season as they were last. The Sunday night audience at the Century enjoyed the McIntyre & Heath performance immensely, one might say, convulsively, for the laughter was continuous and contagious. The negro impersonation of Mr. McIntyre reflects not a little of real acting. At times the pathos of *Alexander's* situation breaks through the crust of jokes and gags, and the skill of McIntyre is felt to be beyond that of the mere "minstrel." And T. K. Heath as the "wise" negro minstrel man who inveigles *Alexander* from his "livery stable" by the force of abundant and soothing conversation, is scarcely less effective in his role. There are other features of the show, the chorus effects, quite original and elaborate, and the music that go a great way toward making a pleasant evening. W. C. Fields in "hit and get-away" comedy, and juggling feats, is well nigh as popular as the principals. And Belle Gold is good, as usual, in a negro character role.

Next week, Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Straight Road," will have its first production at the Century, with Blanche Walsh in the principal role.

The Prince Chap.

A charming play is "The Prince Chap." It deserves all the success it has had in New York, in London and wherever played. And its reception at the Garrick, where it is making its second visit, reveals the good judgment of the St. Louis theater-goer. It is a pretty, delicate, almost fairy-like story of the Bohemian artist-world—but not the popular idea of that world. It may not be long-haired and tattered Bohemianism, may not be redolent of whiskey or immorally crimson, but it is none the less a true picture of *The Prince Chap's* life. At this season of the year its message is particularly strong in its grip upon the heart. It's the story of a struggling sculptor who finds himself the guardian of a waif of the studios and who bravely battles with adversity and love in order that the little one shall be happy. And his great reward is love with a capital L.

There is but one change in the company presenting the piece this season, Miss Justina Wayne. She has taken the part of *Claudia*, blossomed into womanhood, in which Grace Scott was so successful last season. Miss Wayne seems to carry out more effectively the illusion of *Claudia's* development from childhood to womanhood. There is more marked resemblance in the three *Claudias* than was attainable heretofore and it lends an added and fascinating charm to the piece. Little Helen Pullman and Edith Speare, Miss Wayne's companion *Claudias* are thoroughly good and strikingly effective for children.

About Cyril Scott, *The Prince Chap*, creator of the role in America, nearly all of the interest plays. His repeated appearances in the role has imparted to the actor and the character the suggestion of inseparableness. Mr. Scott has a very difficult part and like the good actor he is, makes it look so awful easy. His *Prince Chap* is an artistic achievement that will always be close to the hearts of those who have seen it.

Mary Keogh is the same delectable "lady slave" she was wont to be last season, and there is scarcely any doubt of what's in store for her in the dramatic lottery. And Charles B. Welles as *Rumin*, the butler, is also something in the dramatic line worth while seeing again. As a matter of fact, every member of the cast is excellently fitted to their parts. Wallace Erskine, Donald Weldon and Florence Conron are among the capables.

David Warfield, in the famous Belasco play, "The Music Master," will come to the Garrick for a two weeks' stay beginning Monday night, December 24.

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"The Music Master" is one of the greatest of American dramatic successes. Probably no play was ever so eagerly expected upon the road. It has run for three years in New York. The seat sale begins here at the Garrick December 20 at 9 a. m. No orders will be taken by phone or mail and each patron will be limited to six seats.

Mosenthal's "Der Sonnwendhof" was presented Sunday by the German Stock Company of the Odeon in excellent form. The play pleased greatly. It has all the pathos of the author's "Deborah," which is known on the English stage through the late Mme. Janauscheck, and a good deal of light comedy, which relieves the gloomy spots.

Next Sunday a new farce-comedy will be presented, with the two directors in fine character parts. The title of the farce is "Unser einziges Kind," (Our Only Child), and the action is built around two "only" children, who marry each other, and suffer for some time from the idolatry with which the mothers regard their "sole" offsprings. One of them, the daughter, is a Viennese, and the "only" son whom she marries, is from Berlin. Thither he takes his better half, with her old Viennese servant. The patois of Vienna and Berlin clash frequently in the new household, an additional source of fun for the spectator. The farce will be handsomely staged and given with an excellent cast.

"Wang" at the Garrick.

De Wolf Hopper and his big company will appear in a noteworthy revival of "Wang" at the Garrick Theater Sunday night. This opera, the book and lyrics of which are by J. Cheever Goodwin, and the music by Wollson Morse, was first presented in 1891, and enjoys the distinction of having been heard in every country where English is spoken. Mr. Hopper has starred in it on several occasions, but intends to make this revival the best, if possible. He is surrounded by a company of great cleverness and vocal efficiency.

There are several interesting songs in "Wang," notably "The Man with the Elephant on His Hands," a song by Mr. Hopper; "A Pretty Girl," sung by Miss Clark, and several duets, trios and ensembles, which have been assigned to different persons in the cast.

"Wang" is full of sparkling fun, and the kind of music that "sticks," and, no doubt, its revival for one night in St. Louis will be a big success.

"In New York Town" a bunch of nonsense in the form of musical burlesque is all that it pretends to be at the Grand this week. And at that it is soothing to the nerves, compared to many more pretentious shows of a similar character. At times the fun is delightful, wholesome and inoffensive. James B. Carson, a St. Louis boy, by the way, has a prominent part in the fun-making in a German comedy role which he fills without any difficulty. Charles Howard is a very clever Hebrew impersonator, and Loney Haskell is about the best stage Chinaman seen at the Grand in some moons, at least. Pollard and Carver, who were well known in vaudeville, also contribute largely to the success of the performance, and the work of Clara and Jennie Austin, Tell Taylor and Rita Raymond also smacks of capacity for more.

Next week: "Kellar, the Magician."

"Texas," the piece at the Imperial this week, is a drama of Western life that is out of the ordinary. There isn't any blood-letting, and it proves just as exciting as if it were full of bad men and gun-plays. The show was here last season with the same cast, which, by the way, is capable and well-trained. The heroine role, *Texas*, is played with considerable skill by Miss Mabel Dixey, and the hero, *Jack Dallam* is likeably

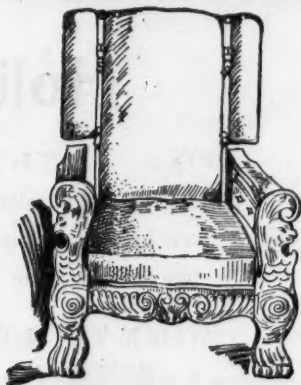
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The purpose of this and following announcements is to assist you in choosing Christmas gifts. Articles for the home, both practical and ornamental, will be represented. Watch for them.

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done by Charles D. Coburn. Edward Archer, a St. Louisan, plays the part of the half-breed bad man most satisfactorily. Most of the scenic features of the piece are realistically put on, especially that of the "Buckhead ranch." Next week: "Sky Farm."

There is a lot of novelty in the show, the Broadway Gaiety Girls are putting up at the Standard this week. John Weber, one of the best dialect comedians in burlesque, occupies an enviable position in the olio; Beatrice Haines in song and dance; Marlo and Aldo in new and sensational acrobatic feats, and Bulla and Bragg in a swift moving and clever travesty, are among the other first class entertainers on the bill. The performance closes with a two-act musical farce, which is strong with wit and jests and new songs, and a rather attractive chorus. The piece is "The Land of Promise."

Next week: "Sam Devere's Own Company."

In addition to two catchy and elaborate musical pieces, the Parisian Widows Company at the Gayety this week are presenting a bang-up olio bill. Snitz Moore, the well known German comedian, is easily the hit of the show. He cuts loose a number of new songs and a bag full of jokes. Besides there are Le Claire and Hart, comedy acrobats; McGloin and Smith, clog dancers; Hickman and Coleman, in an original sketch, and Darling and Reynolds in new songs and dances.

Next week: "Greater New York Stars."

Faust's "New Year Eves"

It is just ten years since Tony Faust, now dead, introduced in St. Louis the New Year's Eve celebration which has now grown into a popular custom in all the first-class restaurants of the city. Up to that time Faust, *pere*, had been anything but an enthusiast on the question of music in cafes. He didn't approve of it but his sons had seen the congenial festivities of the Eastern New Year and resolved to try it on out here, at the first opportunity. When New Year's Eve came they did. They stole a march on their father. While he was downstairs entertaining friends, they introduced Anton's Quintette in the dining rooms upstairs. The music made everybody happy. Presently one of the upstairs guests met the elder Faust and proceeded to congratulate him upon the innovation. Tony didn't know whether it was a joke or not, but he finally accompanied his friend upstairs and the two Faust boys were close on their heels. For a few seconds the famous caterer was for putting an instant quietus upon the orchestra, but the guests looked so radiantly happy in the midst of music and good things to eat and drink, it was not difficult to convince Tony that music was a good thing even in a restaurant, and especially on New Year's Eve. That night's celebration, informal as it was, was one of the biggest New Year's festivities St. Louis has ever seen. And every year since that memorable night Faust's New Year's Eve celebration has been arranged with a lavish hand and thorough appropriateness. There have been *Mephisto* appearances on the stroke of 12 and on one occasion Faust was made to appear. And the Fausts are ever ready with some ingenious device or plan to enliven the occasion. They have given the "New Year's Eves" a vogue that will last for many a generation. Persons who attended the original celebration have reserved each year since, the tables they occupied on that occasion and other favorite spots in the famous restaurant are always engaged long in advance. Faust's is not to lose its unique qualities with the much mourned death of its founder, for at the head of the institution remains Tony Faust the younger, a

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Subject, January 8—"The Height of Italian Renaissance Sculpture," first lecture—GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY.

Visitors to the city may obtain Guests' Ticket to lectures and to Museum Collections at 19th Street, or Park Art Building from Annual Members of the Museum.

man modeled on his father's mentally broad, kindly, progressive lines, a young man or rare sense and fine spirit, and altogether a particularly winning personality, with a genius for deserving popularity.

Cornell Concert

St. Louisans are looking forward with much pleasure to the concert to be given by the Cornell Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, at the Odeon on New Year's Night. The concert given by the Clubs here last year was a success in every way and the annual holiday trip was particularly arranged this year to include St. Louis. The Cornell Clubs, comprising sixty men, are the largest college musical organization making a holiday trip. While in the city on New Year's Day, the Clubs will be entertained in the afternoon at the Westmoreland Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Little. After the concert the local Cornell Alumni will give a smoker in their honor.

The advance sale of seats for the concert will open at Balmer & Weber, 1004 Olive street, on Monday morning, December 24th, 1906.

Snails vs. Oysters

"They don't eat enough snails in this country," said a well known disciple of Brillat Savarin at McTague's the other day. "The people don't seem to realize that there are more nutritious substances in the snail than in the oyster. It's a fact. Analysis has proved it. And the experience of the masses in Spain and France also support the statement. Over there the snail is known as the 'poor man's oyster.' It can't be eaten raw as the oyster is, but properly cooked it is both nutritious and tasty. And there is no reason why its use as a food should not be cultivated more extensively in this country. The snail can be served in many ways. It makes an excellent fish sauce and may be used for the same purpose as oyster sauce. And used in combination with meats increases the tastiness of the food immensely. There should be just as many fine feeding grounds for snails in this country as there are in Europe. And it seems to me that the snail could be popularized even as the oyster is to-day. Some progress has already been made in this matter in the last few years. Of course, you don't find snails on every bill of fare, but there are at least one or two places in St. Louis where they may be had."

The Thomas Concerts

The opening of the New Year in St. Louis holds promise, at least, of an auspicious musical start. The justly celebrated Thomas Orchestra, which has for some time been cultivating a taste for classic music in Chicagoans, will be heard and seen at the Odeon in four grand concerts, which promise to be the "big thing" of the season in music affairs. The opening concerts will be given January 14 and 15, and two more will be offered on April 1 and 2. Much

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interest is manifested in the coming of the Thomas orchestra, as it is recognized as one of the top-notch musical organizations of the country. The subscription lists are now open at Bollman Bros., 1120 Olive street, and a big sale of seats and boxes is anticipated.

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The Stock Market

The investment market will soon be in a more glutted condition than it has been since 1903. Announcement has been made that \$60,000,000 new preferred stock will soon be issued by the Great Northern, and that the Northern Pacific will enlarge its capitalization by sixty per cent. The Atchison is likewise in need of more cash, as is evidenced by the company's intention to increase its common stock from \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000 and to issue \$93,000,000 convertible bonds should that be necessary, the bonds to be convertible into common shares. More stock is also being issued, or will soon be issued, by the New York Central and St. Paul. Much is made, by excited gamblers, of the new "stock rights" involved in these and other enlargements of capital. In the past week there has been sensational boosting of a few stocks, on the commonly-accepted though fallacious theory that shareholders derive great permanent benefit from financial hydraulics in the matter of capitalization. But, alas, the big rise did not last long. In Great Northern the advance was followed by a sudden and extensive break, the stock declining as much as fourteen points in one day.

In the cases of three great railway corporations, at least, stock watering has proved a mighty poor success. Reference is made to the New York Central, Pennsylvania and Chicago & North-western. These three companies have made enormous additions to their capitalization in the last five years, but none to the value of their shares. Conservative investors do not appreciate these recurrent hydraulic operations. Why? Because more capital necessarily means heavier fixed charges and more shareholders to receive dividends. As long as the business boom lasts the evil consequences of overcapitalization will not be painfully apparent. But the investing community will be taught a bitter lesson with the advent of another period of lean profits. For business depression and small earnings will again be seen, sooner or later. There's no escaping from it. currency reform and gold imports and Dingley tariff blessings notwithstanding. About twenty-five years ago, capital inflation used to be as much in vogue as it is at the present day. And what were the results five or ten years later? Cessation of dividend payments or utter bankruptcy on the part of quite a number of prominent railroad systems. Of course, nobody looks for extreme dire consequences to flow out of present-day additions to capitalization, but there is plenty of reason to believe that it will eventually compel diminishing surplus distributions to shareholders. Inflation invites its own punishment.

Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, according to the President's ideas, must be regarded as the financial savior of the nation. But for the luminous ideas of the Secretary of the Treasury, the country would long since have gone to the dogs. For, says the admiring Theodore, "people forget year by year that the Secretary of the Treasury stands between them and business disaster." This is indeed startling news. For the last eight years we had been told incessantly that the sacrosanct Dingley tariff law was the very arch of the nation's covenant with King Midas. If Mr. Shaw is really the only mainstay of prosperity, then the people of this country must this very day be dancing on the ragged edge of utter economic ruin.

The Mexican government will, it is said, acquire a large block, if not a majority, of the stock of the new railroad corporation which intends taking over the Mexican National and Mexican Central, and which will be capitalized at \$225,000,000 (gold.) The consolidation will be supervised by the Diaz administration. The Mexican National is already in control of the government. The

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new corporation will issue both prior lien and second mortgage bonds, but the government will guarantee principal and interest on the second mortgage bonds only. The new bonds will be underwritten or purchased, it is believed, by banking houses in New York, London, Berlin and Paris. Mexican Central railroad shares are largely held in St. Louis. It would seem, however, as though the investment had so far proved distinctly unprofitable. Extensive holders of stock of the two systems mentioned are said to have ample faith in the future of their investments, and well they may. For Mexico is, financially and economically, growing stronger every day, and this alone, if nothing else, should make for maintenance of political stability. There's no probability that the death of the present dictator of the Mexican nation would be followed by political retrogression or revolution. This being the case, investments in Mexican railroad and industrial properties, though highly speculative, may yet be ventured with a good chance of ultimate big profits. The country is steadily drifting onto a gold basis. Its great industries are piling up big earnings. Mexico and some other Latin republics to the south of us are entitled to decidedly more attention on the part of our bankers and investors than they are accorded at this time. Foreign banking syndicates do a highly lucrative business in Mexico, Brazil, Chili, Argentina and Peru. Of course, extensive financial ventures by American bankers in Central and South America are rather out of the question at the present time, owing to the prevailing monetary stress and strong demand on our capital by home industries.

The New York Associated Banks still show a deficit in surplus reserves. It now amounts to \$1,699,000. The loan account was reduced last week by over \$17,000,000. This reduction was doubtless accomplished by a shifting of loans to inland banks who have again been attracted to Wall street by soaring call loan rates. Time money continues stiff at 7 and 8 per cent. Sterling exchange still reflects fresh efforts on the part of Wall street bankers to raise additional loans in London. The Bank of England made a strong statement last week, but refused to lower its rate of discount. The money situation remains critical, in spite of the Treasury's additional measures of relief lately adopted. Wall street doesn't expect much good from the government's makeshifts.

The immediate future of the stock market is dubious. There's an expectation that vigorous efforts will be made to induce fresh rallies in prices before the holidays. Such efforts may very likely be made. They usually are towards the close of the year. But let no one fool himself with the notion that the speculative bark is drifting away from the breakers for good. Purchases of stock, under prevailing conditions, and in the face of exorbitant prices, should be made only on reactions, for a profit of a point or two. *Caveat emptor!*

Local Issues.

The event of prime importance in the local financial world, in the past week, was the absorption of the Fourth National by the National Bank of Commerce, which was immediately followed by the opening of the doors of the Central National Bank at Seventh and Locust streets. Factional strife was unquestionably the chief cause for the suddenness of the transaction. The Edwards and Forman interests had long been at outs in the management of the Fourth National. But for Forman opposition, the Fourth National would have been handed over to the Bank of Commerce many months ago. The Edwards crowd gradually acquired large bunches of Fourth National stock certificates, with the manifest purpose of throwing a majority of the shares into

the hands of the Bank of Commerce, with which they have been identified for years. Despite the apparent defeat of Forman, it is suspected that the Edwards interests have not gotten all they were after. A goodly share of the former business of the Fourth National will doubtless go to the new Central National, of which Forman has been elected president. Fourth National people figure prominently in the roster of directors and shareholders of the Central National. Through this deal, the Bank of Commerce's deposits are expected to reach \$60,000,000 for a while at least. The Fourth National stock was taken over by the Bank of Commerce at \$400 per share. The new Central National has a capital of \$1,000,000 and a surplus of \$500,000.

There's considerable activity at times in bank and trust company shares. Bank of Commerce has risen to 336. The last sale was made at 334½. Third National changed hands at 310 and 311, Merchants-Laclede at 303, Mechanics-American at 323½ and Mississippi Valley at 320. Missouri-Lincoln fluctuated narrowly between 134 and 135, the last sale making at 134¾. Commonwealth was neglected, one sale making at 337½.

United Railways preferred is quoted at 81¾ bid, 82 asked, and the common at 44 bid, 45 asked. In the industrial and bond list activity was exceedingly small, with price changes not worth mentioning.

Money continues at 6 per cent for time and call loans. New York drafts are still at a discount of 15 bid, while par is asked. Sterling is weak, with cable transfers at \$4.84¾. Berlin is 94½ and Paris 5.21¼.

Answers to Inquiries.

O. T. B., Ft. Scott, Kan.—St. Paul helped by "stock rights" and rumors of buying by Harriman clique. Floating supply small, and this facilitates "cornering." Financially, company in robust position. Its bonded debt only about \$18,000 per mile, against \$34,800 for Northern Pacific and \$42,000 for Union Pacific.

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Direct Private Wires to practically
every city in the
United States.

**BELLE OF NELSON
WHISKEY**

**Nelson Distilling
Company**
SOLE DISTRIBUTERS

other. And you are always safe in beautifying the home; the women folks enjoy it. Brass goods—such as gas and electric lamps in various ornamental shapes—the best makes in the market—combination fixtures and brass for every possible utility and beautification are to be had at the most reasonable prices at

the St. Louis Brass Manufacturing Co., 12th and Market streets. The Company's big sale preparatory to removal to its new five-story plant at Jefferson and Washington avenues, is now on, and many of the finest pieces of artistic and decorative brass work are selling at a sacrifice.

The Mangan Press

314 Olive Street
Saint Louis

(with Branch at 160 Bleeker Street, New York)
offers the services of Mr. John E. Mangan to parties contemplating the issuance of fine books—or printing that is desired to be of unusual attractiveness.



Brunettes Use Carmen Powder

WITH eyes black or brown and tresses of like color your skin requires Carmen Powder.

Every woman knows that no one powder is suitable for all skins, but she does not know the reason why. Carmen Powder is made for you; it is not so good for blondes—their skin is different—but it is just what you want.

Fine, soft, adhesive, delightfully perfumed. It doesn't show unpleasantly, nor does it blow off. Very little is needed to give your complexion the refinement you desire.

Made in four tints—white flesh, pink and cream, by

STAFFORD-MILLER CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.,

CARMEN POWDER is for sale by most druggist in St. Louis.

THE Tampa Bay Hotel

TAMPA, FLORIDA

Open from November 14,
1906, until the end of the
Florida season. * * *

Under the new manage-
ment of * * *

MR. DAVID LAUBER



A Really Modern Automobile

The woods and the roads are full of high-class automobiles. Everywhere one turns he meets them, not singly or in pairs, but in phalanxes, and the proof of all this is that all automobiles are good. But did you ever try an "Oldsmobile." That's one of the really modern cars. It can do anything any other car does "and then some." It's a car that meets all demands. You can go anywhere in it and be sure of coming back. And speed—well, you can regulate that yourself. Great cars these "Oldsmobiles." You hear more talk of them among car owners than almost any other auto. They are popular for all purposes. If you haven't yet seen the 1907 model, don't forget to call at the Forest Automobile Company, 4601-93 Olive street, and have it demonstrated. The Forest Automobile Company is sole agent for the Oldsmobile touring cars, limousines and high power runabouts. The company also has high-class cars for livery service and it pays special attention to storage and repairs. But don't forget the "Oldsmobile" if you're looking for the car.

* * *

The Southern's Popularity

There is no more popular hotel in St. Louis the year round than the Southern. At this season it is particularly popular as a downtown winter home. Many persons prefer to pass the cold weather there. The hotel has a prestige that makes it the headquarters of the better class of travelers. It is conducted on the European plan and its cuisine is famous. The efficient management of the hotel under Henry Lewis has given it a wide fame among that portion of the traveling public that is desirous of the greatest possible comfort when they are away from home. They get solid comfort at the Southern, handsome apartments, single and en suite with all the modern conveniences of hotel life. The general service of the Southern is not surpassed in any of the great hostleries of the West or Middle West, and for reasonable rates it is also unexcelled.

* * *

Triumph of the Rubber Toys

In the big stores around town it doesn't require a keen observer to note that toys—the rubber kind—are gaining in popular favor. Some few years ago the rubber toy was quite neglected by the Christmas purchasers, but nowadays the sensible seeker of holiday novelties for children selects the rubber article in nine cases out of ten. The rubber toy appeals simply because of the economical phase of the question. They are cheap at any price, because indestructible, and they are always amusing to the little ones upon whom they are bestowed, because of their pliability. Pretty near every ordinary toy can be and is duplicated in rubber. And the very best material is used in their manufacture. Besides, there is no danger in the handling of them, and if necessary, they can be washed from time to time. There is nothing quite so expensive as toys, unless you buy the rubber kind. The Day Rubber Company, 415 N. Fourth street has on hand a great assortment of these rubber toys from which selections can easily be made.

* * *

He Kept Quiet

"Mom," said little Patsy, "won't ye gimme candy now?"

"Whisht!" cried his mother, "didn't I tell ye I'd give ye none at all if ye didn't kape quiet?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, the longer ye kape quiet the sooner ye'll get it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE VERY THING FOR XMAS



ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING

EVERYTHING IN MEN'S WEARING APPAREL

LADIES' UMBRELLAS For Christmas

The Most Complete Line and Best Values in the City

MATTHEWS, 700 Pine St.

HATS, GLOVES AND CANES.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Tax bills for 1906, as well as special bills for sprinkling streets, are payable on or before December 31, 1906. Interest and penalties accrue after January 1, according to law.

JAMES HAGERMAN, JR.,
Collector of Revenue.

Rebman's Holiday Good Things

For the holiday season we have in stock a very fine line of novelties and bonbonniers for dinners and children's parties. Our dark fruit cake is the finest; our Numberger Lebkuchen and Marzipan have no equal; our ice creams puddings and charlottes are the most delicious. Receptions and weddings furnished with every requisite.

Our Midday Luncheon from 12 to 2 p. m., table d'hote dinner from 6 to 8:30 p. m., 50 cents; our Sunday table d'hote dinners from 1 to 8:30, 75 cents. Hall for banquets and private dinners can be reserved on short notice.

REBMAN'S, 4312-14 Olive St.

* * *

Startling News

Joe Wiggs filed suit for divorce because his wife refused to buy her rouge, powders, wigs, etc., anywhere but at A. Fueger's, 521 Walnut street, half block west of Southern Hotel. She filed a counter-suit, asserting, that since Fueger covered his bald head with a fine toupee, all the women get stuck on him.

* * *

While passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

READ

Shorty McCabe

By

SEWELL FORD

A new character in the class with Chimmie Fadden and the Artie of George Ade, but "much more real. The most joyous personage we have met with in fiction in a good many days," says the New York Press.

At all Booksellers.
Mitchell Kennerley, Publishers, New York.

"I can marry a rich girl whom I do not love, or a penniless girl whom I love dearly. Which shall I do?" "Follow your heart, man, and be happy. Marry the poor one. And, say—er—would you mind introducing me to the other?"—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE MIRROR

GRAY HAIR RESTORED



Madam Devere, Campbell Bros. Big Shows, says: Your Walnutta is the best I have ever seen.

BY WALNUTTA HAIR STAIN



Metamoravin, Ill., Oct. 9, 1905.
Pacific Trading Co.,
Gentlemen: I, with others of my friends, have used Walnutta, and we are pleased with it. It stays on the hair and makes it look natural. My hair was almost white until I got the first bottle of Walnutta and used it, and now I will never get gray any more. M. A. SLATTERY.



October 30, 1905.
Pacific Trading Co., St. Louis, Mo.
I received the bottle of Walnutta today and was certainly glad to get it. I hardly know how to express my many thanks for it. With best wishes, I am, yours truly, MISS NORMA GRIER.
Mt. Airy, Georgia.



HOWARD E. NICHOLS.

Maker of Walnutta, says: "Buy two bottles of Walnutta from any Druggist; send the outside yellow wrapper to our St. Louis office, and we will give you one full-sized bottle free."



Cohoes, N. Y., Oct. 30.
MRS. ANNIE McEMO says: My customers have almost all gone over to the "Walnutta" side. I use more of that stain than any other because it is harmless and so easily applied.



MRS. A. M. PICKETT,
816 Valence St., New Orleans, La.
I never handled a toilet preparation that gave such universal satisfaction as Walnutta. In my business I have disposed of at least 300 bottles and never had but one complaint. I always recommend it for darkening gray hair.

"WALNUTTA"

Restores gray streaked or bleached hair, or mustache, instantaneously.
Gives any shade, from light brown to black.
Does not rub off or wash off.
Contains no poisons, and is not sticky or greasy.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere in America at

60 Cents A Bottle.



Pacific Trading Co., St. Louis.
Gentlemen: I am using the Walnutta and find it the best on the market to darken gray hair.
Easton, Mo. MRS. MOLLIE CALLERY.

GET IT
FROM

Raboteau & Co., Wolff-Wilson Drug Co.,

OR ANY OTHER
ST. LOUIS DRUGGIST

Oldsmobile Model A
PALACE TOURING CAR
35-40 HORSE POWER.

PRICE, \$2,800

Forest Automobile Co.

FORMERLY UNION AUTOMOBILE CO.

4601-3 OLIVE STREET

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Eastern Missouri and Western Illinois

R. B. HOLT, GENERAL MANAGER

